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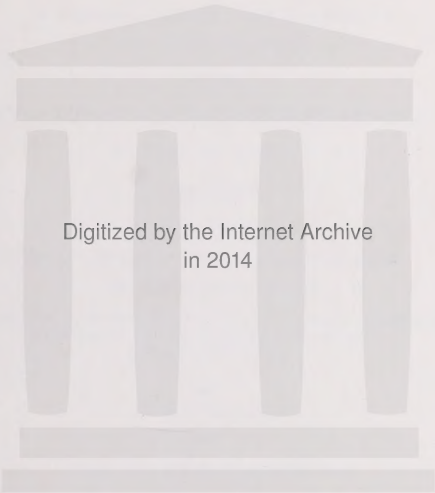

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

JOSEPH HALL, D.D.

SUCCESSIVELY BISHOP OF EXETER AND NORWICH.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH SOME

ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND SUFFERINGS,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ARRANGED AND REVISED,

WITH A GLOSSARY, INDEX, AND OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY JOSIAH PRATT, B.D. F.A.S.

LECTURER OF THE UNITED PARISHES OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH AND ST. MARY WOOLCHURCH HAW, AND LADY CAMDEN'S WEDNESDAY EVENING LECTURER AT THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY, LONDON.

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WORKS OF BISHOP HOPKINS,

IN 3 VOLS. OCTAVO.

HEAVEN UPON EARTH:

OR, OF

TRUE PEACE AND TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

BY JOSEPH HALL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY EARL OF HUNTINGDON,

LORD HASTINGS, HUNGERFORD, BOTREAUX, MOLINES, AND MOILES, HIS MAJESTY'S LIEUTENANT IN THE COUNTIES OF LEICESTER AND RUTLAND, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD:

ALL INCREASE OF TRUE HONOUR, AND HEAVEN BEGUN UPON EARTH.

RIGHT HONOURABLE:

I HAVE undertaken a great task, to teach men how to be happy in this life. I have undertaken, and performed it. Wherein I have followed Seneca; and gone beyond him: followed him, as a Philosopher; gone beyond him, as a Christian, as a Divine: finding it a true censure of the best moralists, that they were like to goodly ships, graced with great titles, the Saveguard, the Triumph, the Goodspeed, and such like; when yet they have been both extremely sea-beaten, and at last wrecked. The volume is little; perhaps the use, more. I have ever thought, according to the Greek Proverb, μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακὸν. What it is, even justice challengeth it to him, to whom the author hath devoted himself. The children of the bondman are the goods of the parent's master. I humbly betake it to your Honour's protection, and your Honour to the protection of the Highest.

Your Honour's most humbly devoted,
in all duty and service,

JOSEPH HALL.

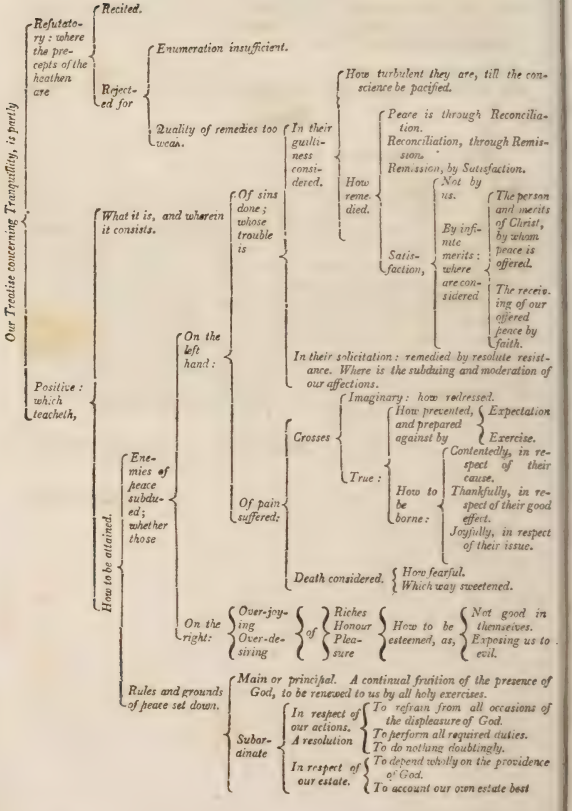
THE ANALYSIS,

OR

RESOLUTION OF THIS TREATISE

CONCERNING

TRANQUILLITY.



HEAVEN UPON EARTH:

OR,

OF TRUE PEACE OF MIND.

SECT I.

Censure of Philosophers.

WHEN I had studiously read over the moral writings of some wise heathen, especially those of the Stoical profession, I must confess, I found a little envy and pity striving together within me: I envied nature in them, to see her so witty in devising such plausible refuges for doubting and troubled minds: I pitied them, to see that their careful disquisition of true rest led them, in the end, but to mere unquietness. Wherein, methought, they were as hounds swift of foot, but not exquisite in scent; which, in a hasty pursuit, take a wrong way; spending their mouths and courses in vain. Their praise of guessing wittily they shall not lose: their hopes, both they lost, and whosoever follows them.

If Seneca could have had grace to his wit, what wonders would he have done in this kind! what Divine might not have yielded him the chair, for Precepts of Tranquillity, without any disparagement? As he was, this he hath gained: never any heathen wrote more divinely; never any philosopher more probably.

Neither would I ever desire better master, if, to this purpose, I needed no other mistress than nature. But this, in truth, is a task, which nature hath never, without presumption, undertaken; and never performed, without much imperfection: like to those vain and wandering empirics, which, in tables and pictures, make great ostentation of cures; never approving their skill to their credulous patients. And, if she could have truly effected it alone, I know not what employment in this life she should have left for grace to busy herself about, nor what privilege it should have been here below to be a Christian: since this, that we seek, is the noblest work of the soul; and in which alone, consists the only heaven of this world: this is the sum of all human desires; which when we have attained, then only we begin to live, and are sure we cannot thenceforth live miserably. No marvel then, if all the heathen have diligently sought after it; many, wrote of it; none, attained it. Not Athens must teach this lesson; but Jerusalem.

SECT. II.

What Tranquillity is, and wherein it consists.

YET something grace scorneth not to learn of nature; as Moses may take good counsel of a Midianite.

Nature hath ever had more skill in the end, than in the way to it; and, whether she have discoursed of the good estate of the mind, which we call Tranquillity, or the best, which is happiness, hath more happily guessed at the general definition of them, than of the means to compass them.

She teacheth us therefore, without controulment, that the Tranquillity of the mind is, as of the sea and weather, when no wind stirreth, when the waves do not tumultuously rise and fall upon each other; but when the face, both of the heaven and waters, is still, fair, and equable: that it is such an even disposition of the heart, wherein the scales of the mind neither rise up towards the beam, through their own lightness, or the over-weening opinion of prosperity, nor are too much depressed with any load of sorrow; but, hanging equal and unmoved betwixt both, give a man liberty in all occurrences to enjoy himself.

Not that the most temperate mind can be so the master of his passions, as not sometimes to over-joy his grief, or over-grieve his joy, according to the contrary occasions of both: for not the evenest weights, but at their first putting into the balance, somewhat sway both parts thereof, not without some shew of inequality; which yet, after some little motion, settle themselves in a meet poise. It is enough, that, after some sudden agitation, it can return to itself; and rest itself, at last, in a resolved peace.

And this due composedness of mind we require unto our Tranquillity, not for some short fits of good mood, which soon after end in discontentment; but with the condition of perpetuity: for there is no heart makes so rough weather, as not sometimes to admit of a calm; and, whether for that he knoweth no present cause of his trouble, or for that he knoweth that cause of trouble is countervailed with as great an occasion of private joy, or for that the multitude of evils hath bred carelessness, the man, that is most disordered, finds some respites of quietness. The balances, that are most ill matched, in their unsteady motions come to an equality, but not stay at it. The frantic man cannot avoid the imputation of madness, though he be sober for many moons, if he rage in one.

So then, the calm mind must be settled in a habitual rest: not then firm, when there is nothing to shake it; but then least shaken, when it is most assailed.

SECT. III.

Insufficiency of human precepts.—Seneca's rules of tranquillity abridged.—Rejected as insufficient.—Disposition of the work.

WHENCE easily appears, how vainly it hath been sought, either in such a constant estate of outward things, as should give no distaste

to the mind, while all earthly things vary with the weather, and have no stay but in uncertainty; or, in the natural temper of the soul, so ordered by human wisdom, as that it should not be affected with any casual events to either part: since that cannot ever, by natural power, be held like to itself; but, one while, is cheerful, stirring, and ready to undertake; another while, drowsy, dull, comfortless, prone to rest, weary of itself, loathing his own purposes, his own resolutions.

In both which, since the wisest philosophers have grounded all the rules of their Tranquillity, it is plain that they saw it afar off, as they did heaven itself, with a desire and admiration, but knew not the way to it: whereupon, alas, how slight and impotent are the remedies they prescribe for unquietness! For what is it, that, for the inconstancy and laziness of the mind, still displeasing itself in what it doth; and, for that distemper thereof, which ariseth from the fearful, unthriving, and restless desires of it; we should ever be employing ourselves in some public affairs, choosing our business according to our inclination, and prosecuting what we have chosen? wherewith being at last cloyed, we should retire ourselves, and wear the rest of our time in private studies? that we should make due comparative trials of our own ability, nature of our businesses, disposition of our chosen friends? that, in respect of patrimony, we should be but carelessly affected; so drawing it in, as it may be least for shew, most for use; removing all pomp, bridling our hopes, cutting off superfluities? for crosses, to consider, that custom will abate and mitigate them; that the best things are but chains and burdens to those that have them, to those that use them; that the worst things have some mixture of comfort, to those that groan under them? Or, leaving these lower rudiments that are given to weak and simple novices, to examine those golden rules of morality, which are commended to the most wise and able practitioners: what it is, to account himself as a tenant at will; to foreimagine the worst, in all casual matters; to avoid all idle and impertinent businesses, all pragmatical meddling with affairs of state; not so to fix ourselves upon any one estate, as to be impatient of a change; to call back the mind from outward things, and draw it home into itself; to laugh at and esteem lightly of others' misdemeanors; not to depend upon others' opinions, but to stand on our own bottoms; to carry ourselves in an honest and simple truth, free from a curious hypocrisy, and affectation of seeming other than we are, and yet as free from a base kind of carelessness; to intermeddle retiredness with society, so as one may give sweetness to the other, and both to us, so slackening the mind that we may not loosen it, and so bending as we may not break it; to make the most of ourselves, cheering up our spirits with variety of recreations, with satiety of meals, and all other bodily indulgence, saving that drunkenness, methinks, can neither beseem a wise philosopher to prescribe, nor a virtuous man to practise? All these, in their kinds, please well, profit much, and are as sovereign for both

these, as they are unable to effect that, for which they are propounded *.

Nature teacheth thee all these should be done; she cannot teach thee to do them: and yet do all these and no more, let me never have rest, if thou have it. For, neither are here the greatest enemies of our peace so much as descried afar off; nor those, that are noted, are hereby so prevented, that, upon most diligent practice, we can promise ourselves any security: wherewith whoso instructed, dare confidently give challenge to all sinister events, is like to some skilful fencer, who stands upon his usual wards, and plays well; but, if there come a strange fetch of an unwonted blow, is put beside the rules of his art, and with much shame overtaken. And, for those, that are known, believe me, the mind of man is too weak to bear out itself hereby, against all onsets. There are light crosses, that will take an easy repulse; others yet stronger, that shake the house side, but break not in upon us; others vehement, which by force make way to the heart; where they find none, breaking open the door of the soul, that denies entrance; others violent, that lift the mind off the hinges, or rend the bars of it in pieces; others furious, that tear up the very foundations from the bottom, leaving no monument behind them, but ruin. The wisest and most resolute moralist, that ever was, looked pale when he should taste of his hemlock; and, by his timorousness, made sport to those, that envied his speculations. The best † of the heathen emperors, that was honoured with the title of piety, justly magnified that courage of Christians, which made them insult over their tormentors; and, by their fearlessness of earthquakes and deaths, argued the truth of their religion. It must be, it can be, none but a divine power, that can uphold the mind against the rage of many afflictions: and yet, the greatest crosses are not the greatest enemies to inward peace. Let us, therefore, look up above ourselves; and, from the rules of a higher art, supply the defects of natural wisdom: giving such infallible directions for Tranquillity, that whosoever shall follow cannot but live sweetly with continual delight; applauding himself at home, when all the world beside him shall be miserable.

To which purpose, it shall be requisite, first, to remove all causes of unquietness; and then, to set down the grounds of our happy rest.

SECT. IV.

Enemies of inward Peace divided into their ranks.—The Torment of an Evil Conscience.—The joy and peace of the guilty but dissembled.

I FIND, on the one hand, two universal enemies of Tranquillity; conscience of evil done, sense or fear of evil suffered. The former in one word, we call Sins; the latter, Crosses: the first of these

* Allowed yet by Seneca in his last chapter of Tranquillity.

† Antoninus Pius, in an Epistle to the Asians concerning the persecuted Christians.

must be quite taken away, the second duly tempered, ere the heart can be at rest. For, first, how can that man be at peace, that is at variance with God and himself? How should peace be God's gift, if it could be without him, if it could be against him? It is the profession of sin, although fair spoken at the first closing, to be a perpetual make-bait betwixt God and man, betwixt a man and himself.

And this enmity, though it do not continually shew itself, as the mortallest enemies are not always in pitched fields one against the other; for that the conscience is not ever clamorous, but somewhile is silent, otherwhile with still murmurings bewrays his mislikes; yet doth evermore work secret unquietness to the heart. The guilty man may have a seeming truce; a true peace, he cannot have. Look upon the face of the guilty heart, and thou shalt see it pale and ghastly; the smiles and laughters, faint and heartless; the speeches, doubtful and full of abrupt stops and unseasonable turnings; the purposes and motions, unsteady and savouring of much distraction, arguing plainly that sin is not so smooth at her first motions, as turbulent afterwards: hence are those vain wearyings of places and companies, together with ourselves; that the galled soul doth, after the wont of sick patients, seek refreshing in variety, and, after many tossed and turned sides, complains of remediless and unabated torment. Nero, after so much innocent blood, may change his bed-chamber; but his fiends ever attend him, ever are within him, and are as parts of himself. Alas, what avails it, to seek outward reliefs, when thou hast thine executioner within thee? If thou couldst shift from thyself, thou mightest have some hope of ease: now, thou shalt never want furies, so long as thou hast thyself. Yea, what if thou wouldst run from thyself? Thy soul may fly from thy body: thy conscience will not fly from thy soul, nor thy sin from thy conscience. Some men, indeed, in the bitterness of these pangs of sin, like unto those fondly impatient fishes that leap out of the pan into the flame, have leapt out of this private hell, that is in themselves, into the common pit; chusing to adventure upon the future pains that they have feared, rather than to endure the present horrors they have felt: wherein what have they gained, but to that hell which was within them, a second hell without? The conscience leaves not, where the fiends begin; but both join together in torture.

But, there are some firm and obdurate foreheads, whose resolution can laugh their sins out of countenance. There are so large and able gorges, as that they can swallow and digest bloody murders, without complaint; who, with the same hands, which they have since their last meal embrued in blood, can freely carve to themselves large morsels at the next sitting. Believest thou, that such a man's heart laughs with his face? will not he dare to be a hypocrite, that durst be a villain? These glow-worms, when a night of sorrow compasses them, make a lightsome and fiery shew of joy; when, if thou press them, thou findest nothing but a cold and crude moisture. Knowest thou not, that there are those, which count it

no shame to sin; yet count it a shame to be checked with remorse, especially so as others' eyes may descry: to whom repentance seems base-mindedness, unworthy of him, that professes wisdom and valour? Such a man can grieve, when none sees it; but himself can laugh, when others see it; himself, feels not. Assure thyself, that man's heart bleedeth, when his face counterfeits a smile: he wears out many waking hours, when thou thinkest he resteth: yea, as his thoughts afford him not sleep, so his very sleep affords him not rest; but, while his senses are tied up, his sin is loose; representing itself to him in the ugliest shape, and frighting him with horrible and hellish dreams. And if, perhaps, custom hath bred a carelessness in him, as we see that usual whipping makes the child not care for the rod: yet an unwonted extremity of the blow shall fetch blood of the soul; and make the back, that is most hardened, sensible of smart; and, the further the blow is fetched, through intermission of remorse, the harder it must needs alight. Therefore, I may confidently tell the careless sinner, as that bold tragedian said to his great Pompey: "The time shall come, wherein thou shalt fetch deep sighs; and therefore shalt sorrow desperately, because thou sorrowedst not sooner." The fire of the conscience may lie, for a time, smothered with a pile of green wood, that it cannot be discerned; whose moisture when once it hath mastered, it sends up so much greater flame, by how much it had greater resistance. Hope not then, to stop the mouth of thy conscience from exclaiming, while thy sin continues: that endeavour is both vain and hurtful. So I have seen them, that have stopt the nostril for bleeding, in hope to stay the issue; when the blood, hindered in his former course, hath broken out of the mouth, or found way down into the stomach. The conscience is not pacifiable, while sin is within to vex it; no more than an angry swelling can cease throbbing and aching, while the thorn or the corrupted matter lies rotting underneath. Time, that remedies all other evils of the mind, increaseth this; which, like to bodily diseases, proves worse with continuance, and grows upon us with our age.

SECT. V.

The Remedy of an Unquiet Conscience.

THERE can be, therefore, no peace, without reconciliation: thou canst not be friends with thyself, till with God: for thy conscience, which is thy best friend while thou sinnest not, like an honest servant takes his Master's part against thee when thou hast sinned; and will not look straight upon thee, till thou upon God; not daring to be so kind to thee, as to be unfaithful to his Maker.

There can be no reconciliation, without remission. God can neither forget the injury of sin, nor dissemble hatred. It is for men and those of hollow hearts, to make pretences contrary to their affections: soothings, and smiles, and embracements, where we mean not love, are from weakness; either for that we fear our insufficiency of present revenge, or hope for a fitter opportunity after-

wards, or for that we desire to make our further advantage of him to whom we mean evil. These courses are not incident into an Almighty power; who, having the command of all vengeance, can smite where he list, without all doubtings or delays.

There can be no remission, without satisfaction. Neither dealeth God with us, as we men with some desperate debtors; whom, after long dilations of payments and many days broken, we altogether let go for disability, or at least dismiss them upon an easy composition. All sins are debts: all God's debts must be discharged. It is a bold word, but a true; God should not be just, if any of his debts should pass unsatisfied. The conceit of the profane vulgar makes him a God all of Mercies; and, thereupon, hopes for pardon, without payment. Fond and ignorant presumption, to disjoin mercy and justice in him, to whom they are both essential; to make mercy exceed justice in him, in whom both are infinite! Darest thou hope God can be so kind to thee, as to be unjust to himself? God will be just: go thou on to presume and perish.

There can be no satisfaction, by any recompence of ours. An infinite justice is offended: an infinite punishment is deserved by every sin: and every man's sins are as near to infinite, as number can make them. Our best endeavour is worse than finite, imperfect, and faulty: if it could be perfect, we owe it all in present: what we are bound to do in present, cannot make amends for what we have not done in time past; which while we offer to God as good payment, we do, with the profane traveller, think to please him with empty date-shells, in lieu of preservation. Where shall we then find a payment of infinite value, but in him, which is only and all infinite? the dignity of whose person, being infinite, gave such worth to his satisfaction, that what he suffered in short time, was proportionable to what we should have suffered beyond all times. He did all, suffered all, paid all: he did it for us; we, in him.

Where shall I begin to wonder at thee, O thou divine and eternal Peace-Maker, the Saviour of Men, the Anointed of God, Mediator between God and Man: in whom there is nothing, which doth not exceed, not only the conceit, but the very wonder of Angels; who saw thee in thy humiliation with silence, and adore thee in thy glory with perpetual praises and rejoicings? Thou wast for ever of thyself, as God; of the Father, as the Son; the Eternal Son, of an Eternal Father; not later in being, not less in dignity, not other in substance; begotten, without diminution of him that begot thee, while he communicated that wholly to thee, which he retained wholly in himself, because both were infinite without inequality of nature, without division of essence: when, being in this estate, thine infinite love and mercy to desperate mankind caused thee, O Saviour, to empty thyself of thy glory, that thou mightest put on our shame and misery. Wherefore, not ceasing to be God as thou wert, thou beganst to be what thou wert not, Man; to the end that thou mightest be a perfect Mediator betwixt God and man, which wert both in one person; God, that thou mightest satisfy; Man, that thou mightest suffer: that, since man had sinned,

and God was offended, thou, which wert God and Man, mightest satisfy God for man. None but thyself, which art the ETERNAL WORD, can express the depth of this mystery, that God should be clothed with flesh, come down to men, and become man; that man might be exalted into the highest heavens, and that our nature might be taken into the fellowship of the Deity: that he, to whom all powers in heaven bowed, and thought it their honour to be serviceable, should come down to be a servant to his slaves, a ransom for his enemies; together with our nature taking up our very infirmities, our shame, our torments, and bearing our sins without sin: that thou, whom the heavens were too strait to contain, shouldest lay thyself in an obscure cratch; thou, which wert attended of angels, shouldest be derided of men, rejected of thine own, persecuted by tyrants, tempted with devils, betrayed of thy servant, crucified among thieves, and, which was worse than all these, in thine own apprehension, for the time, as forsaken of thy Father: that thou, whom our sins had pierced, shouldest, for our sins, both sweat drops of blood in the garden, and pour out streams of blood upon the cross.

Oh, the invaluable purchase of our peace! O ransom enough for more worlds! Thou, which wert, in the counsel of thy Father, the Lamb slain from the beginning of time, camest now, in fulness of time, to be slain by man, for man; being, at once, the Sacrifice offered, the Priest that did offer, and the God to whom it was offered. How graciously didst thou both proclaim our peace, as a Prophet, in the time of thy life upon earth; and purchase it, by thy blood, as a Priest, at thy death; and now confirmest and appliest it, as a King, in heaven! By thee only it was procured; by thee, it is proffered. O mercy without example, without measure! God offers peace to man: the holy seeks to the unjust; the potter, to the clay; the king, to the traitor. We are unworthy, that we should be received to peace, though we desired it: what are we then, that we should have peace offered for the receiving? An easy condition of so great a benefit! he requires us not to earn it, but to accept it of him: what could he give more? what could he require less of us?

SECT. VI.

The Receipt of our Peace offered by Faith.—A corollary of the benefit of this receipt.—The vain shifts of the guilty.

THE purchase, therefore, of our peace was paid at once: yet must be severally reckoned to every soul, whom it shall benefit. If we have not a hand to take what Christ's hand doth either hold or offer, what is sufficient in him cannot be effectual to us. The spiritual hand, whereby we apprehend the sweet offers of our Saviour, is Faith; which, in short, is no other, than an affiance in the Mediator: receive peace, and be happy; believe, and thou hast received. From hence it is, that we are interested in all, that either God hath promised, or Christ hath performed: hence have we from God, both forgiveness and love; the ground of all, either peace or glory:

hence, of enemies we become, more than friends, sons; and, as sons, may both expect and challenge, not only careful provision and safe protection on earth, but an everlasting patrimony above. This field is so spacious, that it were easy for a man to lose himself in it: and if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk, my time would sooner end than my way; wherein I would have measured more paces, were it not, that our scope is not so much to magnify the benefit of our peace, as to seek how to obtain it.

Behold now, after we have sought heaven and earth, where only the wearied dove may find an olive of peace. The apprehending of this all-sufficient satisfaction, makes it ours: upon our satisfaction, we have remission; upon remission, follows reconciliation; upon our reconciliation, peace. When, therefore, thy conscience, like a stern sergeant, shall catch thee by the throat, and arrest thee upon God's debt, let thy only plea be, that thou hast already paid it: bring forth that bloody acquittance, sealed to thee from heaven upon thy true faith; straightway, thou shalt see the fierce and terrible look of thy conscience changed into friendly smiles; and that rough and violent hand, that was ready to drag thee to prison, shall now lovingly embrace thee, and fight for thee against all the wrongful attempts of any spiritual adversary. O heavenly peace, and, more than peace, friendship; whereby alone we are leagued with ourselves, and God with us; which whoever wants, shall find a sad remembrancer in the midst of his dissembled jollity, and, after all vain strifes, shall fall into many secret dumps, from which his guilty heart shall deny to be cheered, though all the world were his minstrel! O pleasure worthy to be pitied, and laughter worthy of tears, that is without this!

Go then, foolish man; and, when thou feelest any check of thy sin, seek after thy jocundest companions; deceive the time and thyself with merry purposes, with busy games; feast away thy cares; bury them and thyself in wine and sleep: after all these frivolous deferrings, it will return upon thee when thou wakest, perhaps ere thou wakest; nor will be repelled, till it have shewed thee thy hell; nor, when it hath shewed thee, will yet be repelled. So the stricken deer, having received a deadly arrow, whose shaft shaken out hath left the head behind it, runs from one thicket to another; not able to change his pain with his places, but finding his wounds still the worse with continuance. Ah fool, thy soul festereth within; and is affected so much more dangerously, by how much less it appeareth. Thou mayest while thyself with variety: thou canst not ease thee. Sin owes thee a spite, and will pay it thee; perhaps, when thou art in worse case to sustain it. This flitting doth but provide for a further violence at last. I have seen a little stream of no noise, which, upon his stoppage, hath swelled up; and, with a loud gushing, hath borne over the heap of turfs wherewith it was resisted. Thy death-bed shall smart for these wilful adjournings of repentance: whereon how many have we heard raving of their old neglected sins, and fearfully despairing when they have had most need of comfort! In sum, there is no way but this: thy conscience

must have either satisfaction or torment. Discharge thy sin betimes, and be at peace. He never breaks his sleep for debt, that pays when he takes up.

SECT. VII.

Solicitation of sin remedied.—The ordering of affections.

NEITHER can it suffice for peace, to have crossed the old scroll of our sins, if we prevent not the future: yea, the present very importunity of temptation breeds unquietness. Sin, where it hath got a haunt, looketh for more; as humours, that fall towards their old issue: and, if it be not strongly repelled, doth near as much vex us with soliciting, as with yielding. Let others envy their happiness, I shall never think their life so much as quiet, whose doors are continually beaten, and their morning sleep broken with early clients; whose entries are daily thronged with suitors, pressing near for the next audience: much less, that, through their remiss answers, are daily haunted with traitors or other instruments of villainy, offering their mischievous service, and inciting them to some pestilent enterprise. Such are temptations to the soul: whereof it cannot be rid, so long as it holds them in any hope of entertainment; and so long they will hope to prevail, while we give them but a cold and timorous denial. Suitors are drawn on with an easy repulse; counting that as half granted, which is but faintly gainsaid. Peremptory answers can only put sin out of heart, for any second attempts: it is ever impudent, when it meets not with a bold heart; hoping to prevail by wearying us, and wearying us by entreaties. Let all suggestions, therefore, find thee resolute: so shall thy soul find itself at rest; for, as the Devil, so sin his natural brood, flies away with resistance.

To which purpose, all our heady and disordered Affections, which are the secret factors of sin and Satan, must be restrained, by a strong and yet temperate command of reason and religion: these, if they find the reins loose in their necks, like to the wild horses of that chaste hunter in the tragedy, carry us over hills and rocks; and never leave us, till we be dismembered, and they breathless: but, contrarily, if they be pulled in with the sudden violence of a strait hand, they fall to plunging and careering; and never leave, till their saddle be empty, and even then dangerously strike at their prostrate rider. If there be any exercise of Christian wisdom, it is in the managing of these unruly affections; which are not more necessary in their best use, than pernicious in their misgovernance. Reason hath always been busy, in undertaking this so necessary a moderation: wherein, although she have prevailed with some of colder temper; yet those, which have been of more stubborn metal, like unto grown scholars, which scorn the ferule that ruled their minority, have still despised her weak endeavours. Only Christianity hath this power; which, with our second birth, gives us a new nature: so that now, if excess of passions be natural to us as men, the order of them is natural to us as Christians.

Reason bids the angry man say over his alphabet, ere he give his answer; hoping, by this intermission of time, to gain the mitigation of his rage: he was never thoroughly angry, that can endure the recital of so many idle letters. Christianity gives not rules, but power, to avoid this short madness. It was a wise speech, that is reported of our best and last Cardinal, I hope, that this Island either did or shall see; who, when a skilful astrologer, upon the calculation of his nativity, had foretold him some specialties concerning his future estate, answered, "Such perhaps I was born: but, since that time, I have been born again; and my second nativity hath crossed my first." The power of nature is a good plea for those, that acknowledge nothing above nature: but, for a Christian to excuse his intemperateness, by his natural inclination, and to say, "I am born choleric, sullen, amorous," is an apology worse than the fault. Wherefore serves religion, but to subdue or govern nature? We are so much Christians, as we can rule ourselves: the rest is but form and speculation. Yea, the very thought of our profession is so powerful, that, like unto that precious stone, being cast into this sea, it assuageth those inward tempests, that were raised by the affections. The unregenerate mind is not capable of this power; and, therefore, through the continual mutinies of his passions, cannot but be subject to perpetual unquietness. There is neither remedy, nor hope, in this estate. But the Christian soul, that hath inured itself to the awe of God and the exercises of true mortification, by the only looking up at his holy profession, cureth the burning venom of these fiery serpents that lurk within him. Hast thou nothing, but nature? Resolve to look for no peace. God is not prodigal, to cast away his best blessings on so unworthy subjects. Art thou a Christian? do but remember thou art so; and then, if thou darest, if thou canst, yield to the excess of passions.

SECT. VIII.

The second main enemy to Peace, Crosses.

HITHERTO, the most inward and dangerous enemy of our peace: which if we have once mastered, the other field shall be fought and won with less blood. Crosses disquiet us, either in their present feeling, or their expectation: both of them, when they meet with weak minds, so extremely distempering them, that the patient, for the time, is not himself. How many have we known, which, through a lingering disease, weary of their pain, weary of their lives, have made their own hands their executioners! How many, meeting with a headstrong grief, which they could not manage, have, by the violence of it, been carried quite from their wits! How many millions, what for incurable maladies, what for losses, what for defamations, what for sad accidents to their children, rub out their lives in perpetual discontentment; therefore living, because they cannot yet die, not for that they like to live! If there could be any human receipt prescribed to avoid evils, it would be purchased at a high rate: but, both it is impossible, that earth should

redress that which is sent from heaven; and, if it could be done, even the want of miseries would prove miserable: for the mind, cloyed with continual felicity, would grow a burden to itself, loathing that, at last, which intermission would have made pleasant. Give a free horse the full reins, and he will soon tire. Summer is the sweetest season by all consents, wherein the earth is both most rich with increase, and most gorgeous for ornament; yet, if it were not received with interchanges of cold frosts and piercing winds, who could live? Summer would be no summer, if winter did not both lead it in, and follow it. We may not, therefore, either hope or strive, to escape all crosses; some, we may: what thou canst, fly from; what thou canst not, allay and mitigate. In crosses, universally, let this be thy rule: Make thyself none; escape some; bear the rest; sweeten all.

SECT. IX.

Of crosses that arise from conceit.

Apprehension gives life to crosses: and, if some be simply, most are as they are taken. I have seen many, which when God hath meant them no hurt, have framed themselves crosses out of imagination; and have found that insupportable for weight, which in truth never was, neither had ever any but a fancied being: others again, laughing out heavy afflictions, for which they were bemoaned of the beholders. One receives a deadly wound; and looks not so much as pale at the smart: another hears of many losses; and, like Zeno, after news of his shipwreck, as altogether passionless, goes to his rest, not breaking an hour's sleep for that, which would break the heart of some others. Greenham, that Saint of ours, whom it cannot disparage that he was reserved for our so loose an age, can lie spread quietly upon the form, looking for the Chirurgeon's knife; binding himself as fast with a resolved patience, as others with strongest cords; abiding his flesh carved, and his bowels rifled, and not stirring more than if he felt not, while others tremble to expect, and shrink to feel but the pricking of a vein. There can be no remedy for imaginary crosses, but wisdom; which shall teach us to esteem of all events as they are: like a true glass representing all things to our minds in their due proportion; so as crosses may not seem that are not, nor little and gentle ones seem great and intolerable. Give thy body hellebore, thy mind good counsel, thine ear to thy friend; and these fantastical evils shall vanish away, like themselves.

SECT. X.

Of true and real crosses.

It were idle advice, to bid men avoid evils. Nature hath, by a secret instinct, taught brute creatures so much, whether wit or sagacity: and our self-love, making the best advantage of reason, will

easily make us so wise and careful. It is more worth our labour, since our life is so open to calamities, and nature to impatience, to teach men to bear what evils they cannot avoid; and how, by a well-disposedness of mind, we may correct the iniquity of all hard events. Wherein it is hardly credible, how much good art and precepts of resolution may avail us. I have seen one man, by the help of a little engine, lift up that weight alone, which forty helping hands, by their clear strength, might have endeavoured in vain. We live here in an ocean of troubles, wherein we can see no firm land; one wave falling upon another, ere the former have wrought all his spite. Mischiefs strive for places; as if they feared to lose their room, if they hasted not. So many good things as we have, so many evils arise from their privation: besides no fewer real and positive evils, that afflict us. To prescribe and apply receipts to every particular cross, were to write a Salmeron-like Commentary upon Petrarch's Remedies; and I doubt whether so, the work would be perfect: a life would be too little to write it, and but enough to read it.

SECT. XI.

The first remedy of crosses, before they come.

The same medicines cannot help all diseases of the body; of the soul, they may. We see fencers give their scholars the same common rules of position, of warding and wielding their weapon for offence, for defence, against all comers: such universal precepts there are for crosses.

In the first whereof, I would prescribe Expectation, that either killeth or abateth evils. For crosses, after the nature of the cockatrice, die, if they be foreseen; whether this providence makes us more strong to resist, or by some secret power makes them more unable to assault us. It is not credible, what a fore-resolved mind can do, can suffer. Could our English Milo, of whom Spain yet speaketh since their last peace, have overthrown that furious beast, made now more violent through the rage of his baiting, if he had not settled himself in his station, and expected? The frighted multitude ran away from that over-earnest sport, which begun in pleasure, ended in terror. If he had turned his back with the rest, where had been his safety, where his glory and reward? Now he stood still, expected, overcame, by one fact he at once preserved, honoured, enriched himself. Evils will come never the sooner, for that thou lookest for them; they will come the easier: it is a labour well lost, if they come not; and well bestowed, if they do come. We are sure the worst may come; why should we be secure that it will not? Suddenness finds weak minds secure, makes them miserable, leaves them desperate. The best way therefore is, to make things present, in conceit, before they come; that they may be half past in their violence, when they do come: even as with wooden wasters, we learn to play at the sharp. As, therefore, good soldiers exercise themselves long at the pale; and there use

those activities, which afterwards they shall practise upon a true adversary: so must we present to ourselves imaginary crosses; and manage them in our mind, before God sends them in event. "Now I eat, sleep, digest, all soundly, without complaint: what if a languishing disease should bereave me of my appetite and rest? that I should see dainties, and loath them; surfeiting of the very smell, of the thought of the best dishes? that I should count the lingering hours, and think Hezekiah's long day returned; wearying myself with changing sides, and wishing any thing but what I am? how could I take this distemper? Now I have, if not what I would, yet what I need; as not abounding with idle superfluities, so not straitened with penury of necessary things: what if poverty should rush upon me, as an armed man; spoiling me of all my little that I had, and send me to the fountain, for my best cellar? to the ground, for my bed? for my bread, to another's cupboard? for my clothes, to the broker's shop, or my friend's wardrobe? how could I brook this want? I am now at home, walking in mine own grounds; looking on my young plants, the hope of posterity; considering the nature, advantages, or fears of my soil, enjoying the patrimony of my fathers: what if, for my religion, or the malicious sentence of some great one, I should be exiled from my country; wandering amongst those, whose habit, language, fashion, my ignorance shall make me wonder at; where the solitude of places, and strangeness of persons, shall make my life uncomfortable? how could I abide the smell of foreign smoke? how should I take the contempt and hard usage, that waits upon strangers?" Thy prosperity is idle and ill spent, if it be not meddled with such fore-casting and wisely suspicious thoughts; if it be wholly bestowed in enjoying, no whit in preventing: like unto a foolish city, which, notwithstanding a dangerous situation, spends all her wealth in rich furnitures of chambers and state-houses; while they bestow not one shovelfull of earth on outward bulwarks, to their defence: this is but to make our enemies the happier, and ourselves the more readily miserable.

If thou wilt not, therefore, be oppressed with evils, EXPECT and EXERCISE: exercise thyself with conceit of evils: expect the evils themselves; yea exercise thyself in expectation: so, while the mind pleaseth itself in thinking, "Yet I am not thus," it prepareth itself against it may be so. And if some, that have been good at the foils, have proved cowardly at the sharp; yet, on the contrary, who ever durst point a single combat in the field, that hath not been somewhat trained in the fence-school?

SECT. XII.

The second remedy of crosses, when they are come: from their Author.

NEITHER doth it a little blunt the edge of evils, to consider that they come from a Divine Hand, whose Almighty power is guided by a most wise Providence, and tempered with a Fatherly love.

Even the savage creatures will be smitten of their keeper, and repine not: if of a stranger, they tear him in pieces. He strikes me, that made me, that moderates the world: why struggle I with him; why, with myself? Am I a fool, or a rebel? a fool, if I be ignorant whence my crosses come: a rebel, if I know it, and be impatient. My sufferings are from a God; from my God: he hath destined me every dram of sorrow, that I feel: "Thus much thou shalt abide; and here shall thy miseries be stinted." All worldly helps cannot abate them: all powers of hell cannot add one scruple to their weight, that he hath allotted me: I must, therefore, either blaspheme God in my heart, detracting from his infinite justice, wisdom, power, mercy, which all stand inviolable, when millions of such worms as I am, are gone to dust; or else confess, that I ought to be patient. And, if I profess I should be that I will not, I befool myself; and bewray miserable impotency. But, as impatience is full of excuse, it was thine own rash improvidence, or the spite of thine enemy, that impoverished, that defamed thee: it was the malignity of some unwholesome dish, or some gross corrupted air, that hath distempered thee. Ah foolish cur, why dost thou bite at the stone, which could never have hurt thee, but from the hand that threw it? If I wound thee, what matters it, whether with mine own sword, or thine, or another's? God strikes some immediately from heaven, with his own arm, or with the arm of angels; others, he buffets, with their own hands: some, by the revenging sword of an enemy; others, with the fist of his dumb creatures: God strikes in all: his hand moves theirs. If thou see it not, blame thy carnal eyes. Why dost thou fault the instrument, while thou knowest the agent? Even the dying thief pardons the executioner; exclaims on his unjust judge, or his malicious accusers. Either, then, blame the first mover, or discharge the means: which as they could not have touched thee, but as from him; so from him they have afflicted thee justly, wrongfully perhaps as in themselves.

SECT. XIII.

The third antidote of crosses: from their Effect.

But neither seemeth it enough to be patient in crosses, if we be not thankful also. Good things challenge more than bare contentment. Crosses, unjustly termed evils, as they are sent of him, that is all goodness; so they are sent for good, and his end cannot be frustrate. What greater good can be to the diseased man, than fit and proper physic to recure him? Crosses are the only medicines of sick minds. Thy sound body carries within it a sick soul: thou feelest it not, perhaps: so much more art thou sick, and so much more dangerously. Perhaps, thou labourest of some plethory of pride, or of some dropsy of covetousness, or the staggers of inconstancy, or some fever of luxury, or consumption of envy, or perhaps of the lethargy of idleness, or of the phrensy of anger: it is a rare soul, that hath not some notable disease: only crosses are thy remedies. What if they be unpleasant? they are physic: it

is enough, if they be wholesome. Not pleasant taste, but the secret virtue commends medicines. If they cure thee, they shall please thee, even in displeasing; or else thou lovest thy palate above thy soul. What madness is this? When thou complainest of a bodily disease, thou sendest to the physician, that he may send thee not savoury, but wholesome potions: thou receivest them in spite of thine abhorring stomach; and, withal, both thankest and rewardest the physician. Thy soul is sick: thy Heavenly Physician sees it, and pities thee, ere thou thyself; and, unsent to, sends thee not a plausible, but a sovereign remedy: thou loathest the savour; and rather wilt hazard thy life, than offend thy palate; and, instead of thanks repinest at, revilest the Physician. How comes it, that we love ourselves so little (if at least we count our souls the best or any part) as that we would rather undergo death than pain; chusing rather wilful sickness, than a harsh remedy? Surely, we men are mere fools, in the estimation of our own good: like children, our choice is led altogether by shew, no whit by substance. We cry after every well-seeming toy; and put from us solid proffers of good things: the wise Arbitrator of all things sees our folly, and corrects it: withholding our idle desires, and forcing upon us the sound good we refuse: it is second folly in us, if we thank him not. The foolish babe cries for his father's bright knife, or gilded pills: the wiser father knows that they can but hurt him; and therefore withholds them after all his tears: the child thinks he is used but unkindly: every wise man, and himself at more years, can say, it was but childish folly, in desiring it, in complaining that he missed it. The loss of wealth, friends, health, is sometimes gain to us. Thy body, thy estate is worse: thy soul is better; why complainest thou?

SECT. XIV.

The fourth antidote of crosses: from their Issue.

Nay, it shall not be enough, methinks, if only we be but contented and thankful; if not also cheerful in afflictions; if that, as we feel their pain, so we look not to their End; although indeed this is not more requisite, than rarely found, as being proper only to the good heart. Every bird can sing in a clear heaven, in a temperate spring: that one, as most familiar, so is most commended, that sings merry notes in the midst of a shower, or the dead of winter. Every epicure can enlarge his heart to mirth, in the midst of his cups and dalliance: only the three children can sing in the furnace; Paul and Silas, in the stocks; martyrs, at the stake. It is from heaven, that this joy comes, so contrary to all earthly occasions; bred in the faithful heart, through a serious and feeling respect to the issue of what he feels, the quiet and untroubled fruit of his righteousness; glory, the crown after his fight; after his minute of pain, eternity of joy. He never looked over the threshold of heaven, that cannot more rejoice that he shall be glorious, than mourn in present that he is miserable.

SECT. XV.

Of the importunity and terror of Death.

YEA, this consideration is so powerful, that it alone is able to make a part against the fear or sense of the last and greatest of all terribles, Death itself: which, in the conscience of his own dreadfulness, justly laughs at all the vain human precepts of Tranquillity; appalling the most resolute, and vexing the most cheerful minds. Neither profane Lucretius, with all his epicurean rules of confidence, nor drunken Anacreon, with all his wanton odes, can shift off the importunate and violent horror of this adversary. Seest thou the Chaldean Tyrant beset with the sacred bowls of Jerusalem, the late spoils of God's Temple; and, in contempt of their owner, carousing healths to his queens, concubines, peers; singing, amidst his cups, triumphant carols of praise to his molten and carved gods? Wouldst thou ever suspect that this high courage could be abated? or, that this sumptuous and presumptuous banquet, after so royal and jocund continuance, should have any other conclusion, but pleasure? Stay but one hour longer, and thou shalt see that face, that now shines with a ruddy gloss, according to the colour of his liquor, look pale and ghastly, stained with the colours of fear and death; and that proud hand, which now lifts up his massy goblets, in defiance of God, tremble like a leaf in a storm; and those strong knees, which never stooped to the burden of their laden body, now not able to bear up themselves, but loosened with a sudden palsy of fear, one knocking against the other: and all this, for that Death writes him a letter of summons, to appear that night before him; and, accordingly, ere the next sun, sent two eunuchs, for his honourable conveyance into another world. Where now are those delicate morsels, those deep draughts, those merry ditties, wherewith the palate and ear so pleased themselves? What is now become of all those cheerful looks, loose laughters, stately port, revels, triumphs of the feasting court? Why doth none of his gallant nobles revive the fainted courage of their lord, with a new cup? or, with some stirring jest, shake him out of this unseasonable melancholy? O death, how imperious art thou to carnal minds! aggravating their misery, not only by expectation of future pain, but by the remembrance of the wonted causes of their joy; and not suffering them to see ought, but what may torment them! Even that monster of the Cæsars, that had been so well acquainted with blood, and never had found better sport than in cutting of throats; when now it came to his own turn, how effeminate, how desperately cowardous did he shew himself! to the wonder of all readers, that he, which was ever so valiant in killing, should be so womanishly heartless in dying.

SECT. XVI.

The grounds of the fear of death.

THERE are, that fear not so much to be dead, as to die; the very act of dissolution frighting them with a tormenting expectation of

a short, but intolerable painfulness. Which let if the wisdom of God had not interposed to timorous nature, there would have been many more Lucrecias, Cleopatras, Anithophels; and good laws should have found little opportunity of execution, through the wilful funerals of malefactors. For the soul, that comes into the body without any, at least sensible, pleasure, departs not from it, without an extremity of pain: which, varying according to the manner and means of separation; yet, in all violent deaths especially, retaineth a violence not to be avoided, hard to be endured. And, if diseases, which are destined toward death as their end, be so painful, what must the end and perfection of diseases be; since as diseases are the maladies of the body, so death is the malady of diseases?

There are, that fear not so much to die, as to be dead. If the pang be bitter; yet it is but short: the comfortless state of the dead strikes some, that could well resolve for the act of their passage. Not the worst of the heathen emperors made that moanful ditty on his death-bed, wherein he bewrayeth, to all memory, much feeling pity of his soul, for her doubtful and impotent condition after her parture. How doth Plato's worldling bewail the misery of the grave; besides all respect of pain! "Woe is me, that I shall lie alone rotting in the silent earth, amongst the crawling worms, not seeing ought above, not seen."

Very not-being is sufficiently abhorred of nature, if death had no more to make it fearful. But those, that have lived under light enough, to shew them the gates of hell, after their passage through the gates of death; and have learned, that death is not only horrible for our not-being here, but for being infinitely, eternally miserable in a future world, nor so much for the dissolution of life, as the beginning of torment: those cannot, without the certain hope of their immunity, but carnally fear to die, and hellishly fear to be dead. For, if it be such pain to die, what is it to be ever dying? and, if the straining and luxation of one joint can so afflict us, what shall the racking of the whole body, and the torturing of the soul, whose animation alone makes the body to feel and complain of smart? And, if men have devised such exquisite torments, what can spirits, more subtle, more malicious? And, if our momentary sufferings seem long, how long shall that be, that is eternal? And, if the sorrows indifferently incident to God's dear ones upon earth be so extreme, as sometimes to drive them within sight of despairing, what shall those be, that are reserved only for those, that hate him, and that he hateth? None but those, who have heard the desperate complaints of some guilty Spira, or whose souls have been a little scorched with these flames, can enough conceive of the horror of this estate: it being the policy of our common enemy to conceal it so long, that we may see and feel it at once; lest we should fear it, before it be too late to be avoided.

SECT. XVII.

Remedy of the last and greatest breach of peace, arising from death.

Now when this great adversary, like a proud giant, comes stalking out in his fearful shape, and insults over our frail mortality, daring the world to match him with an equal champion; while a whole host of worldlings shew him their backs for fear, the true Christian, armed only with confidence and resolution of his future happiness, dares boldly encounter him; and can wound him in the forehead, the wonted seat of terror; and, trampling upon him, can cut off his head with his own sword, and, victoriously returning, can sing in triumph, *O death, where is thy sting?* A happy victory! We die, and are not foiled: yea, we are conquerors in dying: we could not overcome death, if we died not. That dissolution is well bestowed, that parts the soul from the body, that it may unite both to God. All our life here, as that heavenly Doctor (Augustin) well terms it, is but a vital death. How advantageous is that death, that determines this false and dying life; and begins a true one, above all the titles of happiness!

The Epicure or Sadducee dare not die, for fear of not being: the guilty and loose worldling dares not die, for fear of being miserable: the distrustful and doubting semi-Christian dares not die, because he knows not, whether he shall be, or miserable, or not be at all: the resolved Christian dares, and would die, because he knows he shall be happy; and, looking merrily towards heaven, the place of his rest, can unfeignedly say, "I desire to be dissolved: I see thee, my home, I see thee, a sweet and glorious home after a weary pilgrimage, I see thee: and now, after many lingering hopes, I aspire to thee. How oft have I looked up at thee, with admiration and ravishment of soul; and, by the goodly beams that I have seen, guessed at the glory that is above them! How oft have I scorned these dead and unpleasant pleasures of earth, in comparison of thine! I come now, my joys, I come to possess you: I come, through pain and death; yea, if hell itself were in the way betwixt you and me, I would pass through hell itself to enjoy you."

And, in truth, if that heathen Cleombrotus, a follower of the ancient Academy, but upon only reading of his master Plato's * Discourses of the Immortality of the Soul, could cast down himself headlong from a high rock, and wilfully break his neck, that he might be possessed of that immortality which he believed to follow upon death; how contented should they be to die, that know they shall be, more than immortal, glorious! He went, not in a hate of the flesh, as the patrician heretics of old †, but in a blind love to his soul, out of bare opinion; we, upon a holy love, grounded upon

* Tul. Tuscul. Callimach. Epigram. † August. de Hæres.

assured knowledge: he, upon an opinion of future life; we, on knowledge of future glory: he went, unsent for; we, called for by our Maker. Why should his courage exceed ours, since our ground, our estate so far exceeds his?

Even this age, within the reach of our memory, bred that peremptory Italian, which, in imitation of the old Roman courage, lest in that degenerated nation there should be no step left of the qualities of their ancestors, entering upon his torment for killing a tyrant, cheered himself with this confidence; "My death is sharp: my fame shall be everlasting *." The voice of a Roman, not of a Christian. My fame shall be eternal: an idle comfort! My fame shall live; not my soul live to see it. What shall it avail thee to be talked of, while thou art not? Then fame only is precious, when a man lives to enjoy it. The fame, that survives the soul, is bootless. Yet even this hope cheered him against the violence of his death. What should it do us, that (not our fame, but) our life, our glory after death, cannot die? He, that hath Stephen's eyes, to look into heaven, cannot but have the tongue of the Saints, *Come, Lord: how long?* That man, seeing the glory of the end, cannot but contemn the hardness of the way. But, who wants those eyes, if he say and swears that he fears not death, believe him not: if he protest his Tranquillity, and yet fear death, believe him not: believe him not, if he say he is not miserable.

SECT. XVIII.

The second rank of the enemies of peace.—The first remedy of an over prosperous estate: the vanity and unprofitableness of Riches: the first enemy on the right hand.

THESE are enemies on the left hand. There want not some on the right, which, with less profession of hostility, hurt no less: not so easily perceived, because they distemper the mind, not without some kind of pleasure. Surfeit kills more than famine. These are the over-desiring and over-joying of these earthly things. All immoderations are enemies; as to health, so to peace †. He, that desires, wants as much; as he, that hath nothing. The drunken man is as thirsty, as the sweating traveller. Hence are the studies, cares, fears, jealousies, hopes, griefs, envies, wishes, platforms of atchieving, alterations of purposes, and a thousand like; whereof each one is enough to make the life troublesome. One is sick of his neighbour's field, whose misshapen angles disfigure his, and hinder his lordship of entireness: what he hath is not regarded, for the want of what he cannot have. Another feeds on crusts, to purchase what he must leave, perhaps, to a fool; or, which is not much better, to a prodigal heir. Another, in the extremity of covetous folly, chuses to die an unpitied death; hanging himself for the fall of the market, while the Commons laugh at that loss, and

* *Mors acerba, fama perpetua.* † Hippocr. Aphor.

in their speeches epitaph upon him, as on that Pope, " He lived as a wolf, and died as a dog." One cares not what attendance he dances all hours, on whose stairs he sits, what vices he soothes, what deformities he imitates, what servile offices he doth; in a hope to rise. Another stomachs the covered head and stiff knee of his inferior; angry that other men think him not so good as he thinks himself. Another eats his own heart, with envy at the richer furniture, and better estate, or more honour of his neighbour; thinking his own not good, because another hath better. Another vexeth himself with a word of disgrace, passed from the mouth of an enemy, which he neither can digest, nor cast up; resolving, because another will be his enemy, to be his own. These humours are as manifold, as there are men that seem prosperous.

For the avoiding of all which ridiculous and yet spiteful inconveniences, the mind must be settled in a persuasion of the worthlessness of these outward things. Let it know, that these riches have made many prouder, none better: that, as never man was, so never wise man thought himself, better for enjoying them. Would that wise philosopher (Socrates) have cast his gold into the sea, if he had not known he should live more happily without it? If he knew not the use of riches, he was no wise man: if he knew not the best way to quietness, he was no philosopher: now, even by the voice of their oracle, he was confessed to be both; yet cast away his gold, that he might be happy *. Would that wise prophet have prayed as well against riches, as poverty? Would so many great men, whereof our little island hath yielded nine crowned kings while it was held of old by the Saxons, after they had continued their life in the throne, have ended it in the cell, and changed their sceptre for a book; if they could have found as much felicity in the highest estate, as security in the lowest? I hear Peter and John, the eldest and dearest Apostles, say, *Gold and silver have I none:* I hear the Devil say, *All these will I give thee; and they are mine, to give:* whether shall I desire to be in the state of these Saints, or that Devil? He was, therefore, a better husband than a philosopher, that first termed riches Goods: and he mended the title well, that, adding a fit epithet, called them Goods of Fortune; false goods ascribed to a false patron. There is no fortune, to give or guide riches: there is no true goodness in riches, to be guided. His meaning then was, as I can interpret it, to teach us, in this title; that it is a chance, if ever riches were good to any. In sum, who would account those as riches, or those riches as goods, which hurt the owner, disquiet others; which the worst have; which the best have not; which those, that have not, want not; which those want, that have them; which are lost in a night, and a man is not worse, when he hath lost them? It is true of them, that we say of fire and water: they are good servants, ill masters. Make them thy

* A proof, that, with Christians, deserves no credit; but, with Heathens, commands it.

slaves, they shall be goods indeed: in use, if not in nature; good to thyself, good to others by thee: but, if they be thy masters, thou hast condemned thyself to thine own gallies. If a servant rule, he proves a tyrant. What madness is this! thou hast made thyself, at once a slave and a fool. What if thy chains be of gold? or if, with Heliogabalus, thou hast made thee silken halters? thy servitude may be glorious: it is no less miserable.

SECT. XIX.

The second enemy on the right hand, Honour.

HONOUR, perhaps, is yet better: such is the confused opinion of those, that know little; but a distinct and curious head shall find a hard task, to define in what point the goodness thereof consisteth.

Is it in high descent of blood? I would think so, if nature were tied by any law to produce children like qualities to their parents. But, although in the brute creatures she be ever thus regular, that ye shall never find a young pigeon hatched in an eagle's nest: neither can I think that true, or if true it was monstrous, that Nicippus's sheep should yean a lion: yet, in the best creature, which hath his form and her attending qualities from above, with a likeness of face and features, is commonly found an unlikeness of disposition: only the earthly part follows the seed: wisdom, valour, virtue, are of another beginning. Shall I bow to a molten calf, because it was made of golden ear-rings? Shall I condemn all honour of the first head, though upon never so noble deserving, because it can shew nothing before itself, but a white shield? If Cæsar or Agathocles, be a potter's son, shall I contemn him? Or if wise Bion be the son of an infamous courtesan, shall the censorious lawyer raze him out of the catalogue, with *partus sequitur ventrem* *? Lastly, shall I account that good, which is incident to the worst? Either, therefore, greatness must shew some charter, wherein it is privileged with succession of virtue; or else the goodness of honour cannot consist in blood.

Is it, then, in the admiration and high opinion, that others have conceived of thee, which draws all dutiful respect, and humble offices from them, to thee? O fickle good, that is ever in the keeping of others! especially of the unstable vulgar, that beast of many heads: whose divided tongues, as they never agree with each other; so seldom (whenever) agree long with themselves. Do we not see the superstitious Lystrians, that ere-while would needs make Paul a god, against his will; and, in devout zeal, drew crowned bulls to the altars of their new Jupiter and Mercury? violence can scarce hold them from sacrificing to him: now, not many hours after, gather up stones against him; having, in their conceits, turned him, from a god into a malefactor; and are ready to kill

* Olympia. Diog. Laert.

him, instead of killing a sacrifice to him. Such is the multitude; and such the steadiness of their honour.

There, then, only is true honour, where blood and virtue meet together: the greatness whereof is from blood; the goodness, from virtue. Rejoice, ye great men, that your blood is ennobled with the virtues and deserts of your ancestors. This only is yours: this only challengeth all unfeigned respect of your inferiors. Count it praise-worthy, not that you have, but that you deserve honour. Blood may be tainted: the opinion of the vulgar cannot be constant: only virtue is ever like itself; and only wins reverence, even of those that hate it: without which, greatness is as a beacon of vice, to draw men's eyes the more to behold it; and those, that see it, dare loath it, though they dare not censure it. So, while the knee bendeth, the mind abhorreth; and telleth the body, it honours an unworthy subject: within itself, secretly, comparing that vicious great man, on whom his submiss courtesy is cast away, to some goodly fair-bound Seneca's Tragedies, that is curiously gilded without; which if a man open, he shall find Thyestes the tomb of his own children; or Oedipus the husband of his own mother; or some such monstrous part, which he, at once, reads and hates.

SECT. XX.

The second remedy of overjoyed prosperity: That it exposes to evil.

Let him think, that not only these outward things are not in themselves good, but that they expose their owners to misery: for, besides that God usually punishes our over-loving them, with their loss, (because he thinks them unworthy rivals to himself, who challengeth all height of love, as his only right) so that the way to lose, is to love much; the largeness moreover either of affection or estate, makes an open way to ruin. While a man walks on plain ground, he falls not; or, if he fall, he doth but measure his length on the ground, and rise again without harm: but he, that climbeth high, is in danger of falling; and, if he fall, of killing. All the sails hoised, give vantage to a tempest; which, through the mariners' foresight giving timely room thereto, by their fall, deliver the vessel from the danger of that gust, whose rage now passeth over, with only beating her with waves for anger that he was prevented. So, the larger our estate is, the fairer mark hath mischief given to hit; and, which is worse, that, which makes us so easy to hit, makes our wound more deep and grievous. If poor Codrus's house burn, he stands by and warms him with the flame, because he knows it is but the loss of an outside; which, by gathering some few sticks, straw, and clay, may, with little labour and no cost, be repaired: but, when the many lofts of the rich man do one give fire to another, he cries out one while of his counting-house; another while, of his wardrobe: then, of some noted chest; and, straight, of some rich cabinet: and, lamenting both the frame

and the furniture, is therefore impatient, because he had something.

SECT. XXI.

The vanity of Pleasure; the third enemy on the right hand.

But, if there be any sorceress upon earth, it is Pleasure: which so enchanteth the minds of men, and worketh the disturbance of our peace, with such secret delight, that foolish men think this want of Tranquillity, Happiness. She turneth men into swine, with such sweet charms, that they would not change their brutish nature, for their former reason. "It is a good unquietness," say they, "that contenteth: it is a good enemy, that profiteth." Is it any wonder, that men should be sottish, when their reason is mastered with sensuality? Thou fool, thy pleasure contents thee: how much? how long? If she have not more befriended thee, than ever she did any earthly favourite; yea, if she have not given thee more, than she hath herself; thy best delight hath had some mixture of discontentment: for, either some circumstance crosseth thy desire, or the inward distaste of thy conscience (checking thine appetite) permits thee not any entire fruition of thy joy. Even the sweetest of all flowers hath his thorns: and who can determine, whether the scent be more delectable, or the pricks more irksome? It is enough for heaven to have absolute pleasures: which if they could be found here below, certainly that heaven, which is now not enough desired, would then be feared. God will have our pleasures here, according to the fashion of ourselves, compounded: so as the best delights may still savour of their earth.

See how that great king, which never had any match for wisdom, scarce ever any superior for wealth, traversed over all this inferior world, with diligent enquiry and observation, and all to find out that goodness of the children of men which they enjoy under the sun; abridging himself of nothing, that either his eyes or his heart could suggest to him; as what is it, that he could not either know or purchase? and now, coming home to himself, after the disquisition of all natural and human things, complains, that *Behold, all is* not only *vanity*, but *vexation*.

Go, then, thou wise scholar of experience, and make a more accurate search for that, which he sought, and missed. Perhaps, somewhere, betwixt the tallest cedar in Lebanon and the shrubby hyssop upon the wall, Pleasure shrouded herself, that she could not be descried of him; whether through ignorance, or negligence: thine insight may be more piercing; thy means more commodious; thy success happier. If it were possible for any man to entertain such hopes, his vain experience could not make him a greater fool: it could but teach him, what he is and knoweth not.

And yet, so imperfect as our pleasures are, they have their satiety: and as their continuance is not good, so their conclusion is worse: look to their end, and see how sudden, how bitter it is.

Their only courtesy is, to salute us with a farewell; and such a one, as makes their salutation uncomfortable. This Dalila shews and speaks fair; but, in the end, she will bereave thee of thy strength, of thy sight, yea of thyself. These gnats fly about thine ears, and make thee music awhile; but evermore they sting, ere they part. Sorrow, and repentance, is the best end of pleasure: pain is yet worse; but the worst is, despair. If thou miss of the first of these, one of the latter shall find thee; perhaps, both. How much better is it for thee, to want a little honey, than to be swollen up with a venomous sting!

Thus then the mind resolved, that these earthly things, Honours, Wealth, Pleasures, are casual, unstable, deceitful, imperfect, dangerous; must learn to use them without trust, and to want them without grief; thinking still, "If I have them, I have some benefit with a great charge: if I have them not; with little respect of others, I have much security and ease, in myself:" which once obtained, we cannot fare amiss in either estate; and, without which, we cannot but miscarry in both.

SECT. XXII.

Positive rules of our peace.—The fruition of God in holy exercises.

All the enemies of our inward peace are thus described and discomfited. Which done, we have enough to preserve us from misery: but, since we moreover seek how to live well and happily, there yet remain those Positive Rules, whereby our Tranquillity may be both had, continued, and confirmed.

Wherein, I fear not, lest I should seem over divine, in casting the anchor of quietness so deep as Heaven, the only seat of constancy; while it can find no hold at all upon earth. All earthly things are full of variableness; and therefore, having no stay in themselves, can give none to us. He, that will have and hold right Tranquillity, must find in himself a sweet fruition of God, and feeling apprehension of his presence; that, when he finds manifold occasions of vexation in these earthly things, he, overlooking them all and having recourse to his Comforter, may find in him such matter of contentment, that he may pass over all these petty grievances with contempt: which whosoever wants, may be secure, cannot be quiet.

The mind of man cannot but want some refuge; and, as we say of the elephant, cannot rest, unless it have something to lean upon. The Covetous man, whose heaven is his chest, when he hears himself rated and cursed for oppressions, comes home; and, seeing his bags safe, applauds himself against all censures. The Glutton, when he loseth friends or good name, yet joyeth in his well furnished table, and the laughter of his wine; more pleasing himself in one dish, than he can be grieved with all the world's miscarriage. The needy Scholar, whose wealth lies all in his brain, cheers him-

self against iniquity of times, with the conceit of his knowledge. These starting holes the mind cannot want, when it is hard driven.

Now, when as, like to some chased Sisera, it shrowds itself under the harbour of these Jaels; although they give it houseroom and milk for a time: yet, at last, either they entertain it with a nail in the temples; or, being guilty to their own impotency, send it out of themselves, for safety and peace. For, if the cross light in that, which it made his refuge; as, if the covetous man be crossed in his riches; what earthly thing can stay him from a desperate phrensy? Or, if the cross fall in a degree above the height of his stay; as, if the rich man be sick or dying; wherein, all wealth is either contemned, or remembered with anguish; how do all his comforts, like vermin from a house on fire, run away from him, and leave him over to his ruin! while the soul, that hath placed his refuge above, is sure that the ground of his comfort cannot be matched with an earthly sorrow, cannot be made variable by the change of any event; but is infinitely above all casualties, and without all uncertainties.

What state is there, wherein this heavenly stay shall not afford me, not only peace, but joy?

Am I in Prison? or in the hell of prisons, in some dark, low, and desolate dungeon? Lo, there, Algerius, that sweet martyr, finds more light than above; and pities the darkness of our liberty *. We have but a sun to enlighten our world, which every cloud dimmeth, and hideth from our eyes: but the Father of Lights, in respect of whom all the bright stars of heaven are but as the snuff of a dim candle, shines into his pit; and the presence of his glorious angels make that a heaven to him, which the world purposed as a hell of discomfort. What walls can keep out that Infinite Spirit, that fills all things? What darkness can be, where the God of this sun dwelleth? What sorrow, where he comforteth?

Am I wandering in Banishment? Can I go, whither God is not? What sea can divide betwixt him and me? Then would I fear exile; if I could be driven away, as well from God, as my country. Now, he is as much in all earths. His title is alike to all places; and mine in him. His sun shines to me: his sea, or earth, bears me up: his presence cheereth me, whithersoever I go. He cannot be said to flit, that never changeth his host. He alone is a thousand companions: he alone is a world of friends. That man never knew what it was to be familiar with God, that complains of the want of home, of friends, of companions, while God is with him.

Am I Contemned of the world? It is enough for me, that I am honoured of God: of both, I cannot. The world would love me more, if I were less friends with God. It cannot hate me so much as God hates it. What care I to be hated of them, whom God hateth? He is unworthy of God's favour, that cannot think it hap-

* Pompon. Alger. Fox Martyr.

piness enough without the world's. How easy is it for such a man, while the world disgraces him, at once to scorn and pity it, that it cannot think nothing more contemptible than itself!

I am Impoverished with losses: that was never throughly good, that may be lost. My riches will not lose me; yea, though I forego all, to my skin, yet have I not lost any part of my wealth: for, if he be rich, that hath something; how rich is he, that hath the Maker and Owner of all things!

I am Weak and Diseased in body: he cannot miscarry, that hath his Maker for his Physician. Yet my soul, the better part, is sound; for that cannot be weak, whose strength God is. How many are sick in that, and complain not! I can be content to be let blood in the arm or foot, for the curing of the head or heart. The health of the principal part is more joy to me, than it is trouble to be distempered in the inferior.

Let me know, that God favours me: then I have liberty, in prison; home, in banishment; honour, in contempt; in losses, wealth; health, in infirmity; life, in death; and, in all these, happiness.

And, surely, if our perfect fruition of God be our complete heaven; it must needs be, that our inchoate conversing with him is our heaven imperfectly, and the entrance into the other: which, methinks, differs from this, not in the kind of it, but in the degree.

For the continuation of which happy society, since strangeness looseth acquaintance and breedeth neglect, on our part must be a daily renewing of heavenly familiarity, by seeking him up, even with the contempt of all inferior distraction; by talking with him, in our secret invocations; by hearing his conference with us; and by mutual entertainment of each other, in the sweet discourses of our daily meditations. He is a sullen and unsociable friend, that wants words. God shall take no pleasure in us, if we be silent. The heart, that is full of love, cannot but have a busy tongue. All our talk with God, is either Suits or Thanks: in them, the Christian heart pours out itself to his Maker; and would not change this privilege for a world. All his annoyances, all his wants, all his dislikes are poured into the bosom of his Invisible Friend; who likes us still so much more, as we ask more, as we complain more.

Oh, the easy and happy recourse, that the poor soul hath to the high throne of heaven! We stay not for the holding out of a golden sceptre, to warn our admission; before which our presence should be presumption and death. No hour is unseasonable, no person too base, no words too homely, no fact too hard, no importunity too great. We speak familiarly; we are heard, answered, comforted. Another while, God interchangeably speaks unto us, by the secret voice of his Spirit, or by the audible sound of his word: we hear, adore, answer him; by both which the mind so communicates itself to God, and hath God so plentifully commu-

nicated unto it, that hereby it grows to such a habit of heavenliness, as that now it wants nothing, but dissolution, of full glory.

SECT. XXIII.

The subordinate rules of Tranquillity. 1. *For Actions: To refrain from all sin, and to perform all duty.*

OUT of this main ground once settled in the heart, like as so many rivers from one common sea, flow those Subordinate Resolutions, which we require as necessary to our peace; whether in respect of our actions, or our estate.

For our Actions, there must be a secret vow passed in the soul, both of constant refraining from whatsoever may offend that Majesty we rest upon; and, above this, of true and canonical obedience to God, without all care of difficulty, and in spite of all contradictions of nature: not out of the confidence of our own power: impotent men, who are we, that we should either vow or perform? but, as he said, "Give, what thou biddest; and bid, what thou wilt." Hence, the courage of Moses durst venture his hand, to take up the crawling and hissing serpent. Hence, Peter durst walk upon the pavement of the waves. Hence, that heroical spirit of Luther, a man made of metal fit for so great a work, durst resolve and profess to enter into that fore-warned city, though there had been as many devils in their streets as tiles on their houses.

Both these vows, as we once solemnly made by others; so, for our peace, we must renew in ourselves. Thus, the experienced mind, both knowing that it hath met with a good friend, and withal what the price of a friend is, cannot but be careful to retain him, and wary of displeasing; and therefore, to cut off all dangers of variance, voluntarily takes a double oath of allegiance of itself to God: which, neither benefit shall induce us to break, if we might gain a world; nor fear urge us thereto, though we must lose ourselves.

The wavering heart, that finds continual combats in itself betwixt pleasure and conscience, so equally matched that neither gets the day, is not yet capable of peace; and, whether ever overcometh, is troubled both with resistance and victory. Barren Rebekah found more ease, than when her twins struggled in her womb If Jacob had been there alone, she had not complained of that painful contention. One while, pleasure holds the fort, and conscience assaults it: which when it hath entered at last by strong hand, after many batteries of judgments denounced; ere long, pleasure either corrupts the watch, or, by some cunning stratagem, finds way to recover her first hold. So, one part is ever attempting, and ever resisting: betwixt both, the heart cannot have peace, because it resolves not: for, while the soul is held in suspense, it cannot enjoy the pleasure it useth; because it is half taken up with fear: only a strong and resolute repulse of pleasure is truly pleasant; for

therein the conscience, filling us with heavenly delight, maketh sweet triumphs in itself, as being now the lord of his own dominions, and knowing what to trust to. No man knows the pleasure of this thought, "I have done well," but he that hath felt it: and he, that hath felt it, contemns all pleasure to it. It is a false slander raised on Christianity, that it maketh men dumpish and melancholic: for therefore are we heavy, because we are not enough Christians. We have religion enough, to mislike pleasures; not enough, to overcome them. But, if we be once conquerors over ourselves, and have devoted ourselves wholly to God, there can be nothing but heavenly mirth in the soul. Lo here, ye Philosophers, the true music of heaven, which the good heart continually heareth; and answers it, in the just measures of joy. Others may talk of mirth, as a thing they have heard of, or vainly fancied: only the Christian feels it; and, in comparison thereof, scorneth the idle, ribaldish, and scurrilous mirth of the profane.

SECT. XXIV.

2. *Rule for our actions: To do nothing doubtingly.*

And this resolution, which we call for, must not only exclude manifestly evil actions; but also doubting and suspension of mind, in actions suspected and questionable: wherein the judgment must ever give confident determination one way. For this Tranquillity consisteth in a steadiness of the mind: and how can that vessel, which is beaten upon by contrary waves and winds, and tottereth to either part, be said to keep a steady course? Resolution is the only mother of security.

For instance*: I see, that Usury, which was wont to be condemned for no better than a legal theft, hath now obtained, with many, the reputation of an honest trade; and is both used by many, and by some defended. It is pity, that a bad practice should find any learned or religious patron. The sum of my patrimony lieth dead by me, sealed up in the bag of my father: my thriftier friends advise me to this easy and sure improvement: their counsel and my gain prevail: my yearly sums come in with no cost but of time, wax, parchment: my estate likes it well; better than my conscience; which tells me still, he doubts, my trade is too easy to be honest. Yet I continue my illiberal course, not without some scruple and contradiction: so as my fear of

* Usury, in the author's days, denoted any advantage whatever made by lending money. This was condemned by the Canons of the Church, probably in imitation of the Jewish Law, by which all profit made by lending, except to strangers, was forbidden; (Deut. xxiii. 20.) Since a certain gain has been allowed by law, the word has grown into a bad sense, to denote unlawful gain, or that which exceeds the legal allowance. The prohibition to the Jews was peculiarly adapted, and we may therefore suppose intended, to preserve them a distinct people; but among us, where the borrower makes gain by the money he borrows, it seems most truly equitable that the lender should have a reasonable share in that gain. Editor.

offence hinders the joy of my profit, and the pleasure of my gain heartens me against the fear of injustice. I would be rich with ease: and yet I would not be uncharitable; I would not be unjust. All the while I live in unquiet doubts and distraction: others are not so much entangled in my bonds, as I in my own. At last, that I may be both just and quiet, I conclude to refer this case wholly to the sentence of my inward judge, the Conscience: the advocates, Gain and Justice, plead on either part at this bar, with doubtful success. Gain informs the judge of a new and nice distinction; of toothless, and biting Interest: and brings precedents of particular cases of Usury, so far from any breach of charity or justice, that both parts therein confess themselves advantaged. Justice pleads even the most toothless usury to have sharp gums; and finds, in the most harmless and profitable practice of it, an insensible wrong to the common body; besides the infinite wrecks of private estates. The weak judge suspends, in such probable allegations; and demurreth: as being overcome of both, and of neither part: and leaves me yet no whit more quiet; no whit less uncertain. I suspend my practice, accordingly; being sure, it is good not to do, what I am not sure is good to be done: and now Gain solicits me as much, as Justice did before. Betwixt both, I live troublesomely: nor ever shall do other, till, in a resolute detestation, I have whipped this evil merchant out of the temple of my heart. This rigour is my peace: before, I could not be well, either full or fasting: uncertainty is much pain, even in a more tolerable action.

Neither is it, I think, easy to determine, whether it be worse to do a lawful act with doubting, or an evil with resolution: since that, which in itself is good, is made evil to me by my doubt: and what is in nature evil, is in this one point not evil to me, that I do it upon a verdict of a conscience: so now my judgment offends in not following the truth: I offend not, in that I follow my judgment. Wherein, if the most wise God had left us to rove only according to the aim of our own conjectures, it should have been less faulty to be sceptics in our actions, and either not to judge at all, or to judge amiss: but, now that he hath given us a perfect rule of eternal equity and truth, whereby to direct the sentences of our judgment; that uncertainty, which alloweth no peace to us, will afford us no excuse before the tribunal of heaven: wherefore, then only is the heart quiet, when our actions are grounded upon judgment, and our judgment upon truth.

SECT. XXV.

Rules for Estate: 1. *Reliance upon the providence of God.*

For his Estate, the quiet mind must first roll itself upon the providence of the Highest: for, whosoever so casts himself upon these outward things, that in their prosperous estate he rejoiceth, and, contrarily, is cast down in their miscarriage; I know not whether he shall find more uncertainty of rest, or more certainty of un-

quietness: since he must needs be like a light unballasted vessel, that rises and falls with every wave, and depends only on the mercy of wind and water. But, who relies on the inevitable decree and all-seeing providence of God, which can neither be crossed with second thoughts nor with events unlooked for, lays a sure ground of Tranquillity. Let the world toss how it list, and vary itself, as it ever doth, in storms and calms; his rest is pitched aloft, above the sphere of changeable mortality.

To begin, is harder than to prosecute: what counsel had God, in the first moulding of thee in the womb of thy mother? What aid shall he have, in repairing thee from the womb of the earth? And, if he could make and shall restore thee without thee, why shall he not much more, without thy endeavour, dispose of thee? Is God wise enough to guide the heavens, and to produce all creatures in their kinds and seasons? and shall he not be able to order thee alone?

Thou sayest, "I have friends; and, which is my best friend, I have wealth, to make both them and me; and wit, to put both to best use." O the broken reeds of human confidence! Who ever trusted on friends, that could trust to himself? Who ever was so wise, as not sometimes to be a fool in his own conceit; oftimes in the conceit of others? Who was ever more discontent, than the wealthy? Friends may be false: wealth cannot but be deceitful: wit hath made many fools. Trust thou to that, which, if thou wouldest, cannot fail thee.

Not that thou desirest shall come to pass; but that which God hath decreed. Neither thy fears, nor thy hopes, nor vows shall either foreslow or alter it. The unexperienced passenger, when he sees the vessel go amiss or too far, lays fast hold on the contrary part, or on the mast, for remedy: the pilot laughs at his folly; knowing, that, whatever he labours, the bark will go which way the wind and his stern directeth it. Thy goods are embarked: now thou wishest a direct north-wind, to drive thee to the Straits; and then a west, to run in: and now, when thou hast emptied and laded again, thou callest as earnestly for the south and south-east, to return; and lowrest, if all these answer thee not: as if heaven and earth had nothing else to do, but to wait upon thy pleasure; and served only, to be commanded service by thee. Another, that hath contrary occasion, asks for winds quite opposite to thine. He, that sits in heaven, neither fits thy fancy nor his: but bids his winds spit sometimes in thy face; sometimes, to favour thee with a side blast; sometimes, to be boisterous; otherwhile, to be silent, at his own pleasure. Whether the mariner sing or curse, it shall go, whither it is sent. Strive or lie still, thy destiny shall run on; and, what must be, shall be. Not that we should hence exclude benefit of means, which are always necessarily included in this wise preordination of all things; but perplexity of cares, and wrestling with Providence. Oh, the idle and ill-spent cares of curious men, that consult with stars and spirits for their destinies, under colour of prevention! If it be not thy destiny; why wouldst thou know

it; what needst thou resist it? If it be thy destiny; why wouldst thou know that thou canst not prevent? That, which God hath decreed, is already done in heaven, and must be done on earth. This kind of expectation doth but hasten slow evils, and prolong them in their continuance; hasten them, not in their event, but in our conceit. Shortly then, if thou swimmest against the stream of this Providence, thou canst not escape drowning: every wave turns thee over, like a porpoise before a tempest: but, if thou swimmest with the stream, do but cast thine arms abroad, thou passest with safety and with ease: it both bears thee up, and carries thee on to the haven, whither God hath determined thine arrival, in peace.

SECT. XXVI.

The second rule for estate: A persuasion of the goodness and fitness of it for us.

NEXT to this, the mind of the unquiet man must be so wrought by these former resolutions, that it be throughly persuaded, the estate, wherein he is, is best of all; if not in itself, yet to him: not out of pride, but out of contentment: which whosoever wanteth, cannot but be continually vexed with envy, and racked with ambition. Yea, if it were possible to be in heaven without this, he could not be happy: for it is as impossible, for the mind at once to long after and enjoy, as for a man to feed and sleep at once.

And this is the more to be striven for, because we are all naturally prone to afflict ourselves with our own frowardness: ungratefully contemning all we have, for what we would have. Even the best of the Patriarchs could say, *O Lord, what wilt thou give me, since I go childless?*

The bond-man desires now, nothing but liberty: that alone would make him happy. Once free, forgetting his former thought, he wishes some wealth to make use of his freedom; and says, "It were as good be straited in place, as in ability." Once rich, he longeth after nobility; thinking it no praise to be a wealthy peasant. Once noble, he begins to deem it a base matter to be subject: nothing can now content him but a crown. Then, it is a small matter to rule, so long as he hath but little dominions, and greater neighbours: he would, therefore, be an universal monarch. Whither then? surely it vexeth him as much, that the earth is so small a globe, so little a molehill; and that there are no more worlds to conquer. And, now that he hath attained the highest dignity amongst men, he would needs be a God, conceits his immortality, erects temples to his own name, commands his dead statues to be adored; and, not thus contented, is angry that he cannot command heaven, and control nature.

O vain fools! whither doth our restless ambition climb? What shall be at length the period of our wishes? I could not blame these desires, if contentment consisted in having much: but, now that he only hath much, that hath contentment, and that it is as easily obtained in a low estate, I can account of these thoughts no better than proudly foolish.

Thou art poor: what difference is there betwixt a greater man and thee; save that he doth his businesses by others; thou doest them thyself? He hath caters, cooks, bailiffs, stewards, secretaries, and all other officers for his several services: thou providest, dressest, gatherest, receivest, expendest, writest for thyself. His patrimony is large: thine earnings small. If Briareus feed fifty bellies with his hundred hands; what is he the better, than he that with two hands feedeth one? He is served in silver: thou in a vessel of the same colour, of lesser price; as good for use, though not for value. His dishes are more dainty; thine as well relished to thee, and no less wholesome. He eats olives, thou garlic: he mislikes not more the smell of thy sauce, than thou dost the taste of his. Thou wantest somewhat, that he hath: he wisheth something, which thou hast, and regardest not. Thou couldst be content to have the rich man's purse; but his gout thou wouldst not have: he would have thy health; but not thy fare.

If we might pick out of all men's estates, that which is laudable, omitting the inconveniences, we would make ourselves complete: but, if we must take altogether, we should perhaps little advantage ourselves with the change: for the most wise God hath so proportioned out every man's condition, that he hath some just cause of sorrow inseparably mixed with other contentments, and hath allotted to no man living an absolute happiness, without some grievances; nor to any man such an exquisite misery, as that he findeth not somewhat wherein to solace himself: the weight whereof varies, according to our estimation of them. One hath much wealth, but no child to inherit it: he envies at the poor man's fruitfulness, which hath many heirs, and no lands; and could be content, with all his abundance to purchase a successor of his own loins. Another hath many children, little maintenance: he commendeth the careless quietness of the barren; and thinks fewer mouths and more meat would do better. The labouring man hath the blessing of a strong body; fit to digest any fare, to endure any labour: yet he wisheth himself weaker, on condition he might be wealthier. The man of nice education hath a feeble stomach; and, rasping since his last meal, doubts, whether he should eat of his best dish, or nothing: this man repines at nothing more, than to see his hungry ploughman feed on a crust; and wisheth to change estates, on condition he might change bodies with him.

Say, that God should give thee thy wish: what wouldst thou desire: "Let me," thou sayest, "be wise, healthful, rich, honourable, strong, learned, beautiful, immortal." I know thou lovest thyself so well, that thou canst wish all these and more.

But say, that God hath so shared out these gifts, by a most wise and just distribution, that thou canst have but some of these; perhaps, but one: which wouldst thou single out for thyself? Any thing, beside what thou hast: if learned, thou wouldst be strong; if strong, honourable; if honourable, long lived. Some of these thou art already.

Thou fool! cannot God chuse better for thee, than thou for thy-

self? In other matches, thou trustest the choice of a skilfuller chapman: when thou seest a goodly horse in the fair, though his shape please thine eye well, yet thou darest not buy him, if a cunning horse-master shall tell thee he is faulty; and art willing to take a plainer and sounder, on his commendation, against thy fancy. How much more should we, in this case, allow his choice, that cannot deceive us; that cannot be deceived!

But, thou knowest that other thou desirest, to be better than what thou hast: better, perhaps, for him that hath it; not better for thee. Liberty is sweet and profitable, to those, that can use it; but fetters are better for the frantic man. Wine is good nourishment for the healthful, poison to the aguish. It is good for a sound body, to sleep in a whole skin; but he, that complains of swelling sores, cannot sleep till it be broken. Hemlock to the goat, and spiders to the monkey, turn to good sustenance; which, to other creatures, are accounted deadly. As in diets, so in estimation of good and evil, of greater and lesser good, there is much variety. All palates commend not one dish; and what one commends for most delicate, another rejects for unsavory. And, if thou know what dish is most pleasant to thee, thy physician knows best which is wholesome. Thou wouldst follow thine appetite too much; and, as the French have in their proverb, wouldst dig thy own grave with thy teeth: thy wise physician oversees and overrules thee. He sees, if thou wert more esteemed, thou wouldst be proud; if more strong, licentious; if richer, covetous; if healthfuller, more secure: but thou thinkest not thus hardly of thyself.

Fond man! what knowest thou future things? believe thou him, that only knows what would be, what will be. Thou wouldst willingly go to heaven: what better guide canst thou have, than him that dwells there? If he lead thee through deep sloughs, and braky thickets; know, that he knows this the nearer way, though more cumbersome. Can there be in him any want of wisdom, not to foresee the best? Can there be any want of power, not to effect the best? any want of love, not to give thee what he knows is best? How canst thou then fail of the best; since, what his power can do, and what his wisdom sees should be done, his love hath done, because all are infinite? He wilieth not things, because they are good; but they are good, because he wills them. Yea, if ought had been better, this had not been. God willeth what he doth: and, if thy will accord not with his, whether wilt thou condemn of imperfection?

SECT. XXVII.

The Conclusion of the whole.

I HAVE chalked out the way of Peace: what remaineth, but that we walk along, in it? I have conducted my reader to the mine, yea, to the mint of happiness; and shewed him those glorious heaps, which may eternally enrich him. If, now, he shall go away with his hands and skirt empty; how is he but worthy of a miser-

able want? Who shall pity us, while we have no mercy on ourselves? Wilful distress hath neither remedy, nor compassion.

And, to speak freely, I have oft wondered at this painful folly of us men, who, in the open view of our peace, as if we were condemned to a necessary and fatal unquietness, live upon our own rack; finding no more joy, than if we were under no other hands, but our executioners. One droopeth, under a feigned evil; another augments a small sorrow, through impatience; another draws upon himself an uncertain evil, through fear: one seeks true contentment, but not enough; another hath just cause of joy, and perceives it not: one is vexed, for that his grounds of joy are matched with equal grievances; another cannot complain of any present occasion of sorrow, yet lives sullenly, because he finds not any present cause of comfort: one is haunted with his sin; another distracted with his passion: amongst all which, he is a miracle of all men, that lives not some way discontented. So we live not, while we do live; only for that we want, either wisdom or will, to husband our lives to our own best advantage.

Oh, the inequality of our cares! Let riches or honour be in question, we sue to them; we seek for them with importunity, with servile ambition: our pains need no solicitor; yea, there is no way wrong that leads to this end: we abhor the patience to stay till they enquire for us. And, if ever, as it rarely happens, our desert, and worthiness, wins us the favour of this proffer, we meet it with both hands; not daring, with our modest denials, to whet the instance and double the intreaties of so welcome suitors. Yet, lo, here the only true and precious riches, the highest advancement of the soul, peace and happiness, seeks for us, sues to us for acceptation: our answers are coy and overly; such as we give to those clients, that look to gain by our favours. If our want were through the scarcity of good, we might yet hope for pity to ease us: but, now that it is through negligence, and that we perish with our hands in our bosom, we are rather worthy of stripes for the wrong we do ourselves, than of pity for what we suffer. That we may and will not, in opportunity of hurting others, is noble and Christian; but, in our own benefit sluggish, and savouring of the worst kind of unthriftiness.

Sayest thou then, this peace is good to have, but hard to get? It were a shameful neglect, that hath no pretence. Is difficulty sufficient excuse to hinder thee from the pursuit of riches, of preferment, of learning, of bodily pleasures? Art thou content to sit shrugging in a base cottage, ragged, famished, because house, clothes, and food will neither be had without money, nor money without labour, nor labour without trouble and painfulness? Who is so merciful, as not to say that a whip is the best alms for so lazy and wilful need? Peace should not be good, if it were not hard. Go, and, by this excuse, shut thyself out of heaven at thy death, and live miserably till thy death; because the good of both worlds is hard to compass. There is nothing, but misery, on earth and in hell below, that thou canst come to without labour: and, if we

can be content to cast away such immoderate and unseasonable pains upon these earthly trifles, as to wear our bodies with violence, and to encroach upon the night for time to get them; what madness shall it seem in us, not to afford a less labour to that, which is infinitely better, and which only gives worth and goodness to the other?

Wherefore, if we have not vowed enmity with ourselves, if we be not in love with misery and vexation, if we be not obstinately careless of our own good; let us shake off this unthrifty, dangerous, and desperate negligence; and quicken these dull hearts, to a lively and effectual search of what only can yield them sweet and abiding contentment: which once attained, how shall we insult over evils, and bid them do their worst! how shall we, under this calm and quiet day, laugh at the rough weather and unsteady motions of the world! how shall heaven and earth smile upon us, and we on them; commanding the one, aspiring to the other! how pleasant shall our life be, while neither joys nor sorrows can distemper it with excess! yea, while the matter of joy, that is within us, turns all the most sad occurrences into pleasure, how dear and welcome shall our death be, that shall but lead us from one heaven to another, from peace to glory!

Go now, ye vain and idle Worldlings, and please yourselves in the large extent of your rich manors, or in the homage of those whom baseness of mind hath made slaves to your greatness, or in the price and fashions of your full wardrobe, or in the wanton varieties of your delicate gardens, or in your coffers full of red and white earth; or, if there be any other earthly thing, more alluring, more precious, enjoy it, possess it, and let it possess you: let me have only my Peace; and let me never want it, till I envy you.

THE ART

OF

DIVINE MEDITATION:

PROFITABLE FOR ALL CHRISTIANS TO KNOW AND PRACTISE:

EXEMPLIFIED WITH

TWO LARGE PATTERNS OF MEDITATION;

THE ONE OF

ETERNAL LIFE, AS THE END;

THE OTHER OF

DEATH, AS THE WAY.

BY JOSEPH HALL.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

SIR RICHARD LEA, KNT.

ALL INCREASE OF TRUE HONOUR WITH GOD AND MEN.

SIR:

EVER since I began to bestow myself upon the common good, studying wherein my labours might be most serviceable; I still found they could be no way so well improved, as in that part, which concerneth devotion, and the practice of true piety. For, on the one side, I perceived the number of polemical books rather to breed than end strifes: and those, which are doctrinal, by reason of their multitude, rather to oppress than satisfy the reader; wherein, if we write the same things, we are judged tedious; if different, singular. On the other part, respecting the reader, I saw the brains of men never more stuffed, their tongues never more stirring, their hearts never more empty, nor their hands more idle. Wherefore, after those sudden Meditations which passed me without rule, I was easily induced by their success, as a small thing moves the willing, to send forth this Rule of Meditation; and, after my Heaven upon Earth, to discourse, although by way of example, of Heaven above. In this Art of mine, I confess to have received more light from one obscure nameless Monk, which wrote some hundred and twelve years ago, than from the directions of all other writers. I would his humility had not made him niggardly of his name, that we might have known whom to have thanked. It had been easy to have framed it with more curiosity: but God and my soul know, that I made profit the scope of my labour, and not applause; and therefore, to chuse, I wished rather to be rude than unprofitable. If now the simplicity of any reader shall bereave him of the benefit of my precepts, I know he may make his use of my examples. Why I have honoured it with your name, I need not give account to the world, which already knoweth your worth and deserts; and shall see by this, that I acknowledge them. Go you on happily, according to the heavenly advice of your Junius, in your worthy and glorious profession; still bearing yourself as one, that knoweth Virtue the truest Nobility, and Religion the best Virtue. The God, whom you serve, shall honour you with men, and crown you in heaven. To his grace I humbly commend you: requesting you only to accept the work, and continue your favour to the Author.*

Your Worship's humbly devoted

JOSEPH HALL.

* Alluding to his Three Centuries of Meditations and Vows. EDITOR.

THE ART

OF

DIVINE MEDITATION.

CHAP. I.

The Benefit and Uses of meditation.—Which are universal to all Christians, and not to be appropriated to some professions.

It is not, I suppose, a more bold than profitable labour, after the endeavours of so many contemplative men, to teach the Art of Meditation: a heavenly business, as any that belongeth either to man or Christian; and such as, whereby the soul doth unspeakably benefit itself. For, by this, do we ransack our deep and false hearts; find out our secret enemies; buckle with them, expel them; arm ourselves against their re-entrance: by this, we make use of all good means; fit ourselves to all good duties: by this, we descry our weakness; obtain redress; prevent temptations; cheer up our solitariness; temper our occasions of delight; get more light unto our knowledge, more heat to our affections, more life to our devotion: by this, we grow to be, as we are, strangers upon earth; and, out of a right estimation of all earthly things, into a sweet fruition of invisible comforts: by this, we see our Saviour, with Stephen; we talk with God, as Moses: and, by this, we are ravished, with blessed Paul, into paradise; and see that heaven, which we are loth to leave, which we cannot utter. This alone is the remedy of security and worldliness, the pastime of saints, the ladder of heaven; and, in short, the best improvement of Christianity. Learn it who can, and neglect it who list: he shall never find joy, neither in God nor in himself, which doth not both know and practise it.

And, however of old some hidden cloisters have engrossed it to themselves, and confined it within their cells, who indeed, professing nothing but contemplation, through their immunity from those cares which accompany an active life, might have the best leisure to this business: yet, seeing there is no man so taken up with action, as not sometimes to have a free mind; and there is no reasonable mind so simple, as not to be able both to discourse

somewhat and to better itself by her secret thoughts; I deem it an envious wrong, to conceal that from any, whose benefit may be universal. Those, that have but a little stock, had need to know the best rules of thrift.

CHAP. II.

The Description and Kinds of meditation.

THE rather, for that whereas our Divine Meditation is nothing else but a bending of the mind upon some spiritual object, through divers forms of discourse, until our thoughts come to an issue: and this must needs be either Extemporal, and occasioned by outward occurrences offered to the mind; or Deliberate, and wrought out of our own heart: which again is either in matter of Knowledge, for the finding out of some hidden truth, and convincing of a heresy by profound traversing of reason; or in matter of Affection, for the enkindling of our love to God: the former of these two last, we, sending to the Schools and Masters of Controversies, search after the latter; which is both of larger use, and such as no Christian can reject, as either unnecessary or over-difficult: for, both every Christian had need of fire put to his affections; and weaker judgments are no less capable of this divine heat, which proceeds not so much from reason as from faith. One saith, and I believe him, that God's School is more of Affection, than Understanding: both lessons very needful, very profitable; but, for this age, especially the latter: for, if there be some, that have much zeal, little knowledge; there are more, that have much knowledge, without zeal: and he, that hath much skill and no affection, may do good to others by information of judgment; but shall never have thank, either of his own heart, or of God; who useth not to cast away his love on those, of whom he is but known, not loved.

CHAP. III.

Concerning meditation Extemporal.

OF Extemporal Meditation there may be much use, no rule: forasmuch as our conceits herein vary according to the infinite multitude of objects, and their diverse manner of proffering themselves to the mind; as also for the suddenness of this act. Man is placed in this stage of the world, to view the several natures and actions of the creature; to view them, not idly, without his use, as they do him. God made all these for man, and man for his own sake. Both these purposes were lost, if man should let the creatures pass carelessly by him; only seen, not thought upon. He only can make benefit of what he sees: which if he do not, it is all one, as if he were blind or brute. Whence it is, that wise Solomon putteth the sluggard to school unto the ant; and our Saviour sendeth the distrustful to the lily of the field. In this kind, was that meditation of the divine Psalmist; which, upon the view of the glorious

frame of the heavens, was led to wonder at the merciful respect God hath to so poor a creature as man. Thus our Saviour took occasion of the water fetched up solemnly to the altar, from the well of Shilo, on the day of the great Hosannah, to meditate and discourse of the Water of Life. Thus holy and sweet Augustin; from occasion of the watercourse near to his lodging, running among the pebbles, sometimes more silently, sometimes in a baser murmur, and sometimes in a shriller note; entered into the thought and discourse of that excellent order, which God hath settled in all these inferior things. Thus that learned and heavenly soul of our late Estye, when we sat together and heard a sweet concert of music, seemed upon this occasion carried up for the time beforehand to the place of his rest; saying, not without some passion, "What music may we think there is in heaven!" Thus, lastly, for who knows not that examples of this kind are infinite? that faithful and reverend Deering, when the sun shined on his face, now lying on his death-bed, fell into a sweet meditation of the glory of God, and his approaching joy. The thoughts of this nature are not only lawful, but so behoveful, that we cannot omit them, without neglect of God, his creatures, ourselves. The creatures are half lost, if we only employ them, not learn something of them: God is wronged, if his creatures be unregarded; ourselves most of all, if we read this great volume of the creatures, and take out no lesson for our instruction.

CHAP. IV.

Cautions of Extemporal meditation.

WHEREIN yet caution is to be had, that our meditations be not either too far fetched, or savouring o fsuperstition. Far fetched, I call those, which have not a fair and easy resemblance unto the matter, from whence they are raised; in which case our thoughts prove loose and heartless, making no memorable impression in the mind: Superstitious, when we make choice of those grounds of meditation, which are forbidden us, as teachers of vanity: or employ our own devices, though well-grounded, to an use above their reach; making them, upon our own pleasures, not only furtherances, but parts of God's worship: in both which, our meditations degenerate, and grow rather perilous to the soul. Whereto add, that the mind be not too much cloyed, with too frequent iteration of the same thought: which, at last, breeds a weariness in ourselves; and an unpleasantness of that conceit, which, at the first entertainment, promised much delight. Our nature is too ready to abuse familiarity, in any kind: and it is with meditations, as with medicines; which, with over-ordinary use, lose their sovereignty; and fill, instead of purging. God hath not straited us for matter, having given us the scope of the whole world; so that there is no creature, event, action, speech, which may not afford us new matter of meditation. And that, which we are wont to

say of fine wits, we may as truly affirm of the Christian heart, that it can make use of any thing. Wherefore, as travellers in a foreign country make every sight a lesson; so ought we, in this our pilgrimage. Thou seest the heaven rolling above thy head, in a constant and unmoveable motion; the stars so overlooking one another, that the greatest shew little, the least greatest, all glorious; the air full of the bottles of rain, or fleeces of snow, or divers forms of fiery exhalations; the sea, under one uniform face, full of strange and monstrous shapes beneath; the earth so adorned with variety of plants, that thou canst not but tread on many at once with every foot; besides the store of creatures, that fly about it, walk upon it, live in it. Thou idle Truant, dost thou learn nothing of so many masters? Hast thou so long read these capital letters of God's Great Book, and canst thou not yet spell one word of them? The brute creatures see the same things, with as clear, perhaps better eyes: if thine inward eyes see not their use, as well as thy bodily eyes their shape, I know not whether is more reasonable or less brutish.

CHAP. V.

Of meditation Deliberate:—Wherein I. *the* QUALITIES OF THE PERSON:—*of whom is required;* 1. *That he be pure from his sins.*

DELIBERATE meditation is that we chiefly enquire for; which both may be well guided, and shall not be a little furthered, by precepts: part whereof, the labours of others shall yield us; and part, the plainest mistress, Experience.

Wherein order requires of us, first, the Qualities of the Person fit for meditation; then the Circumstances, Manner, and Proceedings of the work.

The hill of meditation may not be climbed with a profane foot: but, as in the delivery of the Law, so here, no beast may touch God's hill, lest he die: only the pure of heart have promise to see God. Sin dimmeth and dazzleth the eye, that it cannot behold spiritual things. The guard of heavenly soldiers was about Elisha's servant, before: he saw them not before, through the scales of his infidelity. The soul must, therefore, be purged; ere it can profitably meditate. And, as of old they were wont to search for and thrust out malefactors from the presence, ere they went to sacrifice; so must we our sins, ere we offer our thoughts to God. First, saith David, *I will wash my hands in innocency, then I will compass thine altar.* Whereupon, not unfitly, did that worthy Chancellor of Paris make the first stair of his ladder of contemplation, Humble Repentance. The cloth that is white, which is wont to be the colour of innocency, is capable of any die; the black, of none other. Not that we require an absolute perfection; which, as it is incident unto none, so if it were would exclude all need and use of meditation; but rather an honest sincerity of the heart, not willingly sinning, willingly repenting when we have sinned: which

whoso finds in himself, let him not think any weakness a lawful bar to meditation. He, that pleads this excuse, is like some simple man; which, being half starved with cold, refuseth to come near the fire, because he findeth not heat enough in himself.

CHAP. VI.

2. *That he be free from worldly thoughts.*

NEITHER may the soul, that hopeth to profit by meditation, suffer itself for the time entangled with the world; which is all one, as to come to God's flaming bush on the hill of visions, with our shoes on our feet. Thou seest the bird, whose feathers are limed, unable to take her former flight: so are we, when our thoughts are clinged together by the world, to soar up to our heaven in meditation. The pair of brothers must leave their nets, if they will follow Christ; Elisha his oxen, if he will attend a prophet. It must be a free and a light mind, that can ascend this mount of contemplation; overcoming this height, this steepness. Cares are a heavy load, and uneasy: these must be laid down at the bottom of this hill, if we ever look to attain the top. Thou art loaded with household cares; perhaps, public: I bid thee not cast them away: even these have their season, which thou canst not omit without impiety: I bid thee lay them down at thy closet door, when thou attemptest this work. Let them in with thee, thou shalt find them troublesome companions; ever distracting thee from thy best errand. Thou wouldest think of heaven: thy barn comes in thy way; or, perhaps, thy 'count-book; or thy coffers; or, it may be, thy mind is beforehand travelling upon the morrow's journey. So, while thou thinkest of many things, thou thinkest of nothing; while thou wouldest go many ways, thou standest still. And, as in a crowd, while many press forward at once through one door, none proceedeth; so, when variety of thoughts tumultuously throng in upon the mind, each proveth a bar to the other, and all a hinderance to him that entertains them.

CHAP. VII.

3. *That he be constant; and that, in time and matter.*

AND, as our client of meditation must both be pure and free in undertaking this task; so also constant in continuing it: constant, both in time, and in matter; both in a set course and hour reserved for this work, and in an unwearied prosecution of it once begun. Those, that meditate by snatches and uncertain fits, when only all other employments forsake them, or when good motions are thrust upon them by necessity, let them never hope to reach to any perfection: for these feeble beginnings of lukewarm grace, which are wrought in them by one fit of serious meditation, are soon extinguished by intermission; and, by miswonting, perish. This day's

meal, though large and liberal, strengthens thee not for to morrow: the body languisheth, if there be not a daily supply of repast. Thus feed thy soul by meditation. Set thine hours, and keep them; and yield not to an easy distraction. There is no hardness in this practice, but in the beginning: use shall give it, not ease only, but delight. Thy companion entertaineth thee, this while, in loving discourses; or some unexpected business offers to interrupt thee: never any good work shall want some hinderance: either break through the lets, except it be with incivility or loss; or, if they be importunate, pay thyself the time that was unseasonably borrowed; and recompense thine omitted hours, with the double labours of another day. For thou shalt find, that deferring breeds, beside the loss, an indisposition to good: so that what was before pleasant to thee being omitted, to morrow grows harsh; the next day, unnecessary; afterward, odious. To day, thou canst; but wilt not: to morrow, thou couldest; but listest not: the next day, thou neither wilt nor canst bend thy mind on these thoughts. So I have seen friends, that, upon neglect of duty, grow overly; upon overliness, strange; upon strangeness, to utter defiance. Those, whose very trade is Divinity, methinks, should omit no day without his line of meditation: those, which are secular men, not many; remembering that they have a common calling of Christianity to attend, as well as a special vocation in the world; and that other, being more noble and important, may justly challenge both often and diligent service.

CHAP. VIII.

2. *That he be constant in the continuance.*

And, as this constancy requires thee to keep day with thyself, unless thou wilt prove bankrupt in good exercises; so also, that thy mind should dwell upon the same thought without flitting, without weariness, until it have attained to some issue of spiritual profit: otherwise it attempteth much, effecteth nothing. What availeth it, to knock at the door of the heart, if we depart ere we have an answer? What are we the warmer, if we pass hastily along by the hearth, and stay not at it? Those, that do only travel through Afric, become not blackamoors: but those, which are born there; those, that inhabit there. We account those damsels too light of their love, which betroth themselves upon the first sight, upon the first motion; and those we deem of much price, which require long and earnest soliciting. He deceiveth himself, that thinketh grace so easily won: there must be much suit and importunity, ere it will yield to our desires. Not that we call for a perpetuity of this labour of meditation: human frailty could never bear so great a toil. Nothing under heaven is capable of a continual motion, without complaint: it is enough for the glorified spirits above, to be ever thinking and never weary. The mind of man is of a strange metal: if it be not used, it rusteth; if used hardly, it

breaketh: briefly, it is sooner dulled, than satisfied, with a continual meditation. Whence it came to pass that those ancient monks, who intermeddled bodily labour with their contemplations, proved so excellent in this divine business; when those at this day, which, having mewed and mured up themselves from the world, spend themselves wholly upon their beads and crucifix, pretending no other work but meditation, have cold hearts to God, and to the world shew nothing but a dull shadow of devotion: for that, if the thoughts of these latter were as divine as they are superstitious; yet being without all interchangeableness bent upon the same discourse, the mind must needs grow weary, the thoughts remiss and languishing, the objects tedious: while the other refreshed themselves with this wise variety; employing the hands, while they called off the mind, as good comedians so mix their parts, that the pleasantness of the one may temper the austereness of the other; whereupon they gained both enough to the body, and to the soul more than if it had been all the while busied. Besides, the excellency of the object letteth this assiduity of meditation; which is so glorious, that, like unto the sun, it may abide to have an eye cast upon it for a while, will not be gazed upon: whosoever ventureth so far, loseth both his hope and his wits. If we hold, with that blessed Monica, that such like cogitations are the food of the mind; yet even the mind also hath her satiety, and may surfeit of too much. It shall be sufficient, therefore, that we persevere in our meditation, without any such affectation of perpetuity; and leave, without a light fickleness: making always, not our hour glass, but some competent increase of our devotion, the measure of our continuance; knowing, that, as for heaven, so for our pursuit of grace, it shall avail us little to have begun well, without perseverance: and, withal, that the soul of man is not always in the like disposition; but, sometimes, is longer in settling, through some unquietness or more obstinate distraction; sometimes, heavier; and, sometimes, more active and nimble to dispatch. Gerson, whose authority* I rather use because our adversaries disclaim him for theirs, professeth, he hath been sometimes four hours together working his heart, ere he could frame it to purpose: a singular pattern of unwearied constancy, of an unconquerable spirit; whom his present unfitness did not so much discourage, as it whetted him to strive with himself till he could overcome. And, surely, other victories are hazardous; this, certain, if we will persist to strive: other fights are upon hope; this, upon assurance, while our success dependeth upon the promise of God, which cannot disappoint us. Persist, therefore; and prevail: persist, till thou hast prevailed: so that, which thou begannest with difficulty, shall end in comfort.

* Saving our just quarrel against him, for the Council of Constance.

CHAP. IX.

II. *Of the* CIRCUMSTANCES *of meditation:—and therein,* 1. *of the Place.*

FROM the qualities of the person, we descend towards the action itself: where, first, we meet with those Circumstances, which are necessary for our predisposition to the work; Place, Time, Site of the Body.

Solitariness of Place is fittest for meditation. Retire thyself from others, if thou wouldest talk profitably with thyself. So Jesus meditates alone in the mount; Isaac, in the fields; John Baptist, in the desert; David, on his bed; Chrysostom, in the bath: each, in several places; but all solitary. There is no place free from God; none, to which he is more tied: one finds his closet most convenient; where his eyes, being limited by the known walls, call the mind, after a sort, from wandering abroad: another findeth his soul more free, when it beholdeth his heaven above and about him. It matters not, so we be solitary and silent. It was a witty and divine speech of Bernard, that the Spouse of the Soul, Christ Jesus, is bashful; neither willingly cometh to his bride, in the presence of a multitude. And hence is that sweet invitation, which we find of her: *Come, my well beloved, let us go forth into the fields: let us lodge in the villages: let us go up early to the vines: let us see if the vine flourish, whether it hath disclosed the first grape; or whether the pomegranates blossom: there will I give thee my love.* Abandon, therefore, all worldly society, that thou mayest change it for the company of God and his angels: the society, I say, of the world; not outward only, but inward also. There be many, that sequester themselves from the visible company of men, which yet carry a world within them; who, being alone in body, are haunted with a throng of fancies: as Jerome, in his wildest desert, found himself too oft in his thoughts amongst the dances of the Roman dames. This company is worse than the other: for it is more possible, for some thoughtful men to have a solitary mind in the midst of a market, than for a man thus disposed to be alone in a wilderness. Both companies are enemies to meditations: whither tendeth that ancient counsel of a great Master in this Art, of three things requisite to this business, Secrecy, Silence, Rest: whereof the first excludeth company; the second, noise; the third, motion. It cannot be spoken, how subject we are, in this work, to distraction; like Solomon's old man, whom the noise of every bird wakeneth. Sensual delights we are not drawn from, with the threefold cords of judgment; but our spiritual pleasures are easily hindered. Make choice, therefore, of that place, which shall admit the fewest occasions of withdrawing thy soul from good thoughts: wherein also even change of places is somewhat prejudicial; and I know not how it falls out, that we find God nearer us, in the place where we have been accustomed familiarly to meet him: not for

that his presence is confined to one place above others; but that our thoughts are, through custom, more easily gathered to the place where we have ordinarily conversed with him.

CHAP. X.

2. *Of the Time.*

One Time cannot be prescribed to all: for, neither is God bound to hours, neither doth the contrary disposition of men agree in one choice of opportunities. The golden hours of the morning, some find fittest for meditation; when the body, newly raised, is well calmed with his late rest; and the soul hath not as yet had, from these outward things, any motives of alienation. Others find it best, to learn wisdom of their reins in the night; hoping, with Job, that their bed will bring them comfort in their meditation: when, both all other things are still; and themselves, wearied with these earthly cares, do, out of a contempt of them, grow into greater liking and love of heavenly things. I have ever found Isaac's time fittest, who went out in the evening, to meditate. No precept, no practice of others can prescribe to us, in this circumstance. It shall be enough, that, first, we set ourselves a time: secondly, that we set apart that time, wherein we are aptest for this service. And, as no time is prejudiced with unfitness, but every day is without difference seasonable for this work, so especially God's day. No day is barren of grace to the searcher of it; none alike fruitful to this: which being by God sanctified to himself, and to be sanctified by us to God, is privileged with blessings above others: for the plentiful instruction of that day stirreth thee up to this action, and fills thee with matter; and the zeal of thy public service warmeth thy heart to this other business of devotion. No manna fell to the Israelites on their Sabbath: our spiritual manna falleth on ours, most frequent. If thou wouldest have a full soul, gather as it falls; gather it by hearing, reading, meditation: spiritual idleness is a fault, this day; perhaps, not less than bodily work.

CHAP. XI.

3. *Of the Site and Gesture of the Body.*

Neither is there less variety in the Site and Gesture of the Body; the due composedness whereof is no little advantage to this exercise. Even in our speech to God, we observe not always one and the same position: sometimes, we fall grovelling on our faces: sometimes, we bow our knees; sometimes, stand on our feet: sometimes, we lift up our hands; sometimes, cast down our eyes. God is a spirit; who therefore, being a severe observer of the disposition of the soul, is not scrupulous for the body; requiring not so much, that the gesture thereof should be uniform, as reverent. No marvel, therefore, though in this all our teachers of meditation have commended several positions of body, according to their dis-

position and practice. One, (Gerson,) sitting with the face turned up to heaven-ward; according to the precept of the philosopher, who taught him, that by sitting and resting, the mind gathereth wisdom: another, (Guliel. Paris.) leaning to some rest, towards the left side, for the greater quieting of the heart: a third, (Dionys. Carthus.) standing with the eyes lift up to heaven; but shut, for fear of distractions. But, of all other, methinketh, Isaac's choice the best, who meditated walking. In this, let every man be his own master; so be, we use that frame of body, that may both testify reverence; and, in some cases, help to stir up further devotion: which also must needs be varied, according to the matter of our meditation. If we think of our sins, Ahab's soft pace, the publican's dejected eyes, and his hand beating his breast, are most seasonable: if of the joys of heaven, Stephen's countenance fixed above, and David's hands lift up on high, are most fitting. In all which, the body, as it is the instrument and vassal of the soul, so will easily follow the affections thereof; and, in truth, then is our devotion most kindly, when the body is thus commanded his service by the spirit; and not suffered to go before it, and, by his forwardness, to provoke his master to emulation.

CHAP. XII.

III. *Of the* MATTER *and* SUBJECT *of our meditation.*

Now time and order call us from these circumstances, to the Matter and Subject of meditation: which must be divine and spiritual; not evil, nor worldly. Oh, the carnal and unprofitable thoughts of men! We all meditate: one, how to do ill to others; another, how to do some earthly good to himself: another, to hurt himself, under a colour of good; as how to accomplish his lewd desires, the fulfilling whereof proveth the bane of the soul; how he may sin unseen, and go to hell with the least noise of the world. Or, perhaps, some better minds bend their thoughts upon the search of natural things; the motions of every heaven, and of every star; the reason and course of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; the manifold kinds of simples that grow out of the earth, and creatures that creep upon it, with all their strange qualities and operations: or, perhaps, the several forms of government and rules of state take up their busy heads: so that, while they would be acquainted with the whole world, they are strangers at home; and, while they seek to know all other things, they remain unknown of themselves. The God that made them, the vileness of their nature, the danger of their sins, the multitude of their imperfections, the Saviour that bought them, the heaven that he bought for them, are, in the mean time, as unknown, as unregarded, as if they were not. Thus do foolish children spend their time and labour, in turning over leaves to look for painted babes; not at all respecting the solid matter under their hands. We fools, when will we be wise; and, turning our eyes from vanity, with that sweet Singer of Israel, make God's statutes our song and meditation in the house of our pilgrimage?

Earthly things proffer themselves with importunity: heavenly things must with importunity be sued to. Those, if they were not so little worth, would not be so forward; and, being forward, need not any meditation to solicit them: these, by how much more hard they are to entreat, by so much more precious they are being obtained; and, therefore, worthier our endeavour. As then we cannot go amiss, so long as we keep ourselves in the track of divinity; while the soul is taken up with the thoughts either of the Deity in his essence and persons, (sparingly yet in this point, and more in faith and admiration than enquiry,) or of his attributes, his justice, power, wisdom, mercy, truth; or of his works, in the creation, preservation, government of all things; according to the Psalmist, *I will meditate of the beauty of thy glorious Majesty, and thy wonderful works*: so, most directly in our way, and best fitting our exercise of meditation, are those matters in divinity, which can most of all work compunction in the heart, and most stir us up to devotion. Of which kind, are the meditations concerning Christ Jesus our Mediator, his incarnation, miracles, life, passion, burial, resurrection, ascension, intercession, the benefit of our redemption, the certainty of our election, the graces and proceeding of our sanctification, our glorious estate in paradise lost in our first parents, our present vileness, our inclination to sin, our several actual offences, the temptations and sleights of evil angels, the use of the sacraments, nature and practice of faith and repentance, the miseries of our life with the frailty of it, the certainty and uncertainty of our death, the glory of God's Saints above, the awfulness of Judgment, the terrors of hell, and the rest of this quality: wherein, both it is fit to have variety, for that even the strongest stomach doth not always delight in one dish; and yet so to change, that our choice may be free from wildness and inconstancy.

CHAP. XIII.

IV. *The* ORDER *of the work itself.*

Now, after that we have thus orderly suited the person and his qualities, with the due circumstances of time, place, disposition of body, and, substance of the matter discussed, I know not what can remain, besides the main business itself, and the manner and degrees of our prosecution thereof; which, above all other, calleth for an intentive reader, and resolute practice. Wherein, that we may avoid all niceness and obscurity, since we strive to profit, we will give direction for the Entrance, Proceeding, Conclusion of this divine work.

CHAP. XIV.

1. *The* ENTRANCE *into the work*:—(1.) *The common entrance, which is Prayer.*

A GOODLY building must shew some magnificence in the gate: and great personages have seemly ushers to go before them; who, by their uncovered heads, command reverence and way.

Even very poets of old had wont, before their ballads, to implore

the aid of their gods: and the heathen Romans entered not upon any public civil business, without a solemn apprecation of good success: how much less should a Christian dare to undertake a spiritual work of such importance, not having craved the assistance of his God? which, methinks, is no less, than to profess he could do well without God's leave. When we think evil, it is from ourselves; when good, from God. As Prayer is our speech to God, so is each good meditation, according to Bernard, God's speech to the heart: the heart must speak to God, that God may speak to it. Prayer, therefore, and Meditation are as those famous twins in the story, or as two loving turtles; whereof, separate one, the other languisheth: prayer maketh way for meditation; meditation giveth matter, strength, and life to our prayers: by which, as all other things are sanctified to us, so we are sanctified to all holy things. This is as some royal eunuch, to perfume and dress our souls, that they may be fit to converse with the King of Heaven. But the prayer that leadeth in meditation would not be long; requiring rather, that the extension and length should be put into the vigour and fervency of it: for that is not here intended to be the principal business, but an introduction to another; and no otherwise, than as a portal to this building of meditation. The matter whereof shall be, that the course of our meditation may be guided aright and blessed; that all distractions may be avoided; our judgment enlightened, our inventions quickened, our wills rectified, our affections whetted to heavenly things, our hearts enlarged to God-ward, our devotion enkindled: so that we may find our corruptions abated, our graces thriven, our souls and lives every way bettered by this exercise.

CHAP. XV.

(2.) *Particular and proper entrance into the matter, which is in our Choice thereof.*

Such is the common entrance into this work. There is another yet, more particular and proper; wherein the mind, recollecting itself, maketh Choice of that Theme or Matter, whereupon it will bestow itself for the present: settling itself on that, which it hath chosen: which is done by an inward inquisition made into our heart, of what we both do and should think upon; rejecting what is unexpedient and unprofitable. In both which, the soul, like unto some noble hawk, lets pass the crows, and larks, and such other worthless birds that cross her way, and stoopeth upon a fowl of price, worthy of her flight: after this manner.

"What wilt thou muse upon, O my soul? Thou seest how little it availeth thee to wander and rove about in uncertainties: thou findest how little favour there is in these earthly things, wherewith thou hast wearied thyself. Trouble not thyself any longer, with Martha, about the many and needless thoughts of the world: none but heavenly things can afford thee comfort. Up then, my soul, and mind those things, that are above; whence thyselfart: amongst

all which, wherein shouldest thou rather meditate, than of the life and glory of God's Saints? A worthier employment thou canst never find, than to think upon that estate, thou shalt once possess, and now desirest."

CHAP. XVI.

2. *The* PROCEEDING *of our meditation:—and, therein, a Method allowed by some Authors rejected by us.*

HITHERTO the entrance. After which, our meditation must Proceed in due order; not troubledly; not preposterously. It begins in the understanding, endeth in the affection: it begins in the brain, descends to the heart: begins on earth, ascends to heaven: not suddenly; but, by certain stairs and degrees, till we come to the highest.

I have found a subtle Scale of Meditation, admired by some professors of this art, above all other human devices; and far preferred by them to the best directions of Origen, Austin, Bernard, Hugo, Bonaventure, Gerson, and whosoever hath been reputed of greatest perfection in this skill. The several stairs whereof, lest I should seem to defraud my reader through envy, I would willingly describe, were it not that I feared to scare him rather with the danger of obscurity, from venturing further upon this so worthy a business: yet, lest any man perhaps might complain of an unknown loss, my margin shall find room for that, which I hold too knotty for my text *.

In all which, after the incredible commendations of some practitioners, I doubt not but an ordinary reader will easily espy a double fault, at the least, Darkness and Coincidence; that

* The Scale of Meditation of an Author, ancient, but nameless.

1. *Degrees of Preparation.*

1 Question. What I { think. / should think.
2 Excussion. A repelling of what I should not think.
3 Choice, or Election. } Of what most { necessary. / expedient. / comely.

2. *Degrees of Proceeding in the Understanding.*

4 Commemoration. An actual thinking upon the matter elected.
5 Consideration. { A redoubled commemoration of the same, till it be fully known.
6 Attention. ..... { A fixed and earnest consideration, whereby it is fastened in the mind.
7 Explanation..... A clearing of the thing considered by similitudes.
8 Tractation..... { An extending the thing considered to other points, where all questions of doubts are discussed.
9 Dijudication..... An estimation of the worth of the thing thus handled.
10 Causation..... A confirmation of the estimation thus made.
11 Rumination. ... { A sad and serious meditation of all the former, till it may work upon the affections.

From hence to the degrees of affection.

they are both too obscurely delivered, and that divers of them fall into other, not without some vain superfluity. For this part therefore, which concerneth the understanding, I would rather to require only a deep and firm Consideration of the thing propounded: which shall be done, if we follow it in our discourse, through all or the principal of those places, which natural reason doth afford us. Wherein, let no man plead ignorance, or fear difficulty: we are all, thus far, born logicians; neither is there, in this, so much need of skill, as of industry. In which course yet, we may not be too curious; in a precise search of every place and argument, without omission of any, though to be fetched in with racking the invention: for as the mind, if it go loose and without rule, roves to no purpose; so, if it be too much fettered with the gieves of strict regularity, moveth nothing at all.

CHAP. XVII.

Premonitions concerning our proceeding in the FIRST PART *of Meditation.*

ERE I enter, therefore, into any particular tractation, there are three things, whereof I would premonish my reader, concerning this first part, which is in the understanding.

First, that I desire not to bind every man to the same uniform proceeding in this part. Practice and custom may, perhaps, have taught other courses, more familiar, and not less direct. If then we can, by any other method, work in our hearts so deep an apprehension of the matter meditated, as it may duly stir the affections, it is that only we require.

Secondly, that whosoever applieth himself to this direction, think him not necessarily tied to the prosecution of all these logical places, which he findeth in the sequel of our treatise; so as his meditation should be lame and imperfect without the whole number: for there are some themes, which will not bear all these, as when we meditate of God, there is no room for Causes or Comparisons; and others yield them with such difficulty, that their search interrupteth the chief work intended. It shall be sufficient, if we take the most pregnant, and most voluntary.

Thirdly, that when we stick in the disposition of any of the places following (as if, meditating of Sin, I cannot readily meet with the Material and Formal Causes, or the Appendances of it) we rack not our minds too much with the enquiry thereof; which were to strive more for logic, than devotion: but, without too much disturbance of our thoughts, quietly pass over to the next. If we break our teeth with the shell, we shall find small pleasure in the kernel.

Now, then, for that my only fear is, lest this part of my discourse shall seem over-perplexed unto the unlearned reader, I will, in this whole process, second my rule with his example; that so, what might seem obscure in the one, may by the other be ex-

plained; and, the same steps he seeth me take in this, he may accordingly tread in any other theme.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Practice of meditation, wherein, 1. We begin with some Description of that we meditate of.

FIRST, therefore, it shall be expedient, to consider seriously, WHAT the thing is whereof we meditate.

"What then, O my soul, is the Life of the Saints, whereof thou studiest? Who are the Saints, but those, which, having been weakly holy upon earth, are perfectly holy above? which, even on earth, were perfectly holy in their Saviour; now, are so, in themselves? which, overcoming on earth, are truly canonized in heaven? What is their life, but that blessed estate above, wherein their glorified soul hath a full fruition of God?"

CHAP. XIX.

2. *Follows an easy and voluntary Division of the matter meditated.*

THE nature whereof, after we have thus shadowed out to ourselves by a Description; not curious always, and exactly framed according to the rules of art, but sufficient for our own conceit; the next is, if it shall seem needful, or if the matter will bear or offer it, some easy and voluntary DIVISION, whereby our thoughts shall have more room made for them, and our proceeding shall be more distinct.

"There is a life of nature; when thou, my soul, dwellest in this body, and informest thine earthly burthen: there is a life of grace; when the Spirit of God dwells in thee: there is a life of glory; when the body being united to thee, both shall be united to God; or when, in the mean time, being separated from thy companion, thou enjoyest God alone. This life of thine therefore, as the other hath his ages, hath his statures: for it entereth upon his birth, when thou passest out of thy body, and changest this earthly house for a heavenly: it enters into his full vigour, when, at the day of the common resurrection, thou resumest this thy companion; unlike to itself, like to thee, like to thy Saviour; immortal now, and glorious. In this life here, may be degrees; there, can be no imperfection. If some be like the sky, others like the stars; yet all shine. If some sit at their Saviour's right-hand, others at his left; all are blessed. If some vessels hold more; all are full: none complaineth of want; none envieth him, that hath more."

CHAP. XX.

3. *A consideration of the Causes thereof, in all kinds of them.*

WHICH done, it shall be requisite for our perfecter understanding, and for the laying grounds of matter for our affection, to carry it through those other principal places and heads of reason, which na-

ture hath taught every man, both for knowledge and amplification: the first whereof are the CAUSES, of all sorts.

"Whence is this eternal life, but from him, which only is eternal; which only is the fountain of life; yea, life itself? Who, but the same God that gives our temporal life, giveth also that eternal? The Father bestoweth it; the Son merited it; the Holy Ghost seals, and applieth it. Expect it only from him, O my soul, whose free election gave thee the first title to it, to be purchased by the blood of thy Saviour. For thou shalt not therefore be happy, because he saw that thou wouldest be good; but therefore art thou good, because he hath ordained thou shalt be happy. He hath ordained thee to life: he hath given thee a Saviour, to give this life unto thee; faith, whereby thou mightest attain to this Saviour; his word, by which thou mightest attain to this faith: what is there in this, not his? And yet, not his so simply, as that it is without thee: without thy merit, indeed; not without thine act. Thou livest here, through his blessing; but, by bread: thou shalt live above, through his mercy; but by thy faith below, apprehending the Author of thy Life. And, yet, as he will not save thee without thy faith, so thou canst never have faith without his gift. Look to him, therefore, O my soul, as the beginner and finisher of thy salvation; and, while thou magnifiest the Author, be ravished with the glory of the work: which far passeth both the tongue of angels, and the heart of man. It can be no good thing, that is not there. How can they want water, that have the spring? Where God is enjoyed, in whom only all things are good, what good can be wanting? And what perfection of bliss is there, where all goodness is met and united! *In thy presence is fulness of joy; and, at thy right-hand, are pleasures for evermore.* O blessed reflection of glory! We see there, as we are seen: in that we are seen, it is our glory; in that we see, it is God's glory: therefore doth he glorify us, that our glory should be his. How worthy art thou, O Lord, that, through us, thou shouldest look at thyself!"

CHAP. XXI.

4. *The consideration of the Fruits and Effects.*

THE next place shall be the FRUITS and EFFECTS following upon their several causes: which also affords very feeling and copious matter to our meditation; wherein it shall be ever best, not so much to seek for all, as to choose out the chiefest.

"No marvel then, if, from this glory, proceed unspeakable joy; and, from this joy, the sweet songs of praise and thanksgiving. The Spirit bids us, when we are merry, sing: how much more then, when we are merry without all mixture of sorrow, beyond all measure of our earthly affections, shall we sing joyful Hallelujahs and Hosannahs to him that dwelleth in the highest heavens? Our hearts shall be so full, that we cannot choose but sing; and we cannot but sing melodiously. There is no jar in this music; no end of this

song. O blessed change of the Saints! They do nothing but weep below; and now nothing but sing above. We sowed in tears; reap in joy: there was some comfort in those tears, when they were at the worst; but there is no danger of complaint in this heavenly mirth. If we cannot sing here with angels, *On earth peace*; yet there we shall sing with them *Glory to God on high*; and, joining our voices to theirs, shall make up that celestial concert, which none can either hear or bear part in, and not be happy."

CHAP. XXII.

5. *Consideration of the Subject wherein, or whereabout, it is.*

AFTER which comes to be considered the SUBJECT; either wherein that is, or whereabout, that is employed, which we meditate of: as,

"And, indeed, what less happiness doth the very place promise, wherein this glory is exhibited? which is no other than the Paradise of God. Here below we dwell, or rather we wander, in a continued wilderness: there, we shall rest us in the true Eden: *I am come into my garden, my Sister, my Spouse.* Kings use not to dwell in cottages of clay; but in royal Courts fit for their estate: how much more shall the King of Heaven, who hath prepared for men so fair mansions on earth, make himself a habitation suitable to his Majesty! Even earthly princes have dwelt in cedar and ivory: but the great city, Holy Jerusalem, the palace of the Highest, hath her walls of jasper, her building of gold, her foundation of precious stones, her gates of pearl: *How glorious things are spoken of thee, O thou city of God!* We see but the pavement; and yet, how goodly it is! The believing Centurion thought himself unworthy that Christ should come under his roof; yet wert thou, O Saviour, in thine humbled estate, in the form of a servant: how then shall I think myself worthy to come under this roof of thine, so shining and glorious? Oh, if this clay of mine may come to this honour above, let it be trampled upon and despised on earth."

CHAP. XXIII.

6. *Consideration of the Appendances and Qualities of it.*

SIXTHLY, shall follow the APPENDANCES and QUALITIES, which cleave unto the subject, whereof we meditate: as,

"But were the place less noble and majestical; yet the company, which it affordeth, hath enough to make the soul blessed: for, not the place giveth ornament to the guest, so much as the guest to the place. How loth are we to leave this earth, only for the society of some few friends, in whom we delight; which yet are subject every day to mutual dislikes! What pleasure shall we then take, in the enjoying of the Saints; when there is nothing in them not amiable, nothing in us that may cool the fervour of our love! There shalt thou, my soul, thyself glorified, meet with thy

dear Parents and Friends alike glorious, never to be severed. There thou shalt see and converse with those ancient Worthies of the former World; the blessed Patriarchs and Prophets, with the crowned Martyrs and Confessors; with the holy Apostles, and the Fathers of that primitive and this present Church; shining each one according to the measure of his blessed labours. There shalt thou live familiarly in the sight of those Angels, whom now thou receivest good from, but seest not. There, which is the head of all thy felicity, thine eyes shall see Him, whom now thy heart longeth for; that Saviour of thine, in the only hope of whom, now thou livest. Alas, how dimly and afar off dost thou now behold him! How imperfectly dost thou enjoy him; while every temptation bereaves thee, for the time, of his presence! *I sought him, whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but found him not.* His back is now towards thee, many times, through thy sins; and, therefore, thou hardly discernest him. Otherwhile and often, thy back is turned unto him, through negligence; that, when thou mightest obscurely see him, thou dost not: now, thou shalt see him; and thine eyes, thus fixed, shall not be removed. Yet neither could this glory make us happy, if, being thus absolute, it were not perpetual. To be happy, is not so sweet a state; as it is miserable, to have been happy. Lest ought, therefore, should be wanting; behold, this felicity knoweth no end; feareth no intermission; and is as eternal for the continuance, as he that had no beginning. O blessedness truly infinite! Our earthly joys do scarce ever begin; but, when they begin, their end bordereth upon their beginning. One hour seeth us ofttimes joyful and miserable: here alone is nothing but eternity. If then the divine Prophet thought here one day in God's earthly house, better than a thousand otherwhere; what shall I compare to thousands of millions of years in God's heavenly temple? Yea, millions of years are not so much as a minute to eternity; and that other house not a cottage to this."

CHAP. XXIV.

7. *Of that which is Diverse from it, or Contrary to it.*

SEVENTHLY, our thoughts, leaving a while the consideration of the thing as it is in itself, shall descend unto it as respectively with others; and, therefore, first shall meditate of that, which is DIVERSE from it, or CONTRARY unto it.

"What dost thou here then, O my soul? What dost thou here, grovelling upon earth; where the best things are vanity, the rest no better than vexation? Look round about thee; and see whether thine eyes can meet with any thing, but either sins or miseries. Those few and short pleasures thou seest, end ever sorrowfully; and, in the mean time, are intermingled with many grievances. Here, thou hearest one cry out of a sick body; whereof there is no part which affords not choice of diseases: this man layeth his hand upon his consuming lungs, and complaineth of short wind;

that other, upon his rising spleen; a third shaketh his painful head; another roars out for the torment of his reins or bladder; another, for the racking of his gouty joints: one is distempered with a watery dropsy; another, with a windy colic: a third, with a fiery ague; a fourth, with an earthen melancholy: one grovels and foameth with the falling sickness; another lieth bed-rid, half senseless with a dead palsy: there are but few bodies, that complain not of some disease; and, that thou mayest not look far, it is a wonder if thyself feel not always one of these evils within thee. There, thou hearest another lament his loss: either his estate is impaired by suretyship, or stealth, or shipwreck, or oppression; or his child is unruly, or miscarried; or his wife dead, or disloyal: another tormented with passions: each one is some way miserable. But, that which is yet more irksome, thy one ear is beaten with cursings and blasphemies; thy other, with scornful, or wanton, or murdering speeches: thine eyes see nothing but pride, filthiness, profaneness, blood, excess, and whatsoever else might vex a righteous soul; and, if all the world besides were innocent, thou findest enough within thyself to make thyself weary, and thy life loathsome. Thou needest not fetch cause of complaint from others: thy corruptions yield thee too much at home; ever sinning, ever presuming: sinning, even when thou hast repented; yea, even while thou repentest, sinning. Go to now, my soul, and solace thyself here below; and suffer thyself besotted with these goodly contentments, worthy of no better, while thou fixest thyself on these. See if thou canst find any of these above; and, if thou canst meet with any distemper, any loss, any sin, any complaint, from thyself or any other above, despise thy heaven, as much as now thou lovest the earth. Or, if all this cannot enough commend unto thee the state of heavenly glory, cast down thine eyes yet lower, into that deep and bottomless pit, full of horror, full of torment: where there is nothing but flames, and tears, and shrieks, and gnashing of teeth; nothing but fiends, and tortures: where there is palpable darkness, and yet perpetual fire: where the damned are ever boiling, never consumed; ever dying, never dead; ever complaining, never pitied: where the Glutton, that once would not give a crust of bread, now begs for one drop of water; and yet, alas, if whole rivers of water should fall into his mouth, how should they quench those rivers of brimstone that feed this flame? where there is no intermission of complaints; no breathing from pain; and, after millions of years, no possibility of comfort. And, if the rod wherewith thou chastisest thy children, O Lord, even in this life, be so smart and galling, that they have been brought down to the brim of despair; and, in the bitterness of their soul, have entreated death to release them; what shall I think of their plagues, in whose righteous confusion thou consultest, and sayest; *Aha, I will avenge me of mine enemies?* Even that thou shalt not be thus miserable, O my soul, is some kind of happiness; but, that thou shalt be as happy, as the reprobate are mi-

serable, how worthy is it of more estimation, than thyself is capable of!"

CHAP. XXV.

8. *Of Comparisons and Similitudes, whereby it may be most fitly set forth.*

AFTER this Opposition, the mind shall make COMPARISON of the matter meditated, with what may nearest resemble it; and shall illustrate it with fittest SIMILITUDES, which give no small light to the understanding, nor less force to the affection.

"Wonder then, O my soul, as much as thou canst, at this glory: and, in comparison thereof, contemn this earth, which now thou treadest upon; whose joys, if they were perfect, are but short; and, if they were long, are imperfect. One day, when thou art above, looking down from the height of thy glory, and seeing the sons of men creeping like so many ants on this mole-hill of earth, thou shalt think, 'Alas, how basely I once lived! Was yonder silly dungeon the place I so loved, and was so loth to leave?' Think so now beforehand; and, since of heaven thou canst not, yet account of the earth as it is worthy: How heartless and irksome are ye, O ye best earthly pleasures, if ye be matched with the least of those above! How vile are you, O ye sumptuous buildings of Kings, even if all the entrails of the earth had agreed to enrich you, in comparison of this frame not made with hands! It is not so high above the earth, in distance of place, as in worth and majesty. We may see the face of heaven from the heart of the earth; but from the nearest part of the earth, who can see the least glory of heaven? The three disciples, on mount Tabor, saw but a glimpse of this glory shining upon the face of their Saviour; and yet, being ravished with the sight, cried out, *Master, it is good being here;* and, thinking of building of three tabernacles, (for Christ, Moses, Elias,) could have been content themselves to have lain without shelter, so they might always have enjoyed that sight. Alas, how could earthly tabernacles have fitted those heavenly bodies? They knew what they saw: what they said, they knew not. Lo, these three disciples were not transfigured; yet, how deeply they were affected even with the glory of others! How happy shall we be, when ourselves shall be changed into glorious; and shall have tabernacles, not of our own making, but prepared for us by God! And yet not tabernacles, but eternal mansions: Moses saw God but a while, and shined: how shall we shine, that shall behold his face for ever! What greater honour is there, than in sovereignty? What greater pleasure, than in feasting? This life is both a kingdom and a feast. A kingdom: *He, that overcomes, shall rule the nations; and shall sit with me in my throne:* O blessed promotion! O large dominion and royal seat! to which Solomon's throne of ivory was not worthy to become a footstool. A feast: *Blessed are they, that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb:* feasts have more than necessity of provision, more than ordinary diet; but marriage-feasts yet

more than common abundance; but the marriage-feast of the Son of God to his blessed Spouse, the Church, must so far exceed in all heavenly munificence and variety, as the persons are of the greater state and majesty: there is new wine, pure manna, and all manner of spiritual dainties; and, with the continual cheer, a sweet and answerable welcome; while the Bridegroom lovingly cheereth us up, *Eat, O friends, drink, and make you merry, O well-beloved:* yea, there shall thou be my soul, not a guest, but, how unworthy soever, the Bride herself, whom he hath everlastingly espoused to himself in truth and righteousness. The contract is passed here below: the marriage is consummate above, and solemnized with a perpetual feast: so that now thou mayest safely say, *My well-beloved is mine, and I am his: wherefore hearken, O my soul, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house*, thy supposed home of this world: *so shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty; for he is the Lord, and worship thou him.*"

CHAP. XXVI.

9. *The Titles and Names of the thing considered.*

THE very NAMES and TITLES of the matter considered, yield no small store to our meditation: which being commonly so imposed, that they secretly comprehend the nature of the thing which they represent, are not unworthy of our discourse.

"What need I seek those resemblances, when the very Name of Life implieth sweetness to men on earth; even to them, which confess to live with some discontentment? *Surely the light is a pleasant thing; and it is good to the eyes to see the sun:* yet, when Temporal is added to Life, I know not how this addition detracteth something, and doth greatly abate the pleasure of Life; for those, which joy to think of Life, grieve to think it but Temporal: so vexing is the end of that, whose continuance was delightful. But now, when here is an addition, above time, of Eternity, it maketh life so much more sweet as it is more lasting: and, lasting infinitely, what can it give less than an infinite contentment? O dying and false life, which we enjoy here; and scarce a shadow and counterfeit of that other! What is more esteemed than Glory? which is so precious to men of spirit, that it makes them prodigal of their blood, proud of their wounds, careless of themselves: and yet, alas, how pent and how fading is this glory, effected with such dangers and death; hardly, after all trophies and monuments, either known to the next sea, or surviving him that dieth for it! It is true glory, to triumph in heaven; where is neither envy nor forgetfulness. What is more dear to us than our Country? which the worthy and faithful patriots of all times have respected above their parents, their children, their lives; counting it only happy to live in it, and to die for it: the banished man pines for the want of it: the traveller digesteth all the tediousness of his way, all the sorrows of an ill journey, in the only hope of home; forgetting all his foreign miseries, when he

feeleth his own smoke. Where is our country, but above? Thence thou camest, O my soul: thither thou art going, in a short, but weary pilgrimage. O miserable men, if we account ourselves at home in our pilgrimage; if, in our journey, we long not for home! Dost thou see men so in love with their native soil, that, even when it is all deformed with the desolations of war and turned into rude heaps, or while it is even now flaming with the fire of civil broils, they covet yet still to live in it; preferring it to all other places of more peace and pleasure? and shalt thou, seeing nothing but peace and blessedness at home, nothing but trouble abroad, content thyself with a faint wish of thy dissolution? If heaven were thy gaol, thou couldest but think of it uncomfortably. Oh what affection can be worthy of such a home?"

CHAP. XXVII.

10. *Consideration of fit Testimonies of Scripture, concerning our theme.*

LASTLY, if we can recal any pregnant TESTIMONIES OF SCRIPTURE concerning our theme, those shall fitly conclude this part of our meditation: of Scripture; for that, in these matters of God, none but divine authority can command assent, and settle the conscience. Witnesses of holy men may serve for colours; but the ground must be only from God.

"*There it is*, saith the Spirit of God which cannot deceive thee, *that all tears shall be wiped from our eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain:* yea, there shall not only be an end of sorrows, but an abundant recompence for the sorrows of our life; as he, that was rapt up into the third heaven, and there saw what cannot be spoken, speaketh yet thus of what he saw: *I count, that the afflictions of this present time are not worthy of the glory, which shall be shewed to us.* It was shewed unto him, what should hereafter be shewed unto us; and he saw, that, if all the world full of miseries were laid in one balance, and the least glory of heaven in another, those would be incomparably light; yea, as that divine Father, that one day's felicity above were worth a thousand years' torment below. What then can be matched with the eternity of such joys? *O how great*, therefore, *is this thy goodness, O Lord, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; and done to them that trust in thee, before the sons of men!*"

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of our SECOND PART *of meditation: which is in the Affections:— Wherein is required, A Taste and Relish of what we have thought upon.*

THE most difficult and knotty part of meditation thus finished, there remaineth that, which is both more lively, and more easy unto a good heart, to be wrought altogether by the Affections; which if

our discourses reach not unto, they prove vain and to no purpose. That, which followeth therefore, is the very soul of meditation; whereto all that is past serveth but as an instrument. A man is a man, by his understanding part; but he is a Christian, by his will and affections.

Seeing therefore, that all our former labour of the brain is only to affect the heart, after that the mind hath thus traversed the point proposed through all the heads of reason, it shall endeavour to find, in the first place, some feeling TOUCH, and sweet RELISH in that, which it hath thus chewed; which fruit, through the blessing of God, will voluntarily follow upon a serious meditation. David saith, *Oh taste, and see how sweet the Lord is.* In meditation we do both see and Taste; but we see, before we taste: sight, is of the understanding; taste, of the affection: neither can we see, but we must taste; we cannot know aright, but we must needs be affected. Let the heart, therefore, first conceive and feel in itself the sweetness or bitterness of the matter meditated: which is never done, without some passion; nor expressed, without some hearty exclamation.

"O blessed estate of the Saints! O glory not to be expressed, even by those which are glorified! O incomprehensible salvation! What savour hath this earth to thee? Who can regard the world, that believeth thee? Who can think of thee, and not be ravished with wonder and desire? Who can hope for thee, and not rejoice? Who can know thee, and not be swallowed up with admiration at the mercy of him that bestoweth thee? O blessedness, worthy of Christ's blood to purchase thee! worthy of the continual songs of Saints and Angels to celebrate thee! How should I magnify thee! How should I long for thee! How should I hate all this world for thee!"

CHAP. XXIX.

2. *A Complaint, bewailing our wants and untowardness.*

AFTER this Taste shall follow a COMPLAINT; wherein the heart bewaileth to itself his own poverty, dulness, and imperfection; chiding and abasing itself, in respect of his wants and indisposition: wherein Humiliation truly goeth before glory; for, the more we are cast down in our conceit, the higher shall God lift us up at the end of this exercise in spiritual rejoicing.

"But, alas, where is my love? where is my longing? where art thou, O my soul? what heaviness hath overtaken thee? how hath the world bewitched and possessed thee, that thou art become so careless of thy home, so senseless of spiritual delights, so fond upon these vanities? Dost thou doubt whether there be a heaven? or whether thou have a God and a Saviour there? O far be from thee this atheism: far be from thee the least thought of this desperate impiety. Woe were thee, if thou believedst not! But, O thou of little faith, dost thou believe there is happiness, and happiness for thee; and desirest it not, and delightest not in it? Alas, how weak

and unbelieving is thy belief! how cold and faint are thy desires! Tell me, what such goodly entertainment hast thou met withal here on earth, that was worthy to withdraw thee from these heavenly joys? what pleasure in it ever gave thee contentment? Or what cause of dislike findest thou above? Oh no, my soul, it is only thy miserable drowsiness, only thy security: the world, the world hath besotted thee, hath undone thee with carelessness. Alas, if thy delight be so cold, what difference is there in thee from an ignorant Heathen, that doubts of another life? yea, from an Epicure, that denies it? Art thou a Christian, or art thou none? If thou be what thou professest, away with this dull and senseless worldliness; away with this earthly uncheerfulness: shake off at last this profane and godless security, that hath thus long weighed thee down from mounting up to thy joys. Look up to thy God, and to thy crown; and say with confidence, *O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation.*"

CHAP. XXX.

3. *A hearty Wish of the soul, for what it complaineth to want.*

After this Complaint, must succeed a hearty and passionate wish of the soul, which ariseth clearly from the two former degrees: for, that which a man hath found sweet and comfortable, and complains that he still wanteth, he cannot but wish to enjoy.

"O Lord, that I could wait and long for thy salvation! Oh, that I could mind the things above! that, as I am a stranger indeed, so I could be also in affection! Oh, that mine eyes, like the eyes of thy first martyr, could, by the light of faith, see but a glimpse of heaven! Oh, that my heart could be rapt up thither in desire! How should I trample upon these poor vanities of the earth! How willingly should I endure all sorrows, all torments! How scornfully should I pass by all pleasures! How should I be in travail of my dissolution! Oh, when shall that blessed day come, when, all this wretched worldliness removed, I shall solace myself in my God? *Behold, as the hart brayeth for the rivers of waters, so panteth my soul after thee, O God: My soul thirsteth for God; even for the living God: Oh, when shall I come and appear before the presence of God?*"

CHAP. XXXI.

4. *An humble Confession of our disability to effect what we wish.*

After this Wishing, shall follow humble confession, by just order of nature: for, having bemoaned our want, and wished supply, not finding this hope in ourselves, we must needs acknowledge it to him, of whom only we may both seek and find: where it is to be duly observed, how the mind is, by turns, depressed and lifted up; being lifted up with our estate of Joy, it is cast down with Complaint; lift up with Wishes, it is cast down with Confession: which order doth best hold it in ure and just temper; and maketh it more feeling of the comfort, which followeth in the conclusion.

This Confession must derogate all from ourselves, and ascribe all to God.

"Thus I desire, O Lord, to be aright affected towards thee, and thy glory. I desire to come to thee; but, alas, how weakly! how heartlessly! Thou knowest that I can neither come to thee, nor desire to come, but from thee. It is nature, that holds me from thee: this treacherous nature favours itself; loveth the world; hateth to think of a dissolution; and chooseth rather to dwell in this dungeon with continual sorrow and complaint, than to endure a parting, although to liberty and joy. Alas, Lord, it is my misery, that I love my pain. How long shall these vanities thus besot me? It is thou only, that canst turn away mine eyes from regarding these follies, and my heart from affecting them: thou only, who, as thou shalt one day receive my soul into heaven, so now beforehand canst fix my soul upon heaven and thee."

CHAP. XXXII.

5. *An earnest Petition for that which we confess to want.*

AFTER Confession, naturally follows PETITION; earnestly requesting that at his hands, which we acknowledge ourselves unable, and none but God able to perform.

"Oh, carry it up, therefore, thou, that hast created and redeemed it, carry it up to thy glory. Oh, let me not always be thus dull and brutish: let not these scales of earthly affection always dim and blind mine eyes. O thou, that layedst clay upon the blind man's eyes, take away this clay from mine eyes; wherewith, alas, they are so daubed up, that they cannot see heaven. Illuminate them from above, and *in thy light let me see light.* O thou, that hast prepared a place for my soul, prepare my soul for that place; prepare it with holiness; prepare it with desire: and, even while it sojourneth on earth, let it dwell in heaven with thee; beholding ever the beauty of thy face, the glory of thy saints, and of itself."

CHAP. XXXIII.

6. *A vehement Enforcement of our petition.*

AFTER Petition, shall follow the ENFORCEMENT of our request, from argument and importunate obsecration: wherein we must take heed of complimenting in terms with God; as knowing, that he will not be mocked by any fashionable form of suit, but requireth holy and feeling entreaty.

"How graciously hast thou proclaimed to the world, that whoever wants wisdom shall ask it of thee, which neither deniest nor upbraidest! O Lord, I want heavenly wisdom, to conceive aright of heaven: I want it, and ask it of thee: give me to ask it instantly; and give me, according to thy promise, abundantly. Thou seest it is no strange favour, that I beg of thee: no other than that, which thou hast richly bestowed upon all thy valiant Martyrs, Confessors,

Servants, from the beginning; who never could have so cheerfully embraced death and torment, if, through the midst of their flames and pain, they had not seen their crown of glory. The poor thief on the cross had no sooner craved thy remembrance when thou camest to thy kingdom, than thou promisedst to take him with thee into heaven. Presence was better to him, than remembrance. Behold, now thou art in thy kingdom; I am on earth: remember thine unworthy servant; and let my soul, in conceit, in affection, in conversation, be this day and for ever with thee in paradise. I see, *man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain:* they are pitiful pleasures he enjoyeth, while he forgetteth thee: I am as vain; make me more wise: Oh, let me see heaven; and I know, I shall never envy, nor follow them. *My times are in thy hand:* I am no better than my fathers; a stranger on earth. As I speak of them, so the next, yea this generation shall speak of me, as one that was. My life is a bubble, a smoke, a shadow, a thought: I know, it is no abiding in this thoroughfare: Oh, suffer me not so mad, as, while I pass on the way, I should forget the end. It is that other life, that I must trust to: with thee it is, that I shall continue: Oh, let me not be so foolish, as to settle myself on what I must leave; and to neglect eternity. I have seen enough of this earth; and yet I love it too much: Oh, let me see heaven, another while; and love it so much more than the earth, by how much the things there are more worthy to be loved. O God, look down on thy wretched pilgrim, and teach me to look up to thee; and to see thy goodness in the land of the living. Thou, that boughtest heaven for me, guide me thither; and, for the price that it cost thee, for thy mercies' sake, in spite of all temptations, enlighten thou my soul, direct it, crown it."

CHAP. XXXIV.

7. *A cheerful Confidence of obtaining what we have requested and enforced.*

AFTER this Enforcement, doth follow CONFIDENCE: wherein the soul, after many doubtful and unquiet bickerings, gathereth up her forces, and cheerfully rouseth up itself; and, like one of David's Worthies, breaketh through a whole army of doubts, and fetcheth comfort from the Well of Life; which, though in some later, yet in all is a sure reward from God of sincere meditation.

"Yea, be thou bold, O my soul; and do not mercy crave, but challenge this favour of God, as that which he oweth thee: he oweth it thee, because he hath promised it; and, by his mercy, hath made his gift, his debt: *Faithful is he, that hath promised, which will also do it.* Hath he not given thee not only his hand, in the sweet hopes of the Gospel; but his seal also, in the Sacraments? Yea, besides promise, hand, seal, hath he not given thee a sure earnest of thy salvation, in some weak, but true graces? Yet more, hath he not given thee, besides earnest, possession; while he, that

is the *Truth* and *Life*, saith, *He, that believeth, hath everlasting life, and hath passed from death to life?* Canst thou not then be content, to cast thyself upon this blessed issue; If God be merciful, I am glorious: I have thee already, O my life? God is faithful, and I do believe: *who shall separate me from the love of Christ?* from my glory with Christ? who shall put me out of my heaven? Go to then, and *return to thy rest, O my soul*: make use of that heaven, wherein thou art; and be happy."

Thus we have found, that our meditation, like the wind, gathereth strength in proceeding: and, as natural bodies, the nearer they come to their places, move with more celerity; so doth the soul, in this course of meditation, to the unspeakable benefit of itself.

CHAP. XXXV.

The CONCLUSION *of our meditation, in what order it must be.*—1. *With Thanksgiving.*

THE CONCLUSION remaineth: wherein we must advise, like as physicians do in their sweats and exercise, that we cease not over suddenly; but leave off, by little and little. The mind may not be suffered to fall headlong from this height; but must also descend, by degrees.

The first whereof, after our Confidence, shall be a hearty GRATULATION, and THANKSGIVING: for, as man naturally cannot be miserable, but he must complain, and crave remedy; so the good heart cannot find itself happy, and not be thankful: and this thankfulness, which it feeleth and expresseth, maketh it yet more good; and affecteth it more.

"What shall I then do to thee for this mercy, O thou Saviour of Men? What should I render to my Lord, for all his benefits? Alas! what can I give thee, which is not thine own before? Oh, that I could give thee but all thine! Thou givest me to drink of this cup of salvation: *I will*, therefore, *take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord: Praise thou the Lord, O my soul; and all, that is within me, praise his holy name.* And, since here thou beginnest thy heaven, begin here also that joyful song of thanksgiving, which there thou shalt sing more sweetly, and never end.

CHAP. XXXVI.

2. *With Recommendation of our souls and ways to God.*

AFTER this Thanksgiving, shall follow a faithful RECOMMENDATION of ourselves to God: wherein the soul doth cheerfully give up itself, and repose itself wholly upon her Maker and Redeemer; committing herself to him, in all her ways; submitting herself to him, in all his ways; desiring, in all things, to glorify him, and to walk worthy of her high and glorious calling.

Both which latter shall be done, as I have ever found, with much life and comfort, if, for the Full Conclusion, we shall lift up our

heart and voice to God, in singing some versicle of David's divine Psalms, answerable to our disposition and matter; whereby the heart closes up itself with much sweetness and contentment.

This Course of Meditation, thus heartily observed, let him, that practiseth it, tell me whether he find not that his soul, which, at the beginning of this exercise did but creep and grovel upon earth, do not now in the conclusion soar aloft in heaven; and, being before aloof off, do not now find itself near to God, yea with him and in him.

CHAP. XXXVII.

An Epilogue: Reproving the neglect, and exhorting to the use of Meditation.

Thus have I endeavoured, Right Worshipful Sir, according to my slender faculty, to prescribe a Method of Meditation: not upon so strict terms of necessity, that whosoever goeth not my way, erreth. Divers paths lead ofttimes to the same end, and every man aboundeth in his own sense. If experience, and custom, hath made another form familiar to any man, I forbid it not: as that learned Father said of his Translation, "Let him use his own, not contemn mine." If any man be to choose and begin, let him practise mine, till he meet with a better master. If another course may be better, I am sure this is good. Neither is it to be suffered, that, like as fantastical men, while they doubt what fashioned suit they should wear, put on nothing; so, that we Christians should neglect the matter of this worthy business, while we nicely stand upon the form thereof. Wherein give me leave to complain, with just sorrow and shame, that, if there be any Christian duty whose omission is notoriously shameful and prejudicial to the souls of professors, it is this of Meditation. This is the very end God hath given us our souls for: we mis-spend them, if we use them not thus. How lamentable is it, that we so employ them, as if our faculty of discourse served for nothing but our earthly provision! as if our reasonable and Christian minds were appointed for the slaves and drudges of this body, only to be the caters and cooks of our appetite!

The world filleth us, yea cloyeth us: we find ourselves work enough to think; "What have I yet? How may I get more? What must I lay out? What shall I leave for posterity? How may I prevent the wrong of mine adversary? How may I return it? What answer shall I make to such allegations? What entertainment shall I give to such friends? What courses shall I take in such suits? In what pastime shall I spend this day? In what the next? What advantage shall I reap by this practice, what loss? What was said, answered, replied, done, followed?"

Goodly thoughts, and fit for spiritual minds! Say there were no other world; how could we spend our cares otherwise? Unto this only neglect, let me ascribe the commonness of that Laodicean temper of men; or, if that be worse, of the dead coldness which

hath stricken the hearts of many, having left them nothing but the bodies of men, and vizors of Christians; to this only, THEY HAVE NOT MEDITATED. It is not more impossible to live without a heart, than to be devout without meditation. Would God, therefore, my words could be in this, as the Wise Man saith the words of the wise are, like unto goads in the sides of every reader, to quicken him up out of this dull and lazy security, to a cheerful practice of this Divine Meditation. Let him curse me upon his death-bed; if, looking back from thence to the bestowing of his former times, he acknowledge not these hours placed the most happily in his whole life; if he then wish not he had worn out more days, in so profitable and heavenly a work.

DEO SOLI GLORIA.

A

MEDITATION OF DEATH,

ACCORDING TO THE FORMER RULES.

And now, my soul, that thou hast thought of the end, what can fit thee better than to think of the way? And, though the forepart of the way to heaven be a good life, the latter and more immediate is Death: Shall I call it the way, or the gate of life? Sure I am, that by it only we pass into that blessedness; whereof we have so thought, that we have found it cannot be thought of enough. *The Entrance.*

What, then, is this death, but the taking down of these sticks, whereof this earthly tent is composed? the separation of two great and old friends, till they meet again? the gaol-delivery of a long prisoner? our journey into that other world, for which we and this thoroughfare were made? our payment of our first debt to nature; the sleep of the body, and the awaking of the soul? *The Description.*

But, lest thou shouldest seem to flatter him, whose name and face hath ever seemed terrible to others, remember that there are more deaths than one: if the first death be not so fearful as he is made; his horror lying more in the conceit of the beholder, than in his own aspect; surely, the second is not made so fearful as he is. No living eye can behold the terrors thereof: it is as impossible, to see them; as to feel them, and live. Nothing, but a name, is common to both. The first hath men, casualties, diseases, for his executioners; the second, devils: the power of the first, is in the grave; the second, in hell: the worst of the first, is senselessness; the easiest of the second, is, a perpetual sense of all the pain that can make a man exquisitely miserable. *The Division.*

Thou shalt have no business, O my soul, with the second death: thy first resurrection hath secured thee. Thank him, that hath redeemed thee, for thy safety. And how can I thank thee enough, O my Saviour, which hast so mercifully bought off my torment, with thy own; and hast drunk off that bitter potion of thy Father's wrath, whereof the very taste had been *The Causes.*

our death? Yea, such is thy mercy, O thou Redeemer of Men, that thou hast not only subdued the second death, but reconciled the first: so as thy children taste not at all of the second; and find the first so sweetened to them by thee, that they complain not of bitterness. It was not thou, O God, that madest death: our hands are they, that were guilty of this evil. Thou sawest all thy work, that it was good: we brought forth sin, and sin brought forth death. To the discharge of thy justice and mercy, we acknowledge this miserable conception: and needs must that child be ugly, that hath such parents. Certainly, if Being and Good be, as they are, of an equal extent; then, the dissolution of our being must needs, in itself, be evil. How full of darkness and horror, then, is the privation of this vital light; especially since thy wisdom intended it to the revenge of sin, which is no less than the violation of an infinite justice! It was thy just pleasure, to plague us with this brood of our own begetting. Behold, that death, which was not till then in the world, is now in every thing: one great conqueror finds it in a slate; another finds it in a fly: one finds it in the kernel of a grape; another, in the prick of a thorn: one, in the taste of a herb; another, in the smell of a flower: one, in a bit of meat; another, in a mouthful of air: one, in the very sight of a danger; another, in the conceit of what might have been. Nothing, in all our life, is too little to hide death under it. There need no cords, nor knives, nor swords, nor pieces: we have made ourselves as many ways of death, as there are helps of living. But, if we were the authors of our death, it was thou that didst alter it: our disobedience made it; and thy mercy made it not to be evil. It had been all one to thee, to have taken away the very being of death from thine own; but thou thoughtest it best to take away the sting of it only: as good physicians, when they would apply their leeches, scour them with salt and nettles; and, when their corrupt blood is voided, employ them to the health of the patient. It is more glory to thee, that thou hast removed enmity from this Esau; that now he meets us with kisses, instead of frowns: and, if we receive a blow from this rough hand, yet that very stripe is healing. Oh, how much more powerful is thy death, than our sin! O my Saviour, how hast thou perfumed and softened this bed of my grave, by dying! How can it grieve me, to tread in thy steps to glory?

The Effects. Our sin made death our last enemy: thy goodness hath made it the first friend that we meet with, in our passage to another world: for, as she, that receives us from the knees of our mother in our first entrance to the light, washeth, cleanseth, dresseth us, and presents us to the breast of our nurse or the arms of our mother, challenges some interest in us when we come to our growth; so death, which, in our passage to that other life, is the first that receives and presents our naked souls to the hands of those angels, which carry it up to her glory, cannot but think this office friendly and meritorious. What, if this guide lead my carcase through corruption and rottenness, when my soul, in the very in-

stant of her separation knows itself happy? What, if my friends mourn about my bed and coffin, when my soul sees the smiling face and loving embracements of him that was dead, and is alive? What care I, who shuts these earthen eyes, when death opens the eye of my soul, to see as I am seen? What, if my name be forgotten of men, when I live above with the God of Spirits?

The Subject.

If death would be still an enemy, it is the worst part of me, that he hath any thing to do withal: the best is above his reach; and gains more, than the other can lose. The worst piece of the horror of death is the grave: and, set aside infidelity, what so great misery is this? That part, which is corrupted, feels it not: that, which is free from corruption, feels an abundant recompence, and foresees a joyful reparation. What is here, but a just restitution? We carry heaven and earth, wrapt up in our bosoms: each part returns homeward: and, if the exceeding glory of heaven cannot countervail the dolesomeness of the grave, what do I believing? but, if the beauty of that celestial sanctuary do more than equalize the horror of the bottomless pit, how can I shrink at earth like myself, when I know my glory? And, if examples can move thee any whit, look behind thee, O my soul, and see which of the Worthies of that ancient latter world, which of the Patriarchs, Kings, Prophets, Apostles, have not trod in these red steps. Where are those millions of generations, which have hitherto peopled the earth? How many passing-bells hast thou heard for thy known friends! How many sick beds hast thou visited! How many eyes hast thou seen closed! How many vain men hast thou seen, that have gone into the field to seek death, in hope to find an honour as foolish as themselves! How many poor creatures hast thou muleted with death, for thine own pleasure! And canst thou hope that God will make a by-way and a postern for thee alone, that thou mayest pass to the next world, not by the gates of death, not by the bottom of the grave?

The Adjunct.

What then dost thou fear, O my soul? There are but two stages of death, the bed and the grave: this latter, if it have senselessness, yet it hath rest: the former, if it have pain, yet it hath speediness; and, when it lights upon a faithful heart, meets with many and strong antidotes of comfort. The evil, that is ever in motion, is not fearful: that, which both time and eternity finds standing where it was, is worthy of terror. Well may those tremble at death, which find more distress within, than without; whose consciences are more sick and nearer to death, than their bodies. It was thy Father's wrath, that did so terrify thy soul, O my Saviour, that it put thy body into a bloody sweat. The mention and thought of thy death ended in a psalm; but this began in an agony. Then didst thou sweat out my fears. The power of that agony doth more comfort all thine, than the angels could comfort thee. That very voice deserved an eternal separation of horror from death, where thou saidst, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Thou hadst not complained of being left, if thou

wouldest have any of thine left destitute of comfort in their parting. I know not whom I can fear, while I know whom I have believed: how can I be discouraged with the sight of my loss, when I see so clear an advantage?

The Contrary. What discomfort is this, to leave a frail body, to be joined unto a glorious head? To forsake vain pleasures, false honours, bootless hopes, unsatisfying wealth, stormy contentments, sinful men, perilous temptations, a sea of troubles, a galley of servitude, an evil world, and a consuming life; for freedom, rest, happiness, eternity? And if thou wert sentenced, O my soul, to live a thousand years in this body, with these infirmities, how wouldst thou be weary; not of being only, but of complaining: while, ere the first hundred, I should be a child; ere the second, a beast; a stone, ere the third; and therefore, should be so far from finding pleasure in my continuance, that I should not have sense enough left, to feel myself miserable! And, when I am once gone, what difference is there betwixt the agedest of the first patriarchs and me, and the child that did but live to be born; save only in what was? and that, which was, is not. And, if this body had no weakness, to make my life tedious; yet, what a torment is it, that, while I live, I must sin? Alas, my soul, every one of thy known sins is not a disease, but a death. What an enemy art thou to thyself, if thou canst not be content, that one bodily death should excuse thee from many spiritual; to cast off thy body, that thou mayest be stripped of the rags, yea the fetters of thy sin, and clothed with the robes of glory? Yet these terms are too hard: thou shalt not be cast off, O my body: rather, thou shalt be put to making. This change is no less happy for thee, than for thy partner. This very skin of thine, which is now tawny and wrinkled, shall once shine: this earth shall be heaven: this dust shall be glorious: these eyes, that are now weary of being witnesses of thy sins and miseries, shall then never be weary of seeing the beauty of thy Saviour, and thine own in his: these ears, that have been now tormented with the impious tongues of men, shall first hear the voice of the Son of God; and then the voices of Saints and Angels, in their songs of Hallelujah: and this tongue, that now complains of miseries and fears, shall then bear a part in that divine harmony.

The Comparisons. In the mean time, thou shalt but sleep in this bed of earth. He, that hath tried the worst of death, hath called it no worse. Very heathens have termed them cousins; and it is no unusual thing for cousins of blood, to carry both the same names and features. Hast thou wont, O my body, when the day hath wearied thee, to lie down not unwillingly to thy rest? behold, in this sleep there is more quietness, more pleasure of visions, more certainty of waking, more cheerfulness in rising: why then art thou loth to think of laying off thy rags, and reposing thyself? why art thou, like a child, unwilling to go to bed? Hast thou ever seen any bird, which, when the cage hath been opened,

would rather sit still and sing within her grates, than fly forth unto her freedom in the woods? Hast thou ever seen any prisoner, in love with his bolts and fetters? Did the Chief of the Apostles, when the angel of God shined in his gaol, and struck him on the side, and loosed his two chains, and bade him arise quickly, and opened both the wooden and iron gate, say, "What, so soon? yet, a little sleep?" What madness had it been, rather to slumber betwixt his two keepers, than to follow the angel of God into liberty? Hast thou ever seen any mariner, that hath saluted the sea with songs, and the haven with tears? What shall I say to this diffidence, O my soul, that thou art unwilling to think of rest, after thy toil; of freedom, after thy durance; of the haven, after an unquiet and tempestuous passage? How many are there, that seek death, and cannot find it! merely out of the irksomeness of life. Hath it found thee, and offered thee better conditions; not of immunity from evils, but of possession of more good, than thou canst think; and wouldst thou now fly from happiness, to be rid of it?

The Names.

What! Is it a name, that troubles thee? What if men would call sleep, death; wouldst thou be afraid to close thine eyes? What hurt is it then, if he, that sent the first sleep upon man, whilst he made him a helper, send this last and soundest sleep upon me, while he prepares my soul for a glorious spouse to himself? It is but a parting, which we call death; as two friends, when they have led each other on the way, shake hands till they return from their journey. If either could miscarry, there were cause of sorrow: now they are more sure of a meeting, than of a parture, what folly is it, not to be content to redeem the unspeakable gain of so dear a friend, with a little intermission of enjoying him! He will return laden with the riches of heaven; and will fetch his old partner, to the participation of this glorious wealth. Go then, my soul, to this sure and gainful traffic; and leave my other half in a harbour, as safe, though not so blessed: yet so shalt thou be separated, that my very dust shall be united to thee still, and to my Saviour in thee.

The Testimonies.

Wert thou unwilling, at the command of thy Creator, to join thyself at the first with this body of mine? why art thou then loth to part with that, which thou hast found, though entire, yet troublesome? Dost thou not hear Solomon say, *The day of death is better than the day of thy birth?* dost thou not believe him? or art thou in love with the worse, and displeased with the better? If any man could have found a life worthy to be preferred unto death, so great a king must needs have done it: now in his very throne, he commends his coffin. Yea, what wilt thou say to those heathens, that mourned at the birth, and feasted at the death of their children? They knew the miseries of living, as well as thou: the happiness of dying they could not know; and, if they rejoiced out of a conceit of ceasing to be miserable, how shouldst thou cheer thyself, in an expectation,

yea an assurance, of being happy! He, that is the Lord of Life, and tried what it was to die, hath proclaimed them blessed that die in the Lord. Those are blessed, I know, that live in him; but they rest not from their labours: toil, and sorrow, is between them, and a perfect enjoying of that blessedness, which they now possess only in hope and inchoation: when death hath added rest, their happiness is finished.

The Taste of our Meditation. O death, how sweet is that rest, wherewith thou refreshest the weary pilgrims of this vale of mortality! How pleasant is thy face to those eyes, that have acquainted themselves with the sight of it, which to strangers is grim and ghastly! How worthy art thou to be welcome, unto those, that know whence thou art, and whither thou tendest! Who, that knows thee, can fear thee? Who, that is not all nature, would rather hide himself amongst the baggage of this vile life, than follow thee to a crown? What indifferent judge, that should see life painted over with vain semblances of pleasures, attended with troops of sorrows on the one side, and on the other with uncertainty of continuance and certainty of dissolution; and then should turn his eyes unto death, and see her black, but comely, attended on the one hand with a momentary pain, with eternity of glory on the other; would not say, out of choice, that which the Prophet said out of passion, *It is better for me to die than to live?*

The Complaint. But, O my soul, what ails thee to be thus suddenly backward and fearful? No heart hath more freely discoursed of death, in speculation: no tongue hath more extolled it, in absence. And now, that it is come to thy bed's side, and hath drawn thy curtains, and takes thee by the hand, and offers thee service, thou shrinkest inward; and, by the paleness of thy face and wildness of thine eye, bewrayest an amazement at the presence of such a guest. That face, which was so familiar to thy thoughts, is now unwelcome to thine eyes. I am ashamed of this weak irresolution. Whitherto have tended all thy serious meditations? What hath Christianity done to thee, if thy fears be still heathenish? Is this thine imitation of so many worthy saints of God, whom thou hast seen entertain the violentest deaths with smiles and songs? Is this the fruit of thy long and frequent instruction? Didst thou think death would have been content with words? didst thou hope it would suffice thee to talk, while all others suffer? Where is thy faith? Yea, where art thou thyself, O my soul? Is heaven worthy of no more thanks; no more joy? Shall heretics, shall pagans give death a better welcome than thou? Hath thy Maker, thy Redeemer sent for thee; and art thou loth to go? hath he sent for thee, to put thee in possession of that glorious inheritance, which thy wardship hath cheerfully expected; and art thou loth to go? Hath God, with this sergeant of his, sent his angels to fetch thee; and art thou loth to go? Rouse up thyself for shame, O my soul: and, if ever thou hast truly believed, shake off this unchristian diffidence; and address thyself joyfully for thy glory.

Yea, O my Lord, it is thou, that must raise up this faint and drooping heart of mine: thou only canst rid me of this weak and cowardly distrust: thou, that sendest for my soul, canst prepare it for thyself: thou only canst make thy messenger welcome to me. Oh, that I could but see thy face through death! Oh, that I could see death, not as it was, but as thou hast made it! Oh, that I could heartily pledge thee, my Saviour, in this cup; that so I might drink new wine with thee, in thy Father's kingdom! *The Wish.*

But alas, O my God, nature is strong and weak in me, at once! I cannot wish to welcome death, as it is worthy: when I look for most courage, I find strongest temptations: I see and confess, that when I am myself, thou hast no such coward as I. Let me alone, and I shall shame that name of thine, which I have professed: every secure worldling shall laugh at my feebleness. O God, were thy martyrs thus haled to their stakes? might they not have been loosed from their racks, and choose to die in those torments? Let it be no shame, for thy servant to take up that complaint, which thou madest of thy better attendants; *The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.* *The Confession.*

O thou God of Spirits, that hast coupled these two together, unite them in a desire of their dissolution: weaken this flesh to receive, and encourage this spirit either to desire or to contemn death; and now, as I grow nearer to my home, let me increase in the sense of my joys. I am thine, save me, O Lord. It was thou that didst put such courage into thine ancient and late witnesses, that they either invited or challenged death; and held their persecutors their best friends, for letting them loose from these gieves of flesh. I know, thy hand is not shortened; neither any of them hath received more proofs of thy former mercies. Oh, let thy goodness enable me to reach them, in the comfortable steadiness of my passage. Do but draw this veil a little, that I may see my glory; and I cannot but be enflamed with the desire of it. It was not I, that either made this body for the earth, or this soul for my body, or this heaven for my soul, or this glory of heaven, or this entrance into glory: all is thine own work. Oh, perfect what thou hast begun; that thy praise and my happiness may be consummate at once. *The Petition and Enforcement.*

Yea, O my soul, what needest thou wish the God of Mercies to be tender of his own honour? Art thou not a member of that body, whereof thy Saviour is the Head? Canst thou drown, when thy Head is above? Was it not for thee, that he triumphed over death? Is there any fear in a foiled adversary? O my Redeemer, I have already overcome in thee: how can I miscarry in myself? O my soul, thou hast marched valiantly! Behold, the damsels of that Heavenly Jerusalem come forth with timbrels and harps to meet thee, and to applaud thy success: and now, there remains nothing for thee but *a crown of righteousness,* *The Assurance or Confidence.*

which that righteous Judge shall give thee, at that day: O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The Thanksgiving. *Return now unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath been beneficial unto thee. O Lord God, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle: O my God and King, I will extol thee, and will bless thy Name for ever and ever. I will bless thee daily, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and most worthy to be praised, and his greatness is incomprehensible: I will meditate of the beauty of thy glorious Majesty, and thy wonderful works: Hosanna, thou that dwellest in the highest heavens.* Amen.

CHARACTERS

OF

VIRTUES AND VICES.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY JOSEPH HALL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY SINGULAR GOOD LORDS,

EDWARD LORD DENNY,

BARON OF WALTHAM,

AND

JAMES LORD HAY,

HIS RIGHT NOBLE AND WORTHY SON-IN-LAW:

J. H.

HUMBLY DEDICATES HIS LABOUR, DEVOTETH HIMSELF, WISHETH ALL HAPPINESS.

A PREMONITION OF THE TITLE AND USE OF CHARACTERS.

READER:

THE Divines of the old Heathens were their Moral Philosophers. These received the Acts of an inbred law, in the Sinai of Nature; and delivered them, with many expositions, to the multitude. These were the overseers of manners, correctors of vices, directors of lives, doctors of virtue. Which yet taught their people the body of their natural divinity, not after one manner: while some spent themselves in deep discourses of human felicity, and the way to it in common; others thought best to apply the general precepts of goodness or decency, to particular conditions and persons: a third sort, in a mean course betwixt the two other and compounded of them both, bestowed their time in drawing out the true lineaments of every virtue and vice, so lively, that who saw the medals, might know the face: which Art they significantly termed CHARACTERY. *Their papers were so many tables; their writings, so many speaking pictures, or living images; whereby the ruder multitude might, even by their sense, learn to know virtue, and discern what to detest. I am deceived, if any course could be more likely to prevail: for herein the gross conceit is led on with pleasure; and informed, while it feels nothing but delight. And, if pictures have been accounted the books of idiots, behold here the benefit of an image without the offence. It is no shame for*

us to learn wit of Heathens; neither is it material, in whose school we take out a good lesson: yea, it is more shame not to follow their good, than not to lead them better. As one therefore, that, in worthy examples, holds imitation better than invention, I have trod in their paths; but with a higher and wider step: and, out of their Tablets, have drawn these larger portraitures of both sorts. More might be said, I deny not, of every virtue, of every vice: I desired not to say all, but enough. If thou do but read or like these, I have spent good hours ill: but, if thou shalt hence abjure those vices, which before thou thoughtest not ill-favoured, or fall in love with any of these goodly faces of virtue; or shalt hence find, where thou hast any little touch of these evils to clear thyself, or where any defect in these graces to supply it; neither of us shall need to repent of our labour.

CHARACTERISMS OF VIRTUES.

BOOK I.

THE PROEM.

VIRTUE is not loved enough; because she is not seen: and Vice loseth much detestation; because her ugliness is secret. Certainly, my Lords, there are so many beauties and so many graces in the face of Goodness, that no eye can possibly see it without affection, without ravishment; and the visage of Evil is so monstrous, through loathsome deformities, that if her lovers were not ignorant, they would be mad with disdain and astonishment. What need we more, than to discover these two to the world? This work shall save the labour of exhorting and dissuasion. I have here done it, as I could; following that ancient Master of Morality, who thought this the fittest task for the ninety and ninth year of his age, and the profitablest monument that he could leave for a farewell to his Grecians. Lo here, then, Virtue and Vice stript naked to the open view; and despoiled, one of her rags, the other of her ornaments; and nothing left them, but bare presence, to plead for affection: see now whether shall find more suitors. And, if still the vain minds of lewd men shall dote upon their old mistress, it will appear to be, not because she is not foul, but for that they are blind and bewitched. And, first, behold the goodly features of Wisdom; an amiable virtue, and worthy to lead this stage: which, as she extends herself to all the following Graces; so, amongst the rest, is, for her largeness, most conspicuous.

THE WISE MAN.

THERE is nothing, that he desires not to know; but, most and first, himself: and, not so much his own strength, as his weaknesses. Neither is his knowledge reduced to discourse, but practice. He is a skilful logician; not by nature, so much as use: his working mind doth nothing all his time, but make syllogisms, and draw out conclusions: every thing, that he sees and hears, serves for one of the premises: with these he cares, first, to inform himself; then, to direct others. Both his eyes are never, at once, from home; but one keeps house, while the other roves abroad for intelligence. In material and weighty points, he abides not his mind suspended

in uncertainties; but hates doubting, where he may, where he should be resolute. And, first, he makes sure work for his soul; accounting it no safety, to be unsettled in the foreknowledge of his final estate: the best is first regarded; and vain is that regard, which endeth not in security. Every care hath his just order; neither is there any one either neglected or misplaced. He is seldom overseen with credulity: for, knowing the falseness of the world, he hath learned to trust himself always; others, so far, as he may not be damaged by their disappointment. He seeks his quietness, in secrecy; and is wont, both to hide himself in retiredness, and his tongue in himself. He loves to be guessed at, not known; and to see the world, unseen: and, when he is forced into the light, shews, by his actions, that his obscurity was neither from affectation nor weakness. His purposes are neither so variable as may argue inconstancy, nor obstinately unchangeable; but framed according to his after-wits, or the strength of new occasions. He is both an apt scholar, and an excellent master: for, both every thing he sees, informs him; and his mind, enriched with plentiful observation, can give the best precepts. His free discourse runs back to the ages past, and recovers events out of memory; and then preventeth time, in flying forward to future things; and, comparing one with the other, can give a verdict well-near prophetical: wherein his conjectures are better than another's judgments. His passions are so many good servants, which stand in a diligent attendance, ready to be commanded by reason, by religion; and if, at any time, forgetting their duty, they be miscarried to rebel, he can first conceal their mutiny, then suppress it. In all his just and worthy designs, he is never at a loss; but hath so projected all his courses, that a second begins where the first failed; and fetcheth strength from that, which succeeded not. There be wrongs, which he will not see: neither doth he always look that way, which he meaneth; nor take notice of his secret smarts, when they come from great ones. In good turns, he loves not to owe more than he must; in evil, to owe, and not pay. Just censures, he deserves not; for he lives without the compass of an adversary: unjust, he contemneth; and would rather suffer false infamy to die alone, than lay hands upon it in an open violence. He confineth himself in the circle of his own affairs; and lists not to thrust his finger into a needless fire. He stands, like a centre, unmoved; while the circumference of his estate is drawn above, beneath, about him. Finally, his wit hath cost him much; and he can both keep, and value, and employ it. He is his own lawyer; the treasury of knowledge; the oracle of counsel; blind in no man's cause; best-sighted in his own.

THE HONEST MAN.

He looks not to what he might do, but what he should. Justice is his first guide: the second law of his actions, is Expedience. He would rather complain, than offend: and hates sin more for the indignity of it, than the danger. His simple uprightness works in

him that confidence, which ofttimes wrongs him, and gives advantage to the subtle; when he rather pities their faithlessness, than repents of his credulity. He hath but one heart, and that lies open to sight; and, were it not for discretion, he never thinks ought, whereof he would avoid a witness. His word is his parchment, and his yea his oath; which he will not violate, for fear, or for loss. The mishaps of following events may cause him to blame his providence, can never cause him to eat his promise: neither saith he, "This I saw not," but, "This I said." When he is made his friend's executor, he defrays debts, pays legacies; and scorneth to gain by orphans, or to ransack graves: and therefore will be true to a dead friend, because he sees him not. All his dealings are square, and above the board: he bewrays the fault of what he sells, and restores the overseen gain of a false reckoning. He esteems a bribe venomous, though it come gilded over with the colour of gratuity. His cheeks are never stained with the blushes of recantation; neither doth his tongue faulter to make good a lie, with the secret glosses of double or reserved senses: and, when his name is traduced, his innocency bears him out with courage: then, lo, he goes on in the plain way of truth, and will either triumph in his integrity, or suffer with it. His conscience overrules his providence: so as, in all things, good or ill, he respects the nature of the actions, not the sequel. If he see what he must do, let God see what shall follow. He never loadeth himself with burdens above his strength, beyond his will; and, once bound, what he can he will do; neither doth he will, but what he can do. His ear is the sanctuary of his absent friend's name, of his present friend's secret: neither of them can miscarry, in his trust. He remembers the wrongs of his youth, and repays them with that usury, which he himself would not take. He would rather want than borrow, and beg than not pay. His fair conditions are without dissembling; and he loves actions above words. Finally, he hates falsehood worse than death: he is a faithful client of truth; no man's enemy; and, it is a question, whether more another man's friend, or his own. And, if there were no heaven, yet he would be virtuous.

THE FAITHFUL MAN.

His eyes have no other objects, but absent and invisible; which they see so clearly, as that to them sense is blind: that, which is present, they see not; if I may not rather say, that what is past or future is present to them. Herein he exceeds all others, that to him nothing is impossible, nothing difficult; whether to bear, or undertake. He walks every day with his Maker; and talks with him familiarly; and lives ever in heaven; and sees all earthly things beneath him. When he goes in, to converse with God, he wears not his own clothes; but takes them still out of the rich wardrobe of his Redeemer: and then dare boldly press in, and challenge a blessing. The celestial spirits do not scorn his company; yea, his service. He deals in these worldly affairs, as a stranger; and hath his

heart ever at home. Without a written warrant, he dare do nothing; and, with it, any thing. His war is perpetual; without truce, without intermission: and his victory certain: he meets with the infernal powers, and tramples them under feet: the shield, that he ever bears before him, can neither be missed, nor pierced: if his hand be wounded, yet his heart is safe: he is often tripped, seldom foiled; and, if sometimes foiled, never vanquished. He hath white hands, and a clean soul, fit to lodge God in; all the rooms whereof are set apart for his Holiness. Iniquity hath oft called at the door, and craved entertainment; but, with a repulse: or, if sin, of force, will be his tenant; his lord, he cannot. His faults are few; and those he hath, God will not see. He is allied so high, that he dare call God, Father; his Saviour, Brother; heaven, his patrimony: and thinks it no presumption, to trust to the attendance of angels. His understanding is enlightened with the beams of divine truth: God hath acquainted him with his will; and, what he knows, he dare confess: there is not more love in his heart, than liberty in his tongue. If torments stand betwixt him and Christ, if death, he contemns them; and, if his own parents lie in his way to God, his holy carelessness makes them his footsteps. His experiments have drawn forth rules of confidence, which he dares oppose against all the fears of distrust; wherein he thinks it safe to charge God with what he hath done, with what he hath promised. Examples are his proofs; and Instances, his demonstrations: what hath God given, which he cannot give? what have others suffered, which he may not be enabled to endure? is he threatened banishment? there he sees the dear Evangelist in Patmos: cutting in pieces? he sees Isaiah under the saw: drowning? he sees Jonas diving into the living gulf: burning? he sees the three children in the hot walk of the furnace: devouring? he sees Daniel in the sealed den, amidst his terrible companions: stoning? he sees the first Martyr, under his heap of many grave-stones: heading? lo there the Baptist's neck, bleeding in Herodias' platter: he emulates their pain; their strength; their glory. He wearies not himself with cares; for he knows he lives not of his own cost: not idly omitting means, but not using them with diffidence. In the midst of ill rumours and amazements, his countenance changeth not; for he knows both whom he hath trusted, and whither death can lead him. He is not so sure he shall die, as that he shall be restored; and outfaceth his death, with his resurrection. Finally, he is rich in works; busy in obedience; cheerful and unmoved in expectation; better with evils; in common opinion, miserable; but, in true judgment, more than a man.

THE HUMBLE MAN.

He is a friendly enemy to himself: for, though he be not out of his own favour, no man sets so low a value of his worth as himself; not out of ignorance or carelessness, but of a voluntary and meek dejectedness. He admires every thing in another, while the same

or better in himself he thinks not unworthily contemned: his eyes are full of his own wants, and others' perfections. He loves rather to give, than take honour; not in a fashion of complimental courtesy, but in simplicity of his judgment: neither doth he fret at those, on whom he forceth precedency, as one that hoped their modesty would have refused; but holds his mind unfeignedly below his place, and is ready to go lower, if need be, without discontentment. When he hath but his due, he magnifieth courtesy, and disclaims his deserts. He can be more ashamed of honour, than grieved with contempt; because he thinks that causeless, this deserved. His face, his carriage, his habit, savour of lowliness, without affectation; and yet he is much under that he seemeth. His words are few and soft; never either peremptory or censorious: because he thinks both each man more wise, and none more faulty than himself: and, when he approacheth to the Throne of God, he is so taken up with the divine greatness, that in his own eyes he is either vile or nothing. Places of public charge are fain to sue to him, and hale him out of his chosen obscurity: which he holds off; not cunningly to cause importunity, but sincerely in the conscience of his defects. He frequenteth not the stages of common resorts; and then alone thinks himself in his natural element, when he is shrouded within his own walls. He is ever jealous over himself; and still suspecteth that, which others applaud. There is no better object of beneficence: for, what he receives, he ascribes merely to the bounty of the giver; nothing, to merit. He emulates no man, in any thing, but goodness; and that, with more desire, than hope, to overtake. No man is so contented with his little, and so patient under miseries; because he knows the greatest evils are below his sins, and the least favours above his deservings. He walks ever in awe, and dare not but subject every word and action to a high and just censure. He is a lowly valley, sweetly planted and well watered: the proud man's earth, whereon he trampleth; but secretly full of wealthy mines, more worth than he that walks over them: a rich stone, set in lead: and, lastly, a true Temple of God, built with a low roof.

THE VALIANT MAN.

He undertakes, without rashness; and performs, without fear. He seeks not for dangers; but, when they find him, he bears them over with courage, with success. He hath oftimes looked death in the face, and passed by it with a smile; and, when he sees he must yield, doth at once welcome and contemn it. He forecasts the worst of all events; and encounters them before they come, in a secret and mental war: and, if the suddenness of an unexpected evil have surprised his thoughts, and infected his cheeks with paleness; he hath no sooner digested it in his conceit, than he gathers up himself, and insults over mischief. He is the master of himself, and subdues his passions to reason; and, by this inward victory, works his own peace. He is afraid of nothing, but the dis-

pleasure of the Highest; and runs away from nothing, but sin. He looks not on his hands, but his cause; not how strong he is, but how innocent; and, where goodness is his warrant, he may be overmastered, he cannot be foiled. The sword is to him the last of all trials, which he draws forth still as defendant; not, as challenger; with a willing kind of unwillingness: no man can better manage it, with more safety, with more favour. He would rather have his blood seen, than his back; and disdains life, upon base conditions. No man is more mild, to a relenting or vanquished adversary; or more hates, to set his foot on a carcase: he would rather smother an injury, than revenge himself of the impotent; and I know not whether more detests cowardliness or cruelty. He talks little, and brags less; and loves rather the silent language of the hand: to be seen, than heard. He lies ever close within himself, armed with wise resolution; and will not be discovered, but by death or danger. He is neither prodigal of blood, to mis-spend it idly; nor niggardly, to grudge it, when either God calls for it, or his country: neither is he more liberal of his own life, than of others'. His power is limited by his will; and he holds it the noblest revenge, that he might hurt and doth not. He commands, without tyranny and imperiousness; obeys, without servility: and changes not his mind, with his estate. The height of his spirits overlooks all casualties; and his boldness proceeds neither from ignorance nor senselessness: but, first, he values evils, and then despises them. He is so balanced with wisdom, that he floats steadily in the midst of all tempests. Deliberate in his purposes; firm in resolution; bold in enterprising; unwearied in atchieving; and, howsoever, happy in success: and, if ever he be overcome, his heart yields last.

THE PATIENT MAN.

THE patient man is made of a metal, not so hard as flexible. His shoulders are large; fit for a load of injuries: which he bears, not out of baseness and cowardliness, because he dare not revenge; but out of Christian fortitude, because he may not: he hath so conquered himself, that wrongs cannot conquer him; and herein alone finds, that victory consists in yielding. He is above nature, while he seems below himself. The vilest creature knows how to turn again; but, to command himself not to resist, being urged, is more than heroical. His constructions are ever full of charity and favour: either this wrong was not done, or not with intent of wrong; or, if that, upon mis-information; or, if none of these, rashness, though a fault, shall serve for an excuse. Himself craves the offender's pardon, before his confession; and a slight answer contents, where the offended desires to forgive. He is God's best witness: and, when he stands before the bar for truth, his tongue is calmly free, his forehead firm; and, he, with erect and settled countenance, hears his unjust sentence, and rejoices in it. The

gaolers, that attend him, are to him his pages of honour; his dungeon, the lower part of the vault of heaven; his rack or wheel, the stairs of his ascent to glory: he challengeth his executioners; and encounters the fiercest pains, with strength of resolution; and, while he suffers, the beholders pity him, the tormentors complain of weariness, and both of them wonder. No anguish can master him; whether by violence, or by lingering. He accounts expectation no punishment; and can abide to have his hopes adjourned, till a new day. Good laws serve for his protection, not for his revenge: and his own power, to avoid indignities, not to return them. His hopes are so strong, that they can insult over the greatest discouragements; and his apprehensions so deep, that, when he hath once fastened, he sooner leaveth his life than his hold. Neither time nor perverseness can make him cast off his charitable endeavours, and despair of prevailing; but, in spite of all crosses and all denials, he redoubleth his beneficial offers of love. He trieth the sea, after many shipwrecks; and beats still at that door, which he never saw opened. Contrariety of events doth but exercise, not dismay him; and, when crosses afflict him, he sees a divine hand invisibly striking with those sensible scourges: against which he dares not rebel, not murmur. Hence, all things befal him alike; and he goes with the same mind, to the shambles and to the fold. His recreations are calm and gentle; and not more full of relaxation, than void of fury. This man only can turn necessity into virtue, and put evil to good use. He is the surest friend; the latest and easiest enemy; the greatest conqueror; and so much more happy than others, by how much he could abide to be more miserable.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

His affections are both united and divided: united, to him he loveth; divided, betwixt another and himself: and his own heart is so parted, that, while he hath some, his friend hath all. His choice is led by virtue, or, by the best of virtues, religion; not by gain, not by pleasure: yet not without respect of equal condition, of disposition not unlike: which, once made, admits of no change; except he, whom he loveth, be changed quite from himself; nor that suddenly, but after long expectation. Extremity doth but fasten him; while he, like a well-wrought vault, lies the stronger, by how much more weight he bears. When necessity calls him to it, he can be a servant to his equal, with the same will wherewith he can command his inferior; and, though he rise to honour, forgets not his familiarity, nor suffers inequality of estate to work strangeness of countenance: on the other side, he lifts up his friend to advancement, with a willing hand; without envy, without dissimulation. When his mate is dead, he accounts himself but half alive: then his love, not dissolved by death, derives itself to those orphans, which never knew the price of their father: they

become the heirs of his affection, and the burden of his cares. He embraces a free community of all things; save those, which either honesty reserves proper, or nature: and hates to enjoy that, which would do his friend more good. His charity serves to cloak noted infirmities; not by untruth, not by flattery; but by discreet secrecy: neither is he more favourable in concealment, than round in his private reprehensions; and, when another's simple fidelity shews itself in his reproof, he loves his monitor so much the more, by how much more he smarteth. His bosom is his friend's closet, where he may safely lay up his complaints, his doubts, his cares: and look, how he leaves, so he finds them; save for some addition of seasonable counsel for redress. If some unhappy suggestion shall either disjoint his affection or break it, it soon knits again; and grows the stronger, by that stress. He is so sensible of another's injuries, that, when his friend is stricken, he cries out, and equally smarteth untouched; as one affected, not with sympathy, but with a real feeling of pain: and, in what mischief may be prevented, he interposeth his aid; and offers to redeem his friend, with himself: no hour can be unseasonable, no business difficult, nor pain grievous, in condition of his ease; and what either he doth or suffereth, he neither cares nor desires to have known, lest he should seem to look for thanks. If he can, therefore, steal the performance of a good office unseen, the conscience of his faithfulness herein is so much sweeter, as it is more secret. In favours done, his memory is frail; in benefits received, eternal: he scorneth, either to regard recompence, or not to offer it. He is the comfort of miseries; the guide of difficulties: the joy of life; the treasure of earth; and no other, than a good angel clothed in flesh.

THE TRULY-NOBLE.

He stands not upon what he borrowed of his ancestors; but thinks he must work out his own honour: and, if he cannot reach the virtue of them that gave him outward glory by inheritance, he is more abashed of his impotency, than transported with a great name. Greatness doth not make him scornful and imperious, but rather like the fixed stars; the higher he is, the less he desires to seem: neither cares he so much for pomp and frothy ostentation, as for the solid truth of nobleness. Courtesy and sweet affability can be no more severed from him, than life from his soul: not out of a base and servile popularity, and desire of ambitious insinuation; but of a native gentleness of disposition, and true value of himself. His hand is open and bounteous: yet not so, as that he should rather respect his glory, than his estate: wherein his wisdom can distinguish, betwixt parasites and friends; betwixt changing of favours, and expending them. He scorneth to make his height a privilege of looseness: but accounts his titles vain, if he be inferior to others in goodness; and thinks he should be more strict, the more eminent he is, because he is more observed.

and now his offences are become exemplar. There is no virtue, that he holds unfit for ornament, for use; nor any vice, which he condemns not as sordid, and a fit companion of baseness: and whereof he doth not more hate the blemish, than affect the pleasure. He so studies, as one, that knows ignorance can neither purchase honour, nor wield it: and that knowledge must both guide and grace him. His exercises are, from his childhood, ingenuous, manly, decent; and such as tend still to wit, valour, activity: and if, as seldom, he descend to disports of chance, his games shall never make him either pale with fear, or hot with desire of gain. He doth not so use his followers, as if he thought they were made for nothing but his servitude; whose felicity were only to be commanded and please; wearing them to the back, and then either finding or framing excuses to discard them empty: but, upon all opportunities, lets them feel the sweetness of their own serviceableness and his bounty. Silence, in officious service, is the best oratory, to plead for his respect: all diligence is but lent to him; none, lost. His wealth stands in receiving; his honour, in giving: he cares not either how many hold of his goodness, or to how few he is beholden; and, if he have cast away favours, he hates either to upbraid them to his enemy, or to challenge restitution. None can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more prone to succour; and then most, where is least means to solicit, least possibility of requital. He is equally addressed to war and peace; and knows not more how to command others, than how to be his country's servant in both. He is more careful to give true honour to his Maker, than to receive civil honour from men. He knows that this service is free and noble, and ever loaded with sincere glory; and how vain it is to hunt after applause from the world, till he be sure of him that moulded all hearts, and poureth contempt on princes; and, shortly, so demeans himself, as one that accounts the body of nobility to consist in blood, the soul in the eminence of virtue.

THE GOOD MAGISTRATE.

He is the faithful Deputy of his Maker; whose obedience is the rule, whereby he ruleth. His breast is the ocean, whereinto all the cares of private men empty themselves: which as he receives, without complaint and overflowing; so he sends them forth again, by a wise conveyance, in the streams of justice. His doors, his ears are ever open to suitors; and not who comes first speeds well, but whose cause is best. His nights, his meals are short and interrupted: all which he bears well, because he knows himself made for a public servant of peace and justice. He sits quietly at the stern, and commands one to the top-sail, another to the main, a third to the plummet, a fourth to the anchor, as he sees the need of their course and weather requires; and doth no less by his tongue, than all the mariners with their hands. On the bench, he

is another from himself at home: now all private respects of blood, alliance, amity are forgotten; and, if his own son come under trial, he knows him not. Pity, which in all others is wont to be the best praise of humanity and the fruit of Christian love, is by him thrown over the bar for corruption. As for Favour, the false advocate of the gracious, he allows him not to appear in the court: there, only causes are heard speak, not persons. Eloquence is then only not discouraged, when she serves for a client of truth: mere narrations are allowed in this oratory; not proems; not excursions; not glosses: truth must strip herself, and come in naked to his bar; without false bodies, or colours; without disguises. A bribe in his closet, or a letter on the bench, or the whispering and winks of a great neighbour, are answered with an angry and courageous repulse. Displeasure, revenge, recompence stand on both sides the bench; but he scorns to turn his eye towards them; looking only right forward at equity, which stands full before him. His sentence is ever deliberate, and guided with ripe wisdom; yet his hand is slower than his tongue: but when he is urged by occasion either to doom or execution, he shews how much he hateth merciful injustice; neither can his resolution or act be reversed, with partial importunity. His forehead is rugged and severe; able to discountenance villainy: yet his words are more awful, than his brow; and his hand, than his words. I know not whether he be more feared or loved; both affections are so sweetly contempered in all hearts: the good, fear him lovingly; the middle sort, love him fearfully; and only the wicked man, fears him slavishly without love. He hates to pay private wrongs with the advantage of his office; and, if ever he be partial, it is to his enemy. He is not more sage in his gown, than valorous in arms; and increaseth in the rigour of his discipline, as the times in danger. His sword hath neither rusted for want of use, nor surfeiteth of blood; but, after many threats, is unsheathed, as the dreadful instrument of divine revenge. He is the guard of good laws; the refuge of innocency; the comet of the guilty; the pay-master of good deserts; the champion of justice: the patron of peace; the tutor of the Church; the father of his Country; and, as it were, another God upon earth.

THE PENITENT.

He hath a wounded heart, and a sad face; yet not so much for fear, as for unkindness. The wrong of his sin troubles him more than the danger. None but he is the better for his sorrow; neither is any passion more hurtful to others, than this is gainful to him. The more he seeks to hide his grief, the less it will be hid: every man may read it, not only in his eyes, but in his bones. While he is in charity with all others, he is so fallen out with himself, that none but God can reconcile him: he hath sued himself in all courts; accuseth, arraigneth, sentenceth, punisheth himself unpartially; and sooner may find mercy at any hand, than at his own.

He only hath pulled off the fair visor of sin: so as that which appears not but masked unto others, is seen of him barefaced; and bewrays that fearful ugliness, which none can conceive but he that hath viewed it. He hath looked into the depth of the bottomless pit; and hath seen his own offence tormented in others, and the same brands shaken at him. He hath seen the change of faces in that Evil One; as a tempter, as a tormenter; and hath heard the noise of a conscience: and is so frighted with all these, that he can never have rest, till he have run out of himself, to God; in whose face, at first, he finds rigour; but, afterwards, sweetness in his bosom: he bleeds first, from the hand that heals him. The Law of God hath made work for mercy; which he hath no sooner apprehended, than he forgets his wounds, and looks carelessly upon all these terrors of guiltiness. When he casts his eye back upon himself, he wonders where he was, and how he came there; and grants, that if there were not some witchcraft in sin, he could not have been so sottishly graceless. And now, in the issue, Satan finds, not without indignation and repentance, that he hath done him a good turn, in tempting him; for he had never been so good, if he had not sinned; he had never fought with such courage, if he had not seen his blood, and been ashamed of his foil. Now, he is seen and felt, in the front of the spiritual battle; and can teach others how to fight, and encourage them in fighting. His heart was never more taken up with the pleasure of sin, than now with care of avoiding it: the very sight of that cup, wherein such a fulsome potion was brought him, turns his stomach: the first offers of sin make him tremble more now, than he did before at the judgments of his sin; neither dares he so much as look towards Sodom. All the powers and craft of hell cannot fetch him in for a customer to evil: his infirmity may yield once; his resolution, never. There is none of his senses or parts, which he hath not within covenants, for their good behaviour; which they cannot ever break, with impunity. The wrongs of his sin he repays, to men, with recompence; as hating it should be said, he owes any thing to his offence: to God, what in him lies, with sighs, tears, vows, and endeavours of amendment. No heart is more waxen to the impressions of forgiveness; neither are his hands more open to receive, than to give pardon. All the injuries, which are offered to him, are swallowed up in his wrongs to his Maker and Redeemer: neither can he call for the arrerages of his farthings, when he looks upon the millions forgiven him: he feels not what he suffers from men, when he thinks of what he hath done, and should have suffered. He is a thankful herald of the mercies of his God; which if all the world hear not from his mouth, it is no fault of his. Neither did he so burn with the evil fires of concupiscence, as now with the holy flames of zeal to that glory, which he hath blemished: and his eyes are full of moisture, as his heart of heat. The gates of heaven are not so knocked at by any suitor; whether for frequence, or importunity. You shall find his cheeks furrowed; his knees hard; his lips sealed up, save when he must accuse him-

self, or glorify God; his eyes humbly dejected: and, sometimes, you shall take him breaking off a sigh in the midst; as one, that would steal an humiliation unknown, and would be offended with any part that should not keep his counsel. When he finds his soul oppressed with the heavy guilt of a sin, he gives it vent through his mouth, into the ear of his Spiritual Physician, from whom he receives cordials answerable to his complaint. He is a severe exactor of discipline: first, upon himself, on whom he imposes more than one Lent; then, upon others, as one that vowed to be revenged on sin wheresoever he finds it; and, though but one hath offended him, yet his detestation is universal. He is his own task-master for devotion: and, if Christianity have any work more difficult or perilous than other, that he enjonis himself; and resolves contentment, even in miscarriage. It is no marvel, if the acquaintance of his wilder times know him not; for he is quite another from himself: and, if his mind could have had any intermission of dwelling within his breast, it could not have known this was the lodging: nothing, but an outside, is the same it was; and that, altered more with regeneration, than with age. None, but he, can relish the promises of the Gospel; which he finds so sweet, that he complains not his thirst after them is unsatiable. And, now that he hath found his Saviour, he hugs him so fast, and holds him so dear, that he feels not when his life is fetched away from him, for his martyrdom. The latter part of his life is so led, as if he desired to unlive his youth: and his last testament is full of restitutions, and legacies of piety. In sum, he hath so lived and died, as that Satan hath no such match; sin hath no such enemy; God hath no such servant, as he.

HE IS A HAPPY MAN,

That hath learned to read himself, more than all books; and hath so taken out this lesson, that he can never forget it: that knows the world, and cares not for it: that, after many traverses of thoughts, is grown to know what he may trust to; and stands now equally armed for all events: that hath got the mastery at home; so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it that he makes it not a wanton: that, in earthly things, wishes no more than nature; in spiritual, is ever graciously ambitious: that, for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great; and can so frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least, he cannot want, because he is as free from desire, as superfluity: that hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity; and can now manage it, at pleasure: upon whom, all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof; and, for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life and tokens of love; and, if his ship be tossed, yet he is sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his, he could be no other than he is; no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage; be-

cause he knows, contentment lies not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them. The powers of his resolution can either multiply or subtract, at pleasure. He can make his cottage a manor or a palace, when he lists; and his home-close, a large dominion; his stained-cloth, arras; his earth, plate; and can see state in the attendance of one servant: as one, that hath learned a man's greatness or baseness is in himself; and in this he may even contest with the proud, that he thinks his own the best. Or, if he must be outwardly great, he can but turn the other end of the glass, and make his stately manor a low and strait cottage; and, in all his costly furniture, he can see, not richness, but use: he can see dross, in the best metal; and earth, through the best clothes: and, in all his troop, he can see himself his own servant. He lives quietly at home, out of the noise of the world: and loves to enjoy himself, always; and, sometimes, his friend: and hath as full scope to his thoughts, as to his eyes. He walks ever even, in the midway betwixt hopes and fears: resolved, to fear nothing, but God; to hope for nothing, but that which he must have. He hath a wise and virtuous mind, in a serviceable body; which that better part affects, as a present servant and a future companion: so cherishing his flesh, as one that would scorn to be all flesh. He hath no enemies: not, for that all love him; but, because he knows to make a gain of malice. He is not so engaged to any earthly thing, that they two cannot part on even terms: there is neither laughter, in their meeting; nor, in their shaking of hands, tears. He keeps ever the best company; the God of Spirits, and the spirits of that God: whom he entertains continually, in an awful familiarity; not being hindered, either with too much light, or with none at all. His conscience and his hand are friends; and, what devil soever tempt him, will not fall out: that divine part goes ever uprightly and freely; not stooping under the burden of a willing sin, not fettered with the gieves of unjust scruples. He would not, if he could, run away from himself, or from God; not caring from whom he lies hid, so he may look these two in the face. Censures and applauses are passengers to him; not guests: his ear is their thoroughfare; not their harbour: he hath learned to fetch both his counsel and his sentence, from his own breast. He doth not lay weight upon his own shoulders; as one, that loves to torment himself, with the honour of much employment: but, as he makes work his game, so doth he not list to make himself work. His strife is ever to redeem, and not to spend time. It is his trade, to do good; and, to think of it, his recreation. He hath hands enow for himself and others: which are ever stretched forth, for beneficence; not for need. He walks cheerfully in the way that God hath chalked; and never wishes it more wide, or more smooth. Those very temptations, whereby he is foiled, strengthen him: he comes forth, crowned and triumphing, out of the spiritual battles; and those scars, that he hath, make him beautiful. His soul is every day dilated to receive that God

in whom he is; and hath attained to love himself for God, and God for his own sake. His eyes stick so fast in heaven, that no earthly object can remove them: yea, his whole self is there, before his time; and sees with Stephen, and hears with Paul, and enjoys with Lazarus, the glory that he shall have; and takes possession, beforehand, of his room amongst the Saints. And these heavenly contentments have so taken him up, that now he looks down displeasedly upon the earth, as the region of his sorrow and banishment: yet, joying more in hope than troubled with the sense of evils, he holds it no great matter to live, and his greatest business to die; and is so well acquainted with his last guest, that he fears no unkindness from him: neither makes he any other of dying than of walking home, when he is abroad; or of going to bed, when he is weary of the day. He is well provided for both worlds; and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart, and a cheerful face. All his fellow-creatures rejoice to serve him: his betters, the angels, love to observe him: God himself takes pleasure to converse with him; and hath Sainted him afore his death, and in his death crowned him.

CHARACTERISMS OF VICES.

BOOK II.

THE PROEM.

I HAVE shewed you many fair Virtues. I speak not for them: if their sight cannot command affection, let them lose it. They shall please yet better, after you have troubled your eyes a little with the view of Deformities; and, by how much more they please, so much more odious and like themselves, shall these Deformities appear. This light, contraries give to each other, in the midst of their enmity; that one makes the other seem more good or ill. Perhaps, in some of these (which thing I do at once fear and hate) my style shall seem to some less grave, more satyrical. If you find me, not without cause, jealous; let it please you to impute it to the nature of those vices, which will not be otherwise handled. The fashions of some evils are, besides the odiousness, ridiculous; which to repeat, is to seem bitterly merry. I abhor to make sport with wickedness; and forbid any laughter here, but of disdain. Hypocrisy shall lead this ring: worthily, I think, because both she cometh nearest to Virtue, and is the worst of Vices.

THE HYPOCRITE.

A HYPOCRITE is the worst kind of player, by so much as he acts the better part: which hath always two faces; oftimes, two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within; and, in the mean time, laughs within himself, to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder: in whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant: that hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul: whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee; worshipping that God, which, at home, he cares not for: while his eye is fixed on some window, on some passenger; and his heart knows not whither his lips go: he rises, and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity; commends the ancient. At church, he will ever sit where

he may be seen best; and, in the midst of the sermon, pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; when he writes, either his forgotten errand, or nothing: then, he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation; and folds the leaf, as if he had found it; and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it; whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises, invites, entertains with tedious good counsel, with good discourse, if it had come from an honester mouth. He can command tears, when he speaks of his youth; indeed because it is past, not because it was sinful: himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom. All his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, "Who sees me?" No alms, no prayers fall from him, without a witness; belike, lest God should deny, that he hath received them: and, when he hath done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury he builds a hospital; and harbours them, whom his extortion hath spoiled: so, while he makes many beggars, he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels; and cares not to undo the world, for a circumstance: flesh on a Friday is more abomination to him, than his neighbour's bed: he abhors more, not to uncover at the name of Jesus, than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him, he begs a copy, and persuades the press. There is nothing, that he dislikes in presence; that, in absence, he censures not. He comes to the sick bed of his stepmother, and weeps; when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street, with so clear a countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face; and shakes hands, with an indefinite invitation of "When will you come?" and, when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest: yet if that guest visit him unfeared, he counterfeits a smiling welcome; and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shews well, and says well; and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint; the neighbour's disease; the blot of goodness; a rotten stick, in a dark night; a poppy, in a corn field; an ill tempered candle, with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and, worse when an angel, than when a devil.

THE BUSY-BODY.

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs; yet ever, in pretence of love. No news can stir, but by his door: neither can he know that, which he must not tell. What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what suc-

cess, is familiar to him, ere it be concluded. No post can pass him, without a question; and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose him of tidings: and then to the next man he meets, he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off, with a succession of long parentheses; which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the others' ear were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders: and then falls upon the report of the Scottish Mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much, as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward, to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity, which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Sampson's foxes, carries firebrands: and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour, at another's board; to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition: so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no Act pass without his Comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, delatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick; but most of all to imperfections; which as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbours another man's servant; and, amidst his entertainment, asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth at their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests: and when he hath, by curious enquiries, extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on a new. He hates constancy, as an earthen dulness, unfit for men of spirit; and loves to change his work and his place: neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place, as every place is weary of him: for, as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look, how many masters he hath, so many enemies; neither is it possible, that any should not hate him, but who know him not. So, then, he labours, without thanks; talks, without credit; lives, without love; dies, without tears, without pity; save that some say, "It was pity he died no sooner."

THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

SUPERSTITION is godless religion, devout impiety. The superstitious is fond in observation, servile in fear: he worships God, but as he lists: he gives God what he asks not, more than he asks, and all but what he should give; and makes more sins, than the Ten Commandments. This man dares not stir forth, till his breast be crossed, and his face sprinkled. If but a hare cross him the way, he returns; or, if his journey began, unawares, on the dismal day; or, if he stumbled at the threshold. If he see a snake unkilled, he fears a mischief: if the salt fall towards him, he looks pale and red; and is not quiet, till one of the waiters have poured wine on his lap: and when he sneezeth, thinks them not his friends that uncover not. In the morning, he listens whether the crow crieth even or odd; and, by that token, presages of the weather. If he hear but a raven croak from the next roof, he makes his will; or if a bittour fly over his head by night: but, if his troubled fancy shall second his thoughts with the dream of a fair garden, or green rushes, or the salutation of a dead friend, he takes leave of the world, and says he cannot live. He will never set to sea but on a Sunday; neither ever goes without an Ezra Pater in his pocket. St. Paul's day, and St. Swithin's, with the Twelve, are his Oracles; which he dares believe, against the almanack. When he lies sick on his death-bed, no sin troubles him so much, as that he did once eat flesh on a Friday: no repentance can expiate that; the rest need none. There is no dream of his, without an interpretation, without a prediction; and, if the event answer not his exposition, he expounds it according to the event. Every dark grove and pictured wall strikes him with an awful, but carnal devotion. Old wives and stars are his counsellors: his night-spell is his guard; and charms, his physicians. He wears Paracelsian characters for the tooth-ache: and a little hallowed wax is his antidote for all evils. This man is strangely credulous; and calls impossible things, miraculous: if he hear that some sacred block speaks, moves, weeps, smiles, his bare feet carry him thither with an offering; and, if a danger miss him in the way, his Saint hath the thanks. Some ways, he will not go; and some, he dares not: either there are bugs, or he feigneth them: every lantern is a ghost, and every noise is of chains. He knows not why, but his custom is to go a little about, and to leave the cross still on the right-hand. One event is enough to make a rule: out of these rules he concludes fashions, proper to himself; and nothing can turn him out of his own course. If he have done his task, he is safe: it matters not, with what affection. Finally, if God would let him be the carver of his own obedience, he could not have a better subject: as he is, he cannot have a worse.

THE PROFANE.

The Superstitious hath too many Gods: the Profane man hath none at all; unless perhaps, himself be his own deity, and the world his heaven. To matter of religion, his heart is a piece of dead flesh; without feeling of love, of fear, of care, or of pain from the deaf strokes of a revenging conscience. Custom of sin hath wrought this senselessness; which now hath been so long entertained, that it pleads prescription, and knows not to be altered. This is no sudden evil: we are born sinful; but have made ourselves profane: through many degrees, we climb to this height of impiety. At first, he sinned; and cared not: now, he sinneth; and knoweth not. Appetite is his lord; and reason, his servant; and religion, his drudge. Sense is the rule of his belief; and, if piety may be an advantage, he can at once counterfeit and deride it. When ought succeedeth to him, he sacrifices to his nets; and thanks either his fortune or his wit; and will rather make a false God, than acknowledge the true: if contrary, he cries out of destiny; and blames him, to whom he will not be beholden. His conscience would fain speak with him, but he will not hear it; sets the day, but he disappoints it: and, when it cries loud for audience, he drowns the noise with good fellowship. He never names God, but in his oaths; never thinks of him, but in extremity: and then he knows not how to think of him, because he begins but then. He quarrels for the hard conditions of his pleasure, for his future damnation; and, from himself, lays all the fault upon his Maker: and, from his decree, fetcheth excuses of his wickedness. The inevitable necessity of God's counsel makes him desperately careless: so, with good food he poisons himself. Goodness is his minstrel: neither is any mirth so cordial to him, as his sport with God's fools. Every virtue hath his slander, and his jest to laugh it out of fashion; every vice, his colour. His usuallest theme is the boast of his young sins; which he can still joy in, though he cannot commit: and, if it may be, his speech makes him worse than he is. He cannot think of death with patience, without terror; which he therefore fears worse than hell, because this he is sure of, the other he but doubts of. He comes to Church, as to the Theatre, (saving that not so willingly,) for company, for custom, for recreation; perhaps, for sleep; or, to feed his eyes or his ears: as for his soul, he cares no more than if he had none. He loves none, but himself; and that, not enough to seek his true good: neither cares he, on whom he treads, that he may rise. His life is full of licence, and his practice of outrage. He is hated of God, as much as he hateth goodness; and differs little from a devil, but that he hath a body.

THE MALE-CONTENT.

He is neither well, full nor fasting; and, though he abound with complaints, yet nothing dislikes him but the present: for, what he

condemned while it was, once past he magnifies, and strives to recal it out of the jaws of time. What he hath, he seeth not; his eyes are so taken up with what he wants: and what he sees, he cares not for; because he cares so much for that, which is not. When his friend carves him the best morsel, he murmurs, That it is a happy feast, wherein each one may cut for himself. When a present is sent him, he asks "Is this all?" and "What! no better?" and so accepts it, as if he would have his friend know how much he is bound to him, for vouchsafing to receive it: it is hard to entertain him, with a proportionable gift: if nothing, he cries out of unthankfulness; if little, that he is basely regarded; if much, he exclaims of flattery, and expectation of a large requital. Every blessing hath somewhat to disparage and distaste it: children bring cares; single life is wild and solitary: eminency is envious; retiredness, obscure: fasting, painful; satiety, unwieldy: religion, nicely severe; liberty, is lawless: wealth, burdensome; mediocrity, contemptible: every thing faulteth, either in too much or too little. This man is ever headstrong and selfwilled; neither is he always tied to esteem or pronounce, according to reason: some things he must dislike, he knows not wherefore; but he likes them not; and, other where, rather than not censure, he will accuse a man of virtue. Every thing he meddleth with, he either findeth imperfect, or maketh so: neither is there any thing, that soundeth so harsh in his ear, as the commendation of another; whereto yet perhaps he fashionably and coldly assenteth, but with such an after-clause of exception, as doth more than mar his former allowance: and, if he list not to give a verbal disgrace, yet he shakes his head and smiles; as if his silence should say, "I could, and will not." And, when himself is praised without excess, he complains that such imperfect kindness hath not done him right. If but an unseasonable shower cross his recreation, he is ready to fall out with heaven; and thinks he is wronged, if God will not take His times, when to rain, when to shine. He is a slave to envy, and loseth flesh with fretting; not so much at his own infelicity, as at others' good: neither hath he leisure to joy in his own blessings, whilst another prospereth. Fain would he see some mutinies; but dare not raise them: and suffers his lawless tongue to walk through the dangerous paths of conceited alterations; but so, as, in good manners, he would rather thrust every man before him, when it comes to acting. Nothing, but fear, keeps him from conspiracies; and no man is more cruel, when he is not manacled with danger. He speaks nothing, but satires and libels; and lodgeth no guests in his heart, but rebels. The inconstant and he agree well in their felicity, which both place in change: but, herein they differ; the inconstant man affects that which will be, the male-content commonly that which was. Finally, he is a querulous cur, whom no horse can pass by without barking at; yea, in the deep silence of night, the very moonshine openeth his clamorous mouth: he is the wheel of a well-couched firework, that flies out on all sides, not without scorching itself. Every ear was, long ago, weary of

him; and he is now almost weary of himself: give him but a little respite, and he will die alone; of no other death, than others' welfare.

THE UNCONSTANT.

THE inconstant man treads upon a moving earth, and keeps no pace. His proceedings are ever heady and peremptory: for he hath not the patience to consult with reason; but determines merely upon fancy. No man is so hot in the pursuit of what he liketh; no man sooner weary. He is fiery in his passions, which yet are not more violent than momentary: it is a wonder, if his love or hatred last so many days as a wonder. His heart is the inn of all good motions; wherein if they lodge for a night, it is well: by morning they are gone, and take no leave; and, if they come that way again, they are entertained as guests, not as friends. At first, like another Ecebolius, he loved simple truth: thence diverting his eyes, he fell in love with idolatry; those heathenish shrines had never any more doting and besotted client: and now, of late, he is leaped from Rome to Munster, and is grown to giddy Anabaptism. What he will be next, as yet he knoweth not; but, ere he have wintered his opinion, it will be manifest. He is good to make an enemy of; ill, for a friend: because, as there is no trust in his affection, so no rancour in his displeasure. The multitude of his changed purposes brings with it forgetfulness; and not of others more than of himself. He says, swears, renounces; because, what he promised, he meant not long enough to make an impression. Herein alone he is good for a commonwealth, that he sets many on work, with building, ruining, altering; and makes more business, than time itself: neither is he a greater enemy to thrift, than to idleness. Propriety is to him enough cause of dislike: each thing pleases him better, that is not his own. Even in the best things, long continuance is a just quarrel: manna itself grows tedious with age; and novelty is the highest style of commendation to the meanest offers: neither doth he in books and fashions ask "How good?" but "How new?" Variety carries him away with delight; and no uniform pleasure can be without an irksome fulness. He is so transformable into all opinions, manners, qualities, that he seems rather made immediately of the first matter, than of well tempered elements; and therefore is, in possibility, any thing or every thing; nothing, in present substance. Finally, he is servile, in imitation; waxy, to persuasions; witty, to wrong himself; a guest, in his own house; an ape of others; and, in a word, any thing rather than himself.

THE FLATTERER.

FLATTERY is nothing but false friendship, fawning hypocrisy, dishonest civility, base merchandize of words, a plausible discord of

the heart and lips. The Flatterer is blear-eyed to ill, and cannot see vices; and his tongue walks ever in one track of unjust praises, and can no more tell how to discommend than to speak true. His speeches are full of wondering interjections; and all his titles are superlative; and both of them seldom ever but in presence. His base mind is well matched with a mercenary tongue, which is a willing slave to another man's ear: neither regardeth he how true, but how pleasing. His art is nothing but delightful cozenage; whose rules are smoothing and guarded with perjury; whose scope is, to make men fools in teaching them to over-value themselves, and to tickle his friends to death. This man is a porter of all good tales, and mends them in the carriage; one of fame's best friends, and his own; that helps to furnish her with those rumours, that may advantage himself. Conscience hath no greater adversary: for, when she is about to play her just part, of accusation, he stops her mouth with good terms; and well-near strangleth her with shifts. Like that subtle fish, he turns himself into the colour of every stone, for a booty. In himself he is nothing, but what pleaseth his Great-One; whose virtues he cannot more extol, than imitate his imperfections, that he may think his worst graceful: let him say it is hot, he wipes his forehead, and unbraceth himself; if cold, he shivers and calls for a warmer garment. When he walks with his friend, he swears to him, that no man else is looked at; no man talked of; and that, whomsoever he vouchsafes to look on and nod to, is graced enough: that he knoweth not his own worth, lest he should be too happy; and, when he tells what others say in his praise, he interrupts himself modestly, and dares not speak the rest: so his concealment is more insinuating, than his speech. He hangs upon the lips which he admireth, as if they could let fall nothing but oracles; and finds occasion to cite some approved sentence, under the name he honoureth; and, when ought is nobly spoken, both his hands are little enough to bless him. Sometimes, even in absence, he extolleth his patron, where he may presume of safe conveyance to his ears; and, in presence, so whispereth his commendation to a common friend, that it may not be unheard where he meant it. He hath salves for every sore, to hide them, not to heal them; complexion for every face. Sin hath not any more artificial broker, or more impudent bawd. There is no vice, that hath not from him his colour, his allurement; and his best service is either to further guiltiness, or smother it. If he grant evil things inexpedient, or crimes errors, he hath yielded much: either thy estate gives privilege of liberty, or thy youth; or, if neither, "What if it be ill, yet it is pleasant!" Honesty, to him, is nice singularity; repentance, superstitious melancholy; gravity, dulness; and all virtue, an innocent conceit of the base-minded. In short, he is the moth of liberal men's coats; the ear-wig of the mighty; the bane of courts; a friend and a slave to the trencher; and good for nothing, but to be a factor for the Devil.

THE SLOTHFUL.

He is a religious man, and wears the time in his cloister; and, as the cloak of his doing nothing, pleads contemplation: yet is he no whit the leaner for his thoughts; no whit learneder. He takes no less care how to spend time, than others how to gain by the expence; and, when business importunes him, is more troubled to forethink what he must do, than another to effect it. Summer is out of his favour for nothing but long days, that make no haste to their even. He loves still to have the sun witness of his rising; and lies long, more for lothness to dress him, than will to sleep: and, after some stretching and yawning, calls for dinner, unwashed; which having digested with a sleep in his chair, he walks forth to the bench in the market-place, and looks for companions: whomsoever he meets, he stays with idle questions and lingering discourse; how the days are lengthened; how kindly the weather is; how false the clock; how forward the spring; and ends ever with "What shall we do?" It pleases him no less to hinder others, than not to work himself. When all the people are gone from Church, he is left sleeping in his seat alone. He enters bonds; and forfeits them, by forgetting the day: and asks his neighbour, when his own field was fallowed, whether the next piece of ground belong not to himself. His care is either none, or too late: when winter is come, after some sharp visitations, he looks on his pile of wood, and asks how much was cropped the last spring. Necessity drives him to every action; and what he cannot avoid, he will yet defer. Every change troubles him, although to the better; and his dulness counterfeits a kind of contentment. When he is warned on a jury, he would rather pay the mulct, than appear. All but that, which nature will not permit, he doth by a deputy: and counts it troublesome to do nothing; but, to do any thing, yet more. He is witty in nothing, but framing excuses to sit still; which, if the occasion yield not, he coineth with ease. There is no work, that is not either dangerous or thankless; and whereof he foresees not the inconvenience and gainlessness, before he enters: which if it be verified in event, his next idleness hath found a reason to patronize it. He would rather freeze, than fetch wood: and chuses rather to steal, than work; to beg, than take pains to steal; and, in many things, to want, than beg. He is so loth to leave his neighbour's fire, that he is fain to walk home in the dark; and, if he be not looked to, wears out the night in the chimney-corner; or, if not that, lies down in his clothes to save two labours. He eats and prays himself asleep; and dreams of no other torment, but work. This man is a standing pool; and cannot chuse but gather corruption: he is descried, amongst a thousand neighbours, by a dry and nasty hand, that still savours of the sheet; a beard uncut, uncombed; an eye and ear, yellow with their excretions; a coat, shaken on, ragged, unbrushed; by linen and face striving whether shall excel in uncleanliness. For body, he hath a swoln leg, a

dusky and swinish eye, a blown cheek, a drawling tongue, a heavy foot, and is nothing but a colder earth moulded with standing water: to conclude, is a man in nothing, but in speech and shape.

THE COVETOUS.

He is a servant to himself; yea, to his servant: and doth base homage to that, which should be the worst drudge. A lifeless piece of earth is his master; yea, his god: which he shrines in his coffer, and to which he sacrifices his heart. Every face of his coin is a new image, which he adores with the highest veneration; yet takes upon him to be protector of that he worshippeth: which he fears to keep, and abhors to lose; not daring to trust either any other god, or his own. Like a true chemist, he turns every thing into silver; both what he should eat, and what he should wear: and that, he keeps to look on; not to use. When he returns from his field, he asks, not without much rage, what became of the loose crust in his cupboard, and who hath noted amongst his leeks. He never eats a good meal, but on his neighbour's trencher; and there he makes amends to his complaining stomach, for his former and future fasts. He bids his neighbours to dinner; and, when they have done, sends in a trencher for the shot. Once in a year, perhaps, he gives himself leave to feast; and, for the time, thinks no man more lavish: wherein he lists not to fetch his dishes from far; nor will be beholden to the shambles: his own provision shall furnish his board with an insensible cost; and, when his guests are parted, talks how much every man devoured, and how many cups were emptied, and feeds his family with the mouldy remnants a month after. If his servant break but an earthen dish for want of light, he abates it out of his quarter's wages. He chips his bread, and sends it back to exchange for staler. He lets money, and sells time for a price; and will not be importuned, either to prevent or defer his day; and, in the mean time, looks for secret gratuities, besides the main interest, which he sells and returns into the stock. He breeds of money, to the third generation: neither hath it sooner any being, than he sets it to beget more. In all things he affects secrecy and propriety: he grudgeth his neighbour the water of his well; and, next to stealing, he hates borrowing. In his short and unquiet sleeps, he dreams of thieves, and runs to the door, and names more men than he hath. The least sheaf he ever culls out for tithe; and to rob God holds it the best pastime, the clearest gain. This man cries out, above other, of the prodigality of our times; and tells of the thrift of our forefathers: how that great prince thought himself royally attired, when he bestowed thirteen shillings and four pence on half a suit: how one wedding gown served our grandmothers, till they exchanged it for a winding sheet: and praises plainness, not for less sin, but for less cost. For himself, he is still known by his forefathers' coat: which he means, with his blessing, to bequeath to the many descents of his heirs.

He neither would be poor, nor be accounted rich. No man complains so much of want; to avoid a subsidy: no man is so importunate in begging, so cruel in exaction: and, when he most complains of want, he fears that, which he complains to have. No way is indirect to wealth, whether of fraud or violence: gain is his godliness, which if conscience go about to prejudice, and grow troublesome by exclaiming against, he is condemned for a common barretor. Like another Ahab, he is sick of the next field; and thinks he is ill seated, while he dwells by neighbours. Shortly, his neighbours do not much more hate him, than he himself. He cares not, for no great advantage, to lose his friend: pine his body; damn his soul: and would dispatch himself, when corn falls; but that he is loth to cast away money on a cord.

THE VAIN-GLORIOUS.

All his humour rises up into the froth of ostentation; which, if it once settle, falls down into a narrow room. If the excess be in the understanding part, all his wit is in print: the press hath left his head empty; yea, not only what he had, but what he could borrow without leave. If his glory be in his devotion, he gives not an alms but on record; and, if he have once done well, God hears of it often: for, upon every unkindness, he is ready to upbraid him with his merits. Over and above his own discharge, he hath some satisfactions to spare for the common treasure. He can fulfil the law with ease, and earn God with superfluity. If he have bestowed but a little sum in the glazing, paving, parieting of God's house, you shall find it in the church-window. Or, if a more gallant humour possess him, he wears all his land on his back; and, walking high, looks over his left shoulder, to see if the point of his rapier follow him with a grace. He is proud of another man's horse; and, well mounted, thinks every man wrongs him, that looks not at him. A bare head in the street doth him more good, than a meal's meat. He swears big at an ordinary; and talks of the court with a sharp accent: neither vouchsafes to name any not honourable, nor those without some term of familiarity; and likes well to see the hearer look upon him amazedly; as if he said, "How happy is this man, that is so great with great ones!" Under pretence of seeking for a scroll of news, he draws out a handful of letters, indorsed with his own style, to the height; and, half reading every title, passes over the latter part, with a murmur; not without signifying, what lord sent this, what great lady the other, and for what suits: the last paper, as it happens, is his news from his honourable friend in the French Court. In the midst of dinner, his lacquey comes sweating in, with a sealed note from his creditor, who now threatens a speedy arrest; and whispers the ill news in his master's ear: when he aloud names a Counsellor of State, and professes to know the employment. The same messenger he calls, with an imperious nod; and, after expostulation, where he hath left his fellows, in his ear sends him

for some new spur-leathers, or stockings by this time footed; and, when he is gone half the room, recalls him, and saith aloud "It is no matter: let the greater bag alone till I come:" and, yet again calling him closer, whispers, so that all the table may hear, that if his crimson suit be ready against the day, the rest need no haste. He picks his teeth, when his stomach is empty; and calls for pheasants, at a common inn. You shall find him prizing the richest jewels and fairest horses, when his purse yields not money enough for earnest. He thrusts himself into the press, before some great ladies; and loves to be seen near the head of a great train. His talk is, how many mourners he furnished with gowns at his father's funerals, how many messes; how rich his coat is, and how ancient; how great his alliance; what challenges he hath made and answered; what exploits he did at Calais, or Nieuport; and, when he hath commended others' buildings, furnitures, suits, compares them with his own. When he hath undertaken to be the broker for some rich diamond, he wears it; and, pulling off his glove to stroke up his hair, thinks no eye should have any other object. Entertaining his friend, he chides his cook for no better cheer; and names the dishes he meant, and wants. To conclude, he is ever on the stage, and acts still a glorious part abroad; when no man carries a baser heart, no man is more sordid and careless, at home. He is a Spanish soldier on an Italian theatre; a bladder full of wind, a skin full of words; a fool's wonder, and a wise man's fool.

THE PRESUMPTUOUS.

PRESUMPTION is nothing but hope out of his wits; a high house, upon weak pillars. The presumptuous man loves to attempt great things, only because they are hard and rare: his actions are bold and venturous; and more full of hazard, than use. He hoisteth sail in a tempest; and saith, never any of his ancestors were drowned; he goes into an infected house; and says the plague dares not seize on noble blood: he runs on high battlements, gallops down steep hills, rides over narrow bridges, walks on weak ice; and never thinks, "What if I fall?" but, "What if I run over, and fall not?" He is a confident alchymist; and braggeth, that the womb of his furnace hath conceived a burden, that will do all the world good; which yet he desires secretly born, for fear of his own bondage: in the mean time, his glass breaks; yet he, upon better luting, lays wagers of the success, and promiseth wedges beforehand to his friend. He saith, "I will sin; and be sorry; and escape: either God will not see; or, not be angry; or, not punish it; or, remit the measure: if I do well, he is just to reward; if ill, he is merciful to forgive." Thus his praises wrong God, no less than his offence; and hurt himself, no less than they wrong God. Any pattern is enough to encourage him: shew him the way where any foot hath trod, he dares follow, although he see no steps returning: what if a thousand have attempted, and miscarried; if but one have prevailed, it sufficeth. He suggests

to himself false hopes of never too late; as if he could command either time or repentance: and dare defer the expectation of mercy, till betwixt the bridge and the water. Give him but where to set his foot, and he will remove the earth. He foreknows the mutations of states, the events of war, the temper of the seasons: either his old prophecy tells it him, or his stars. Yea, he is no stranger to the records of God's secret counsel; but he turns them over, and copies them out at pleasure. I know not whether, in all his enterprises, he shew less fear or wisdom; no man promises himself more, no man more believes himself. "I will go, and sell; and return, and purchase; and spend, and leave my sons such estates:" all which if it succeed, he thanks himself; if not, he blames not himself. His purposes are measured, not by his ability, but his will; and his actions, by his purposes. Lastly, he is ever credulous, in assent; rash, in undertaking; peremptory, in resolving; witless, in proceeding; and, in his ending, miserable; which is never other, than either the laughter of the wise, or the pity of fools.

THE DISTRUSTFUL.

The distrustful man hath his heart in his eyes, or in his hand: nothing is sure to him, but what he sees, what he handles. He is either very simple, or very false; and therefore believes not others, because he knows how little himself is worthy of belief. In spiritual things, either God must leave a pawn with him, or seek some other creditor. All absent things and unusual have no other, but a conditional entertainment: they are strange, if true. If he see two neighbours whisper in his presence, he bids them speak out; and charges them to say no more, than they can justify. When he hath committed a message to his servant, he sends a second after him, to listen how it is delivered. He is his own secretary, and of his own counsel, for what he hath, for what he purposeth; and, when he tells over his bags, looks through the key-hole, to see if he have any hidden witness, and asks aloud, "Who is there?" when no man hears him. He borrows money, when he needs not; for fear lest others should borrow of him. He is ever timorous, and cowardly; and asks every man's errand at the door, ere he opens. After his first sleep, he starts up, and asks if the furthest gate were barred; and, out of a fearful sweat, calls up his servant, and bolts the door after him; and then studies, whether it were better to lie still and believe, or rise and see. Neither is his heart fuller of fears, than his head of strange projects, and far-fetched constructions: "What means the state, think you, in such an action; and whither tends this course? Learn of me, if you know not: the ways of deep policies are secret, and full of unknown windings: that is their act; this will be their issue:" so, casting beyond the moon, he makes wise and just proceedings suspected. In all his predictions and imaginations, he ever lights upon the worst: not what is most likely will fall out, but what is most ill.

There is nothing, that he takes not with the left-hand; no text, which his gloss corrupts not. Words, oaths, parchments, seals, are but broken reeds: these shall never deceive him: he loves no payments, but real. If but one in an age have miscarried, by a rare casualty, he misdoubts the same event. If but a tile fallen from a high roof have brained a passenger, or the breaking of a coach-wheel have endangered the burden; he swears he will keep at home, or take him to his horse. He dares not come to Church, for fear of the crowd; nor spare the Sabbath's labour, for fear of want; nor come near the parliament house, because it should have been blown up: what might have been, affects him as much as what will be. Argue, vow, protest, swear; he hears thee, and believes himself. He is a sceptic; and dare hardly give credit to his senses, which he hath often arraigned of false intelligence. He so lives, as if he thought all the world were thieves, and were not sure whether himself were one. He is uncharitable, in his censures; unquiet, in his fears: bad enough, always; but, in his own opinion, much worse than he is.

THE AMBITIOUS.

Ambition is a proud covetousness; a dry thirst of honour; the longing disease of reason; an aspiring and gallant madness. The Ambitious climbs up high and perilous stairs, and never cares how to come down: the desire of rising hath swallowed up his fear of a fall. Having once cleaved, like a burr, to some great man's coat, he resolves not to be shaken off with any small indignities; and, finding his hold thoroughly fast, casts how to insinuate yet nearer: and therefore he is busy and servile in his endeavours to please, and all his officious respects turn home to himself. He can be at once a slave, to command; an intelligencer, to inform; a parasite, to sooth and flatter; a champion, to defend; an executioner, to revenge: any thing, for an advantage of favour. He hath projected a plot to rise; and woe be to the friend, that stands in his way. He still haunteth the court, and his unquiet spirit haunteth him: which, having fetched him from the secure peace of his country-rest, sets him new and impossible tasks; and, after many disappointments, encourages him to try the same sea in spite of his shipwrecks, and promises better success: a small hope gives him heart, against great difficulties; and draws on new expence, new servility; persuading him, like foolish boys, to shoot away a second shaft, that he may find the first: he yieldeth; and now, secure of the issue, applauds himself in that honour, which he still affecteth, still misseth; and, for the last of all trials, will rather bribe for a troublesome preferment, than return void of a title: but now, when he finds himself desperately crossed, and at once spoiled both of advancement and hope, both of fruition and possibility, all his desire is turned into rage; his thirst is now only of revenge; his tongue sounds of

nothing, but detraction and slander: now, the place he sought for is base, his rival unworthy, his adversary injurious, officers corrupt, court infectious; and how well is he, that may be his own man, his own master; that may live safely in a mean distance, at pleasure, free from starving, free from burning! but, if his designs speed well, ere he be warm in that seat, his mind is possessed of a higher: what he hath, is but a degree to what he would have: now, he scorneth what he formerly aspired to; his success doth not give him so much contentment, as provocation; neither can he be at rest, so long as he hath one, either to overlook, or to match, or to emulate him. When his country-friend comes to visit him, he carries him up to the awful presence: and now, in his sight, crowding nearer to the chair of state, desires to be looked on; desires to be spoken to by the greatest; and studies how to offer an occasion, lest he should seem unknown, unregarded; and, if any gesture of the least grace fall happily upon him, he looks back upon his friend, lest he should carelessly let it pass, without a note: and what he wanteth in sense, he supplies in history. His disposition is never but shamefully unthankful; for, unless he have all, he hath nothing. It must be a large draught, whereof he will not say, that those few drops do not slake, but inflame him: so still he thinks himself the worse for small favours. His wit so contrives the likely plots of his promotion, as if he would steal it away without God's knowledge, besides his will: neither doth he ever look up and consult in his forecasts, with the Supreme Moderator of all things; as one, that thinks honour is ruled by fortune, and that heaven meddleth not with the disposing of these earthly lots: and, therefore, it is just with that wise God to defeat his fairest hopes; and to bring him to a loss, in the hottest of his chase; and to cause honour to fly away so much the faster, by how much it is more eagerly pursued. Finally, he is an importunate suitor; a corrupt client; a violent undertaker; a smooth factor, but untrusty; a restless master of his own; a bladder puffed up with the wind of hope and self-love: he is in the common body, as a mole in the earth, ever unquietly casting; and, in one word, is nothing but a confused heap of envy, pride, covetousness.

THE UNTHRIFT.

He ranges beyond his pale, and lives without compass. His expence is measured, not by ability, but will. His pleasures are immoderate, and not honest. A wanton eye, a liquorish tongue, a gamesome hand have impoverished him. The vulgar sort call him bountiful; and applaud him, while he spends; and recompense him with wishes when he gives, with pity when he wants: neither can it be denied that he wrought true liberality, but overwent it: no man could have lived more laudably; if, when he was at the best, he had stayed there. While he is present, none of the wealthier guests may pay ought to the shot; without much

vehemency, without danger of unkindness. Use hath made it unpleasant to him, not to spend. He is, in all things, more ambitious of the title of good-fellowship, than of wisdom. When he looks into the wealthy chest of his father, his conceit suggests, that it cannot be emptied; and, while he takes out some deal every day, he perceives not any diminution; and, when the heap is sensiblyabated, yet still flatters himself with enough: one hand cozens the other, and the belly deceives both. He doth not so much bestow benefits, as scatter them: true merit doth not carry them, but smoothness of adulation. His senses are too much his guides, and his purveyors; and appetite is his steward. He is an impotent servant to his lusts; and knows not to govern, either his mind or his purse. Improvidence is ever the companion of unthriftiness. This man cannot look beyond the present; and neither thinks, nor cares what shall be; much less suspects what may be: and, while he lavishes out his substance in superfluities, thinks he only knows what the world is worth, and that others overprize it. He feels poverty, before he sees it; never complains, till he be pinched with wants: never spares, till the bottom; when it is too late, either to spend or recover. He is every man's friend, save his own; and then wrongs himself most, when he courteth himself with most kindness. He vies time with the slothful; and it is a hard match, whether chases away good hours to worse purpose: the one, by doing nothing; the other, by idle pastime. He hath so dilated himself with the beams of prosperity, that he lies open to all dangers; and cannot gather up himself, on just warning, to avoid a mischief. He were good for an almoner; ill, for a steward. Finally, he is the living tomb of his fore-fathers, of his posterity; and, when he hath swallowed both, is more empty than before he devoured them.

THE ENVIOUS.

He feeds on others' evils; and hath no disease, but his neighbours' welfare: whatsoever God do for him, he cannot be happy with company; and, if he were put to chuse, whether he would rather have equals in a common felicity, or superiors in misery, he would demur upon the election. His eye casts out too much; and never returns home, but to make comparisons with another's good. He is an ill prizer of foreign commodity; worse, of his own: for, that, he rates too high; this, under value. You shall have him ever enquiring into the estates of his equals and betters; wherein he is not more desirous to hear all, than loth to hear any thing overgood: and, if just report relate ought better than he would, he redoubles the question, as being hard to believe what he likes not; and hopes yet, if that be averred again to his grief, that there is somewhat concealed in the relation, which, if it were known, would argue the commended party miserable, and blemish him with secret shame. He is ready to quarrel with God, because the next field is fairer grown; and angrily calculates his cost, and

time, and tillage. Whom he dares not openly backbite, nor wound with a direct censure, he strikes smoothly, with an over-cold praise: and, when he sees that he must either maliciously oppugn the just praise of another (which were unsafe), or approve it by assent, he yieldeth; but shews, withal, that his means were such, both by nature and education, that he could not, without much neglect be less commendable: so, his happiness shall be made the colour of detraction. When a wholesome law is propounded, he crosseth it, either by open or close opposition: not for any incommodity or inexpedience; but because it proceeded from any mouth, besides his own: and it must be a cause rarely plausible, that will not admit some probable contradiction. When his equal should rise to honour, he strives against it, unseen; and rather, with much cost, suborneth great adversaries: and, when he sees his resistance vain, he can give a hollow gratulation, in presence; but, in secret, disparages that advancement: either the man is unfit for the place, or the place for the man; or, if fit, yet less gainful, or more common than opinion: whereto he adds, that himself might have had the same dignity upon better terms, and refused it. He is witty, in devising suggestions to bring his rival, out of love, into suspicion: if he be courteous, he is seditiously popular; if bountiful, he binds over his clients to a faction; if successful in war, he is dangerous in peace; if wealthy, he lays up for a day; if powerful, nothing wants but opportunity of rebellion: his submission, is ambitious hypocrisy; his religion, politic insinuation: no action is safe from a jealous construction. When he receives an ill report of him, whom he emulates; he saith, "Fame is partial, and is wont to blanch mischiefs;" and pleaseth himself with hope to find it worse: and, if ill-will have dispersed any more spiteful narration, he lays hold on that, against all witnesses; and broacheth that rumour for truth, because worst: and, when he sees him perfectly miserable, he can, at once, pity him and rejoice. What himself cannot do, others shall not: he hath gained well, if he have hindered the success of what he would have done, and could not. He conceals his best skill, not so as it may not be known that he knows it, but so as it may not be learned; because he would have the world miss him. He attained to a sovereign medicine, by the secret legacy of a dying empiric; whereof he will leave no heir, lest the praise should be divided. Finally, he is an enemy to God's favours, if they fall beside himself; the best nurse of ill fame; a man of the worst diet, for he consumes himself, and delights in pining; a thorn-hedge, covered with nettles; a peevish interpreter of good things; and no other, than a lean and pale carcase, quickened with a fiend.

EPISTLES:

THE FIRST VOLUME; CONTAINING II. DECADS.

BY JOSEPH HALL.

TO THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE, HENRY,

PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN, SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO OUR SOVEREIGN LORD, JAMES, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

ALL GLORY IN EITHER WORLD.

MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE:

IT is not from any conceit of such worth in my labours, that they durst look so high. A lower patronage would have served a higher work. It were well, if ought of mine could be worthy of popular eyes; or, if I could wring ought from myself, not unworthy of a judicious reader. I know your Highness wants neither presents, nor counsels: presents from strangers, counsels from your teachers; neither of them matchable by my weakness: only duty herein excuses me from presumption. For, I thought it injustice to devote the fruit of my labour, to any other hand beside my Master's: which also I knew to be as gracious, as mine is faithful.

Yet, since even good affections cannot warrant too much vileness in gifts to Princes, lest, while my modesty disparages my work, I should hazard the acceptation; here shall your Grace find variety, not without profit. I hate a Divine, that would but please; and, withal, think it impossible for a man to profit, that pleaseth not. And if, while my style fixeth itself upon others, any spiritual profit shall reflect upon your Highness, how happy am I; who shall ever think. I have lived to purpose, if, by the best of my studies, I shall have done any good office to your soul! Further, which these times account not the least praise, your Grace shall herein perceive a new fashion of discourse, by Epistles; new to our language, usual to others: and, as novelty is never without some plea of use, more free, more familiar. Thus, we do but talk with our friends by our pen, and express ourselves no whit less easily; somewhat more digestedly.

Whatsoever it is, as it cannot be good enough to deserve that countenance; so, the countenance of such patronage shall make it worthy of respect from others. The God of Princes protect your person; perfect your graces; and give you as much favour in heaven, as you have honour on earth.

Your Highness' humbly devoted servant,

JOSEPH HALL.

THE FIRST DECADE.

EPISTLE I.

TO JACOB WADSWORTH,

LATELY REVOLTED, IN SPAIN.

Expostulating for his Departure, and persuading his Return.

How unhappily is my style changed! Alas, that to a friend, to a brother, I must write as to an apostate, to an adversary!

Doth this seem harsh? you have turned it, by being turned, yourself. Once, the same walls held us, in one loving society; the same diocese, in one honourable function: now, not one land; and, which I lament, not one Church.

You are gone: we stand, and wonder. For a sheep to stray through simplicity, is both ordinary and lamentable; but, for a shepherd is more rare, more scandalous.

I dare not presume over much, upon an appeal to a blinded conscience. Those, that are newly come from a bright candle into a dark room, are so much more blind, as their light was greater; and the purest ivory turneth, with fire, into the deepest black.

Tell us yet, by your old ingenuity, and by those sparks of good which yet, I hope, lie covered under your cold ashes; tell us, What divided you? Your motives shall once be scanned, before a higher bar: shame not to have the weak eyes of the world see that, which once your undeceivable Judge shall see, and censure. What saw you, what heard you anew, that might offer violence to a resolved mind; and make it either to alter, or suspend? If your reasons be invincible; inform us, that we may follow you: but if, as they are, slight and feeble; return you to us: return, and think it no shame, to have erred; just shame, to continue erring. What such goodly beauty saw you in that painted, but ill-favoured strumpet, that should thus bewitch you so to forget yourself, and contemn the chaste love of the Spouse of your Saviour? I saw her, at the same time, in her gayest dress: let my soul never prosper, if I could see any thing worthy to command affection. I saw; and scorned: you saw; and adored. Would God, your adoration were as far from superstition, as my scorn from impiety! That

God judge betwixt us, whether herein erred: yea, let men judge, that are not drunk with those Babylonish dregs.

How long might an indifferent eye look upon the comical and mimic actions, in those your mysteries that should be sacred; your magical exorcisms; your clerical shavings; your uncleanly unctions; your crossings, creepings, censings, sprinklings; your cozening miracles, garish processions, burning of noon-day, christening of bells, marting of pardons, tossing of beads; your superstitious hallowing of candles, wax, ashes, palms, chrism, garments, roses, swords, water, salt; the pontifical solemnities of your great master; and whatever your new mother hath, besides, plausible; before he should see ought, in all these, worthy of any other entertainment, than contempt! Who can but disdain, that these things should procure any wise proselyte?

Cannot your own memory recount those truly religious spirits, which, having sought Rome as resolved Papists, have left the world as holy Martyrs; dying, for the detestation of that, which they came to adore? Whence this? They heard, and magnified that; which they now saw, and abhorred. Their fire of zeal brought them to the flames of martyrdom. Their innocent hopes promised them religion; they found nothing but a pretence: promised devotion; and behold idolatry. They saw, hated, suffered, and now reign: while you, wilfully and unbidden, will lose your soul, where others meant to lose, and have found it. Your zeal dies, where theirs began to live: you like to live, where they would but die. They shall comfort us, for you: they shall once stand up, against you. While they would rather die in the heat of that fire, than live in the darkness of their errors; you rather die in the Egyptian darkness of errors, than live in the pleasant light of truth: yea, I fear, rather in another fire, than this light.

Alas! what shall we look for of you? too late repentance, or obstinate error? both miserable: a Spira, or a Staphylus? Your friends, yourself, shall wish you rather unborn, than either.

O thou, which art the Great Shepherd, great in power, great in mercy, which leavest the ninety and nine to reduce one, fetch home, if thy will be, this thy forlorn charge: fetch him home, drive him home to thy fold; though by shame, though by death: let him once recover thy Church, thou him; it is enough.

Our common Mother I know not whether more pities your loss, or disdains thus to be robbed of a son: not for the need of you; but her own piety, her own love: for, how many troops of better informed souls hath she, every day, returning into her lap; now breathing from their late antichristianism, and embracing her knees upon their own! She laments you: not for that she fears she shall miss you; but, for that she knows you shall want her. See you her tears; and do but pity yourself, as much as she you.

And, from your Mother to descend to your Nurse; Is this the fruit of such education? Was not your youth spent in a society of such comely order, strict government, wise laws, religious care (it was ours: yet, let me praise it, to your shame) as may justly

challenge, after all brags, either Rhemes; or Doway; or if your Jesuits have any other den, more cleanly, and more worthy of ostentation. And could you come out fresh and unseasoned, from the midst of those salt waves? Could all those heaven'ly showers fall beside you; while you, like a Gideon's fleece, want moisture? Shall none of those divine principles, which your youth seemed to drink in, check you in your new errors?

Alas! how unlike are you to yourself, to your name! Jacob wrestled with an angel; and prevailed: you grapple but with a Jesuit; and yield. Jacob supplanted his brother: an Esau hath supplanted you. Jacob changed his name for a better, by his valiant resistance: you, by your cowardly yielding, have lost your own. Jacob strove with God, for a blessing: I fear to say it, you against him, for a curse: for, no common measure of hatred, nor ordinary opposition, can serve a revolter: either you must be desperately violent, or suspected.

The Mighty One of Israel, for he can do it, raise you, fallen; return you, wandered; and give you grace, at last, to shame the Devil, to forsake your stepmother, to acknowledge your true parent, to satisfy the world, to save your own soul. If otherwise; I will say of you, as Jeremiah of his Israelites, if not rather with more indignation, *My soul shall weep in secret, for your revolt; and mine eyes shall drop down tears, because one of the Lord's flock is carried away captive.*

EPISTLE II.

TO MY LORD AND PATRON, THE LORD DENNY,

BARON OF WALTHAM.

Of the Contempt of the World.

MY LORD:

My tongue, my pen, and my heart, are all your servants. When you cannot hear me, through distance; you must see me, in my letters.

You are now in the senate of the kingdom; or, in the concourse of the city; or, perhaps, though more rarely, in the royal face of the court: all of them places, fit for your place. From all these, let me call off your mind to her home above: and, in the midst of business, shew you rest: if I may not rather commend, than admonish; and, beforehand, confess my counsel superfluous, because your holy forwardness hath prevented it. You can afford these, but half of yourself: the better part is better bestowed: your soul is still retired, and reserved. You have learned to vouchsafe these worldly things, use, without affection: and know to

distinguish wisely, betwixt a Stoical dulness and a Christian contempt; and have long made the world, not your god, but your slave.

And, in truth, that I may loose myself into a bold and free discourse, what other respect is it worthy of? I would adore it on my face, if I could see any majesty, that might command veneration. Perhaps, it loves me not so much, as to shew me his best. I have sought it enough: and have seen what others have doted on; and wondered at their madness. So may I look to see better things above, as I never could see ought here, but vanity and vileness.

What is fame, but smoke? and metal, but dross? and pleasure, but a pill in sugar? Let some gallants condemn this, as the voice of a melancholic scholar: I speak that, which they shall feel, and shall confess. Though I never was so, I have seen some as happy as the world could make them; and yet I never saw any more discontented: their life hath been neither longer nor sweeter, nor their heart lighter, nor their meals heartier, nor their nights quieter, nor their cares fewer, nor their complaints. Yea, we have known some, that have lost their mirth, when they have found wealth; and, at once, have ceased to be merry and poor. All these earthly delights, if they were sound, yet how short they are! and, if they could be long, yet how unsound! If they were sound, they are but as a good day between two agues, or a sun-shine betwixt two tempests: and, if they were long, their honey is exceeded by their gall. This ground bears none but maples, hollow and fruitless; or, like the banks of the dead sea, a fair apple, which, under a red side, contains nothing but dust. Every flower in this garden either pricks, or smells ill: if it be sweet, it hath thorns; and, if it have no thorns, it annoys us with an ill scent.

Go then, ye wise idolatrous Parasites, and erect shrines, and offer sacrifices to your god, the world; and seek to please him, with your base and servile devotions: it shall be long enough, ere such religion shall make you happy: you shall, at last, forsake those altars, empty and sorrowful.

How easy is it for us Christians, thus to insult over the worldling, that thinks himself worthy of envy! how easy, to turn off the world with a scornful repulse; and, when it makes us the Devil's proffer, *All these will I give thee*, to return Peter's answer, *Thy silver and thy gold perish with thee!* how easy, to account none so miserable, as those, that are rich with injury; and grow great, by being conscious of secret evils! Wealth and honour, when it comes upon the best terms, is but vain; but, when upon ill conditions, burdensome: when they are at the best, they are scarce friends; but, when at the worst, tormentors. Alas! how ill agrees a gay coat, and a festered heart! what avails a high title, with a hell in the soul? I admire the faith of Moses; but, presupposing his faith, I wonder not at his choice. He preferred the afflictions of Israel, to the pleasures of Egypt; and chose rather to eat the lamb, with sour herbs, than all their flesh pots. For, how much bet-

ter is it to be miserable than guilty! and what comparison is there, betwixt sorrow and sin? If it were possible, let me be rather in hell without sin, than on earth wickedly glorious. But, how much are we bound to God, that allows us earthly favours, without this opposition! That God hath made you at once honourable and just, and your life pleasant and holy, and hath given you a high state with a good heart; are favours, that look for thanks. These must be acknowledged, not rested in. They are yet higher thoughts, that must perfect your contentment.

What God hath given you, is nothing to that he means to give: he hath been liberal; but he will be munificent: this is not so much as the taste of a full cup. Fasten your eyes upon your future glory, and see how meanly you shall esteem these earthly graces: here, you command but a little pittance of mould, great indeed to us, little to the whole; there, whole heaven shall be yours: here, you command, but as a subject; there, you shall reign as a king: here, you are observed, but sometimes with your just distaste; there, you shall reign with peace and joy: here, you are noble among men; there, glorious amongst angels: here, you want not honour, but you want not crosses; there, is nothing but felicity: here, you have some short joys; there, is nothing but eternity: you are a stranger, here; there, at home: here, Satan tempts you, and men vex you; there, saints and angels shall applaud you, and God shall fill you with himself: in a word, you are only blessed here, for that you shall be.

These are thoughts worthy of greatness: which, if we suffer either employments or pleasures to thrust out of our doors, we do wilfully make ourselves comfortless. Let these still season your mirth, and sweeten your sorrows; and ever interpose themselves, betwixt you and the world. These only can make your life happy, and your death welcome.

EPISTLE III.

TO MY LORD HAY, H. and P

Of True Honour.

MY LORD:

It is safe to complain of nature, where grace is; and to magnify grace, where it is at once had and affected. It is a fault of nature, and not the least, that as she hath dim eyes, so they are misplaced: she looks still, either forward, or downward; forward to the object she desires, or downward to the means: never turns her eyes, either backward, to see what she was; or upward, to the cause of her good: whence, it is just with God, to withhold what he would

give, or to curse that which he bestows; and to besot carnal minds with outward things, in their value, in their desire, in their use. Whereas, true wisdom hath clear eyes, and right set; and therefore sees an invisible hand in all sensible events, effecting all things, directing all things to their due end; sees on whom to depend, whom to thank. Earth is too low, and too base, to give bounds unto a spiritual sight. No man, then, can truly know what belongs to wealth or honour, but the gracious; either how to compass them, or how to prize them, or how to use them.

I care not how many thousand ways there are to seeming honour, besides this of virtue; they all, if more, still lead to shame: or, what plots are devised to improve it; if they were as deep as hell, yet their end is loss. As there is no counsel against God; so there is no honour without him. He inclines the hearts of princes, to favour; the hearts of inferiors, to applause. Without him, the hand cannot move to success; nor the tongue to praise: and what is honour, without these? In vain doth the world frown upon the man, whom he means to honour; or smile, where he would disgrace.

Let me then tell your Lordship, who are favourites in the Court of Heaven; even while they wander on earth: yea, let the Great King himself tell you, *Those, that honour me, I will honour*. That men have the grace to give honour to God, is a high favour: but, because men give honour to God, as their duty; that, therefore, God should give honour to men, is to give because he hath given. It is a favour of God, that man is honoured of man like himself; but, that God alloweth of our endeavours as honour to himself, is a greater favour than that, wherewith he requites it. This is the goodness of our God: the man, that serves him, honours him; and whosoever honours him with his service, is crowned with honour.

I challenge all times, places, persons: who ever honoured God, and was neglected? who wilfully dishonoured him, and prospered? Turn over all records, and see how success ever blessed the just, after many dangers, after many storms of resistance; and left their conclusion glorious: how all godless plots, in their loose, have at once deceived, shamed, punished their author. I go no further: your own breast knows, that your happy experience can herein justify God. The world hath noted you for a follower of virtue; and hath seen how fast honour followed you: while you sought favour with the God of Heaven, he hath given you favour with his deputy on earth.

God's former actions are patterns of his future: he teaches you what he will do, by what he hath done. Unless your hand be weary of offering service, he cannot either pull in his hand from rewarding, or hold it out empty. Honour him still, and God pawns his honour, on not failing you. You cannot distrust him, whom your proof hath found faithful. And, while you settle your heart in this right course of true glory; laugh, in secret scorn, at the idle endeavours of those men, whose policies would out-reach

God, and seize upon honour without his leave: God laughs at them, in heaven: it is a safe and holy laughter, that follows his. And, pity the preposterous courses of them, which make religion but a footstool to the seat of advancement; which care for all things, but heaven; which make the world their standing mark, and do not so much as rove at God. Many had sped well, if they had begun well, and proceeded orderly.

A false method is the bane of many hopeful endeavours. God bids us seek, first, his kingdom; and earthly things shall find us, unsought. Foolish nature first seeks the world: and, if she light on God by the way, it is more than she expects, desires, cares for; and therefore fails of both, because she seeks neither aright. Many had been great, if they had cared to be good; which now are crossed in what they would, because they willed not what they ought. If Solomon had made wealth his first suit, I doubt he had been both poor and foolish: now, he asked wisdom, and gained greatness: because he chose well, he received what he asked not. O the bounty and fidelity of our God! because we would have the best, he gives us all: earth shall wait upon us, because we attend upon heaven.

Go on then, my Lord, go on happily to love religion, to practise it: let God alone with the rest. Be you a Pattern of Virtue: he shall make you a Precedent of Glory. Never man lost ought, by giving it to God: that liberal hand returns our gifts, with advantage. Let men, let God see, that you honour him; and they shall hear him proclaim before you, *Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King will honour.*

EPISTLE IV.

TO MR. NEWTON,

TUTOR TO THE PRINCE.

Of Gratulation, for the Hopes of our Prince; with an advising Apprecation.

SIR:

God hath called you to a great and happy charge: you have the custody of our common treasure. Neither is there any service comparable to this of yours; whether we regard God, or the world. Our labours, oftimes, bestowed upon many, scarce profit one: yours, bestowed upon one, redounds to the profit of many millions. This is a summary way of obliging all the world to you.

I encourage you not in your care: you have more comfort in the success of it, than all words can give you. The very subject

of your pains would give a heart to him that hath none. I rather congratulate, with you, our common happiness, and the hopes of posterity, in that royal and blessed issue. You have best cause to be the best witness, of the rare forwardness of our gracious master: and I have seen enough, to make me think I can never be enough thankful to God for him.

That princes are fruitful, is a great blessing; but, that their children are fruitful in grace, and not more eminent in place than virtue, is the greatest favour God can do to a state. The goodness of a private man is his own; of a prince, the whole world's. Their words are maxims; their actions, examples; their examples, rules.

When I compare them with their royal father, as I do oft and cheerfully, I cannot say whether he be more happy in himself, or in them. I see, both in him and them, I see and wonder, that God distributes to natural princes gifts, proportionable to their greatness. That wise Moderator of the World knows, what use is of their parts: he knows, that the head must have all the senses, that pertain to the whole body: and how necessary it is, that inferiors should admire them no less for the excellency of their graces, than for the sway of their authority. Whereupon it is, that he gives heroical qualities to princes: and, as he hath bestowed upon them his own name; so also he gives them special stamps of his own glorious image.

Amongst all other virtues, what a comfort is it, to see those years and those spirits stoop so willingly to devotion! Religion is grown too severe a mistress, for young and high courages to attend. Very rare is that nobility of blood, that doth not challenge liberty; and that liberty, that ends not in looseness. Lo, this example teacheth our gallants, how well even majesty can stand with homage; majesty to men, with homage to God.

Far be it from me, to do that, which my next clause shall condemn: but, I think it safe to say, that seldom ever those years have promised, seldom have performed so much. Only, God keep two mischiefs ever from within the smoke of his court; Flattery, and Treachery: the iniquity of times may make us fear these; not his inclination: for, whether as English or as Men, it hath been ever familiar to us, to fawn upon princes. Though, what do I bestow two names upon one vice, but attired in two sundry suits of evil? for, Flattery is no other, than gilded Treason; nothing else, but poison in gold. This evil is more tame; not less dangerous. It had been better for many great ones, not to have been, than to have been in their conceits more than men. This, Flattery hath done: and what can it not? that other, Treachery, spills the blood; this, the virtues of princes: that takes them from others; this bereaves them of themselves: that, in spite of the actors, doth but change their crown; this steals it from them for ever.

Who can but wonder, that reads of some, not unwise, princes, so bewitched with the enchantments of their parasites, that they have thought themselves gods immortal; and have suffered them-

selves so styled, so adored? Neither temples, nor statues, nor sacrifices have seemed too much glory to the greatness of their self-love. Now, none of all their actions could be either evil or unbeseeming: nothing could proceed from them, worthy of censure, unworthy of admiration: their very spots have been beauty; their humours, justice; their errors, witty; their paradoxes, divine; their excesses, heroical. O the damnable servility of false minds; which persuade others of that, which themselves laugh to see believed! O the dangerous credulity of self-love, which entertains all advantages if never so evil, never so impossible!

How happy a service shall you do to this whole world of ours, if you shall still settle in that princely mind a true apprehension of himself: and shall teach him, to take his own height aright; and, even from his childhood, to hate a parasite, as the worst traitor: to break those false glasses, that would present him a face not his own: to applaud plain truth, and bend his brows upon excessive praises! Thus affected, he may bid vice do her worst. Thus, shall he strive with virtue, whether shall more honour each other. Thus, sincere and solid glory shall, every where, follow and crown him. Thus, when he hath but his due, he shall have so much, that he shall scorn to borrow the false colours of adulation. Go on happily, in this worthy and noble employment. The work cannot but succeed, that is furthered with so many prayers.

EPISTLE V.

TO SIR THOMAS CHALLONER.

A Report of some Observations in my Travel.

SIR:

BESIDE my hopes, not my desires, I travelled of late: for knowledge, partly; and, partly, for health. There was nothing, that made not my journey pleasant, save the labour of the way: which yet was so sweetly deceived, by the society of Sir Edmund Bacon, a Gentleman truly honourable beyond all titles, that I found small cause to complain.

The sea brooked not me, nor I it; an unquiet element, made only for wonder and use, not for pleasure. Alighted once from that wooden conveyance and uneven way, I bethought myself how fondly our life is committed to an unsteady and reeling piece of wood, fickle winds, restless waters; while we may set foot, on steadfast and constant earth.

Lo, then every thing taught me, every thing delighted me: so ready are we to be affected with those foreign pleasures, which, at

home, we should overlook. I saw much, as one might in such a span of earth, in so few months. The time favoured me: for, now newly had the key of peace opened those parts, which war had before closed; closed, I say, to all English, save either fugitives or captives. All civil occurrences; as what fair cities, what strange fashions, entertainment, dangers, delights we found; are fit for other ears, and winter evenings: what I noted, as a divine, within the sphere of my profession, my paper shall not spare, in some part, to report; and that to yourself, which have passed a longer way, with more happy fruit of observation. Even little streams empty themselves into great rivers; and they, again, into the sea. Neither do I desire to tell you, what you know not: it shall be sufficient, that I relate ought, which others shall think memorable.

Along our way, how many churches saw we demolished! Nothing left, but rude heaps, to tell the passenger, there had been both devotion and hostility. Oh, the miserable footsteps of war, besides bloodshed, ruin and desolation! Fury hath done that there, which Covetousness would do with us; would do, but shall not: the truth within, shall save the walls without. And, to speak truly, whatever the vulgar exclaim, idolatry pulled down those walls; not rage. If there had been no Hollander to raze them, they should have fallen alone; rather than hide so much impiety, under their guilty roof. These are spectacles, not so much of cruelty, as justice; cruelty of man, justice of God.

But, which I wondered at, Churches fall, and Jesuits' Colleges rise, every where: there is no city, where those are not either rearing or built. Whence cometh this? Is it, for that devotion is not so necessary, as policy? Those men, as we say of the fox, fare best, when they are most cursed: none, so much spited of their own; none, so hated of all; none, so opposed by ours: and yet these ill weeds grow. Whosoever lives long, shall see them feared of their own, which now hate them; shall see these seven lean kine devour all the fat beasts, that feed on the meadows of Tiber. I prophesy, as Pharaon dreamed: the event shall justify my confidence.

At Bruxilles*, I saw some Englishwomen profess themselves Vestals; with a thousand rites; I know not whether more ridiculous, or magical. Poor souls! they could not be fools enough at home. It would have made you to pity, laugh, disdain, I know not which more, to see, by what cunning slights and fair pretences, that weak sex was fetched into a wilful bondage: and, if those two can agree, willingly constrained to serve a master, whom they must and cannot obey; whom they neither may forsake for their vow, nor can please for their frailty. What follows hence? Late sorrow, secret mischief, misery irremediable. Their forwardness for will-worship, shall condemn our coldness for truth.

I talked there, in more boldness perhaps than wisdom, with Costerus, a famous Jesuit; an old man, more testy than subtle,

* Brussels. EDITOR.

and more able to wrangle than satisfy. Our discourse was long and roving; and, on his part, full both of words and vehemency. He spake, as at home; I, as a stranger: yet so, as he saw me modestly peremptory. The particulars would swell my letter too much: it is enough, that the truth lost less, than I gained.

At Gaunt *, a city that commands reverence for age and wonder for the greatness, we fell upon a Capuchin Novice, which wept bitterly, because he was not allowed to be miserable. His head had now felt the razor; his back, the rod: all that Laconical discipline pleased him well; which another, being condemned to, would justly account a torment. What hindered then? Piety, to his mother, would not permit this, which he thought piety to God. He could not be a willing beggar, unless his mother must beg unwillingly. He was the only heir of his father, the only stay of his mother: the comfort of her widowhood depended on this her orphan; who now, naked, must enter into the world of the Capuchins, as he came first into this; leaving his goods to the division of the fraternity: the least part whereof should have been her's, whose he wished all. Hence those tears, that repulse. I pitied his ill-bestowed zeal; and rather wished, than durst, teach him more wisdom. These men for devout, the Jesuits for learned and pragmatical, have engrossed all opinion, from other Orders. O hypocrisy! No Capuchin may take or touch silver: for these are, you know, the quintessence of Franciscan spirits. This metal is as very an anathema to these, as the wedge of gold to Achan: at the offer whereof he starts back, as Moses from the serpent: yet, he carries a boy with him, that takes and carries it; and never complains, of either metal or measure. I saw, and laughed at it; and, by this open trick of hypocrisy, suspected more, more close. How could I choose? while, commonly, the least appears of that which is; especially of that which is loathsome in appearance, much more in nature. At Namur, on a pleasant and steep hill-top, we found one, that was termed a married hermit; approving his wisdom above his fellows, that could make choice of so cheerful and sociable a solitariness.

Whence, after a delightful passage up the sweet river Mosa †, we visited the populous and rich clergy of Leodium ‡. That great city might well be dichotomized into cloisters and hospitals. If I might adventure, I could here play the critic; after all the ruins of my neglected philology. Old monuments, and after them our Lipsius, call this people Eburones. I doubt whether it should not rather be written Ebriones; yet, without search of any other records, save my own eyes: while yet I would those streets were more moist with wine, than with blood; wherein no day, no night is not dismal to some. No law, no magistrate lays hold on the known murderer, if himself list: for, three days after his fact, the gates are open, and justice shut: private violence may pursue him; public justice cannot: whence, some of more hot temper carve them-

* Chent. EDIT. † The Maes. EDIT. ‡ Liege. EDIT.

selves of revenge; others take up with a small pecuniary satisfaction. O England, thought I, happy for justice, happy for security! There, you shall find, in every corner, a maumet; at every door, a beggar; in every dish, a priest.

From thence we passed to the Spa, a village famous for her medicinal and mineral waters, compounded of iron and copperas; the virtue whereof yet the simple inhabitant ascribes to their beneficial Saint, whose heavy foot hath made an ill-shaped impression, in a stone of his Savenir *; a water more wholesome than pleasant, and yet more famous than wholesome.

The wide deserts, on which it borders, are haunted with three kinds of ill cattle; freebooters, wolves, witches: although these two last are ofttimes one. For, that savage Ardenna is reputed to yield many of those monsters, whom the Greeks call Λυκάνθρωπες; they, Lougarous; we, if you will, Witch-wolves: witches, that have put on the shape of those cruel beasts. We saw a boy there, whose half-face was devoured by one of them, near the village: yet so, as that the ear was rather cut, than bitten off. Not many days before our coming, at Limburgh, was executed one of those miscreants, who confessed, on the wheel, to have devoured two and forty children in that form. It would ask a large volume, to scan this problem of lycanthropy. The reasons, wherewith their relation furnished me, on both parts, would make an epistle tedious. This, in short, I resolved: a substantial change is above the reach of all infernal powers; proper to the same hand, that created the substance of both: herein the Devil plays the double sophister; yea, the sorcerer with sorcerers: he both deludes the witch's conceit, and the beholders' eyes.

One thing I may not omit, without sinful oversight; a short, but memorable story, which the Greffier of that town, though of different religion, reported to more ears than ours. When the last Inquisition tyrannized in those parts, and helped to spend the faggots of Ardenna; one of the rest, a confident Confessor, being led far to his stake, sung psalms along the way, in a heavenly courage and victorious triumph. The cruel officer, envying his last mirth, and grieving to see him merrier than his tormentors, commanded him silence: he sings still, as desirous to improve his last breath to the best: the view of his approaching glory, bred his joy: his joy breaks forth into a cheerful confession. The enraged Sheriff causes his tongue, drawn forth to the length, to be cut off near the roots. Bloody wretch! It had been good music, to have heard his shrieks; but, to hear his music, was torment. The poor Martyr dies in silence, rests in peace. Not many months after, our butcherly officer hath a son born with his tongue hanging down upon his chin, like a deer after long chase; which never could be gathered up, within the bounds of his lips. O the divine hand, full of justice, full of revenge! Go now, Lipsius, and write the new miracles of

* The name of the upper well of the Spa.

thy goddess; and confirm superstition, by strange events. Judge, you that have seen, if ever the chapel of Halle or Zichem have yielded ought more notable.

We met, every where *, pilgrims to those his Ladies: two Ladies, shall I call them; or one Lady, in two shrines? If two, why do they worship but one? If but one, why doth she that cure at Zichem, which at Halle she could not? Oh, what pity it is, that so high a wit should, in the last act, be subject to dotage! All the masculine brood of that brain we cherished, and, if need were, admired: but these his silly virgins, the feeble issue of distempered age, who can abide? One of his darlings, at Louan †, told me, from his own mouth, that the elder ‡ of these two daughters, was by him, in ten days, got, conceived, born, christened. I believed; and wondered not. These acts of superstition have an invisible father and midwife: besides, that it is not for an elephant to go three years with a mouse. It was told me, in the shop of his Moretus, not without some indignation, that our king, when he had well viewed the book, and read some passages, threw it to the ground, with this censure; "Damnation to him, that made it; and to him, that believes it:" whether a true story, or one of their legends, I enquire not: I am sure, that sentence did not so much discontent them, as it joyed me.

Let me tell you yet, ere I take off my pen, two wonders more, which I saw in that wonder of cities, Antwerp.

One, a solemn mass in a shambles, and that on God's day: while the house was full of meat, of butchers, of buyers, some kneeling, others bargaining, most talking, all busy. It was strange, to see one house sacred to God and the belly; and how those two services agreed. The priest did eat flesh, the butchers sold flesh; in one roof, at one instant. The butcher killed, and sold it by pieces; the priest did sacrifice, and orally devour it whole: whether was the more butcher? The like we might have seen at Malines §.

The other, an Englishman ‖, so madly devout, that he had wilfully mured up himself as an anchorite; the worst of all prisoners: there sat he, pent up, for his further merit; half hunger-starved, for the charity of the citizens. It was worth seeing, how manly he could bite in his secret want; and dissemble his over-late repentance. I cannot commend his mortification, if he wish to be in heaven, yea, in purgatory, to be delivered from thence. I durst not pity him; because his durance was willing, and, as he hoped, meritorious: but, such encouragement as he had from me, such thank shall he have from God; who, instead of an "Euge," which he looks for, shall angrily challenge him, with "Who required this?" I leave him now, in his own fetters; you, to your worthy and honourable employments.

* Histoire et Miracles, &c. "Que le 8. jour du mois de Septembre au dict an. 1603. etant Feste de la Nativité de notre Dame, le nombre de pelerins a été environ 20000." Page 35. † Louvaine. EDIT. ‡ *Virgo Hallensis.*
§ Mechlinia. ‖ One Goodwin, a Kentish-man.

Pardon me this length. Loquacity is the natural fault of Travellers: while I profit any, I may well be forgiven.

EPISTLE VI.

TO SIR DAVID MURRAY.

Concerning the Miracles of our Time.

INDEED, the world abounds with miracles. These, while they fill the mouths of many, sway the faith of some, and make all men wonder. Our nature is greedy of news; which it will rather feign, than want. Certainly, ere long, miracles will be no wonders, for their frequence. I had thought, our age had had too many grey hairs, and with time experience, and with experience craft, not to have descried a juggler; but, now I see, by the simplicity, it declines to his second childhood. The two Lipsian Ladies, the charms of Bluntstone's boy and Garnet's straw, what a noise have they made! I only wonder, how Faux and Catesby escaped the honour of Saints, and privilege of miracles. Herein you ask my sentence; more seasonably, than you hoped: for, I meant to have wrote a just volume of this subject, and furnished myself accordingly in that region of wonders; but that I feared to surcharge the nice stomach of our time, with too much. Neither would my length have ought availed you; whose thoughts are so taken up with those high and serviceable cares, that they can give no leisure to an over-long discourse. May it please you therefore, to receive, in short, what I have deliberately resolved in myself, and think I can make good to others.

I have noted four ranks of commonly-named Miracles: from which, if you make a just subduction, how few of our wonders shall remain either to belief or admiration! The first, merely reported, not seen to be done; the next, seeming to be done, but counterfeited; the third, truly done, but not true miracles; the last, truly miraculous, but by Satan.

The first of these are bred of lies, and nourished by credulity. The mouth of fame is full of such blasts. For these, if I listed awhile to rake in the Legends, and Book of Conformities, an ingenuous papist could not but blush; an indifferent reader could not but lay his hand on his spleen; and wonder as much, that any man could be so impudent to broach such reports or any so simple to believe them, as the credulous multitude wonders that any should be so powerful to effect them. But, I seek neither their shame, nor others' laughter. I dare say, not the Talmud, not the Alco-

ran, hath more impossible tales, more ridiculous lies. Yea, to this head, Cæsus himself, a famous papist, dare refer many of those ancient miracles reported; and, by all likelihood, believed, of Bede and Gregory.

The next are bred of fraud and cozenage, nourished by superstition. Who knows not, how the famous Kentish Idol* moved his eyes and hands, by those secret gimmers, which now every puppet-play can imitate? how St. Wilfred's needle opened to the penitent, and closed itself to the guilty? how our Lady sheds the tears of a bleeding vine; and doth many of her daily feasts, as Bell did of old eat up his banquet, or as Piceus the eremite fasted forty days? But, these two every honest papist will confess, with voluntary shame and grief; and grant that it may grow a disputable question, Whether mountebanks or priests are the greatest cozeners. Vives, beyond his wont, vehemently terms them execrable and satanical impostors.

The third are true works of God, under a false title: God gives them their being; men, their name: unjust, because above their nature. Wherein, the philosopher and the superstitiously ignorant, are contrarily extreme: while the one seeks out natural causes of God's immediate and metaphysical works; the other ascribes ordinary effects to supernatural causes. If the violence of a disease cease, after a vow made to our Lady; if a soldier, armed with his vow, escape gun-shot; a captive, prison; a woman, travailing, death; the vulgar, and I would they alone, cry out, "A miracle!" One loadstone hath more wonder in it, than a thousand such events. Every thing draws a base mind to admiration. Francesco del Campo, one of the archduke's equerries, told us, not without importunate devotion, that in that fatal field of Nieuport, his vow to their Virgin helped him to swim over a large water, when the oars of his arms had never before tried any waves: a dog hath done more, without acknowledgment of any Saint: fear gives sudden instincts of skill, even without precept. Their own Costerus durst say, that the cure of a disease is no miracle: his reason, because it may be done by the power of nature, albeit in longer time. Yield † this, and what have Lipsius his two Ladies done? wherefore serves all this clamour, from the two hills? I assented not; neither will be herein thus much their enemy: for, as well the manner of doing, as the matter, makes a miracle. If Peter's handkerchief or shadow heal a disease, it is miraculous; though it might have been done by a potion. Many of their recoveries, doubtless, have been wrought through the strength of nature in the patient; not of virtue in the Saint. How many sick men have mended, with their physic in their pocket! though many

* The Rood of Grace at Boxley Abbey

† "En l'an mil six cents et trois, y furent comptez cent et trente cinq poitrines et jambes de bois de personnes boyteuses y apportées, au seul espace de quatre ou cinque mois." Histoire et Miracles. c. xii. p. 31.

other also, I doubt not, of those cures have fallen into the fourth head; which indeed is more knotty, and requires a deeper discourse.

Wherein, if I shall evince these two things, I shall, I hope, satisfy my reader, and clear the truth: one, that miracles are wrought by Satan; the other, that those, which the Romish Church boasteth, are of this nature, of this author. I contend not of words: we take miracles in Augustin's large sense; wherein is little difference, betwixt a thing marvellous and miraculous; such as the Spirit of God, in either Instrument, calls Δυνάμεις, and גבורות *. Perhaps, it would be more proper to say, that God works these miracles by Satan: for, as in the natural and voluntary motions of wicked men; so, in the supernatural acts of evil spirits (as they are acts,) there is more than a mere permission: Satan, by his tempest, bereaves Job of his children; yet Job, looking higher, saith, *The Lord hath taken.* No sophistry can elude this proof of Moses; that a prophet or dreamer may give a true sign or wonder, and yet say, *Let us go after strange gods;* Deut. xiii. 1. nor, that of our Saviour, who foretells of false Christs, false prophets that shall give σημεῖα μεγάλα καὶ τέρατα; *signs and wonders*, and those *great*. There are some too great, I grant, for the hand of all infernal powers; by which, our Saviour invincibly proves the truth of his Deity: these never graced falsehood; neither admit any precedent from our times. As to the rest, so frequent and common, for me, I could not believe the Church of Rome were antichristian, if it had not boasted of these wonders. All the knot lies then, in the application of this to Rome, and our imaginary Lady. How shall it appear, that their miracles are of this kind? Ludovicus Vives gives six notes to distinguish God's miracles, from Satan's; Lipsius, three: both of them too many; as might easily be discovered, by discussing of particulars. It is not so much the greatness of the work, nor the belief of witnesses, nor the quality nor manner of the action, nor truth of essence, that can descry the immediate hand, which worketh in our miracles. That alone is the true and golden rule, which Justin Martyr, if at least that book be his, prescribes in his "Questions and Answers:" "How shall it be known, that our miracles are better than the heathens', although the event countenance both alike?" Resp. *Ex fide et cultu veri Dei:* "By the faith and worship of the true God." Miracles must be judged by the doctrine, which they confirm; not the doctrine, by the miracles. The dreamer or prophet must be esteemed, not by the event of his wonder; but, by the substance and scope of his teaching. The Romanists argue preposterously, while they would prove the truth of their Church, by miracles; whereas they should prove their miracles, by the truth. To say nothing of the fashion of their cures, that one is prescribed, to come to our Lady, rather on a Friday, as † Henry Loyez; another, to wash nine days in the water of Mont-aigu, as Leonard Stocqueau; another, to eat a

* Or אות מופת. † Page 7.

piece of the oak, where the image stood, * as Magdalene the widow of Bruxelles: all which, if they savour not strong of magical receits, let the indifferent judge. Surely, either there is no sorcery, or this is it. All shall be plain, if the doctrine confirmed by their miracles be once discussed: for, if that be divine truth, we do unjustly impugn these works as diabolical; if falsehood, they do blasphemously proclaim them for divine. These works tend all chiefly to this double doctrine: That the Blessed Virgin is to be invoked for her mediation; That God and Saints are to be adored, in and by images: positions, that would require a volume, and such as are liberally disputed by others: whereof one is against Scripture; the other, which in these cases values no less, besides it: one deifies the Virgin; the other, a stock or stone. It matters not what subtle distinctions their learned doctors make, betwixt mediation of Redemption and Intercession; Δουλεία, and, Λατρεία; the Saint, and the Image: we know, their common people, whose devotion enriches those shrines, by confession of their own writers, climb the hill of Zichem with this conceit, that Mary is their Saviouress †; that the stock is their goddess: which unless it be true, how do their wonders teach them lies! and therefore how from God? But, to take the first at best (for, the second is so gross, that were not the second commandment by papists purposely razed out of their primers, children and carters would condemn it) it cannot be denied, that all the substance of prayer is in the heart: the vocal sound is but a compliment, and as an outward case wherein our thoughts are sheathed. That power cannot know the prayer, which knows not the heart: either then the Virgin is God, for that she knows the heart: or, to know the heart is not proper to God; or, to know the heart, and so our prayers, is falsely ascribed to the Virgin: and therefore these wonders, which teach men thus to honour her, are doctors of lies; so, not of God. There cannot be any discourse, wherein it is more easy to be tedious. To end; if prayers were but in words, and saints did meddle with all particularities of earthly things, yet Blessed Mary should be a God, if she could at once attend all her suitors. One solicits her at Halle; another, at Scherpen-hewel; another, at Luca; at our Walsingham, another; one, in Europe; another, in Asia; or, perhaps, another is one of her new clients in America: ten thousand devout suppliants are, at once, prostrate, before her several shrines. If she cannot hear all, why pray they? if she can, what can God do more? Certainly, as the matter is used, there cannot be greater wrong offered to those heavenly spirits, than, by our importunate superstitions, to be thrust into God's throne; and to have forced upon them the honours of their Maker. There is no contradiction

* Histoire et Miracles de notre Dame. Page 73. Page 102.

† Examen pacifique de la doctrine des Hugenots. "O sauveresse, sauve moy." Manual of French Prayers, printed at Liege, by approbation and authority of Anton Chevart Inquisitor, &c.

in heaven: a saint cannot allow that an angel forbids. *See thou do it not,* was the voice of an angel: if all the miraculous blocks in the world shall speak contrary, we know whom to believe. The old rule was, Μαρίαν μηδεὶς προσκυνείτω: "Let no man worship the Virgin Mary." Either that rule is devilish, or this practice. And if this practice be ill, God deliver me from the immediate author of these miracles. Change but one idol for another, and what differ the wonders of Apollo's temples, from those of these chapels? We reverence, as we ought, the memory of that holy and happy Virgin: we hate those, that dishonour her: we hate those, that deify her. Cursed be all honour, that is stolen from God.

This short satisfaction I give, in a long question; such as I dare rest in; and resolve, that all popish miracles are either falsely reported, or falsely done, or falsely miraculous, or falsely ascribed to heaven.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MR. WILLIAM BEDELL,

AT VENICE.

Lamenting the Death of our late Divines, and inciting to their Imitation.

We have heard, how full of trouble and danger the Alps were to you: and did, at once, both pity your difficulties, and rejoice in your safety.

Since your departure from us, Reynolds is departed from the world. Alas, how many worthy lights have our eyes seen shining and extinguished! How many losses have we lived to see the Church sustain, and lament; of her children, of her pillars; our own, and foreign! I speak not of those, which, being excellent, would needs be obscure: whom nothing but their own secrecy deprived of the honour of our tears. There are, besides, too many whom the world noted and admired; even since the time that our common mother acknowledged us for her sons.

Our Fulk led the way; that profound, ready, and resolute doctor; the hammer of heretics; the champion of truth: whom our younger times have heard oft disputing acutely and powerfully.

Next him, followed that honour of our Schools, and angel of our Church, learned Whitaker; than whom, our age saw nothing more memorable: what clearness of judgment, what sweetness of style, what gravity of person, what grace of carriage was in that man! Who ever saw him, without reverence; or heard him, without wonder?

Soon after, left the world that famous and truly-illuminate doctor, Francis Junius, the glory of Leyden, the other hope of the Church, the Oracle of Textual and School-divinity; rich in languages, subtle in distinguishing, and in argument invincible: and his companion in labours, Lu. Trelcatius, would needs be his companion in joys; who had doubled our sorrow and loss, but that he recompensed it with a son like himself.

Soon after, fell old reverend Beza: a long-fixed star in this firmament of the Church: who, after many excellent monuments of learning and fidelity, lived to prove upon his adversaries, that he was not dead at their day.

Neither may I, without injury, omit that worthy pair of our late Divines, Greenham and Perkins: whereof the one excelled in experimental divinity; and knew well how to stay a weak conscience, how to raise a fallen, how to strike a remorseless: the other, in a distinct judgment, and a rare dexterity in clearing the obscure subtleties of the School, and easy explication of the most perplex discourses.

Doctor Reynolds is the last: not in worth, but in the time of his loss. He alone was a well-furnished library, full of all faculties, of all studies, of all learning: the memory, the reading of that man, were near to a miracle.

These are gone, amongst many more, whom the Church mourns for in secret: would God her loss could be as easily supplied, as lamented. Her sorrow is for those, that are past; her remainder of joy in those, that remain; her hope, in the next age. I pray God the causes of her hope and joy may be equivalent to those of her grief.

What should this work in us, but an imitation, yea, that word is not too big for you, an emulation of their worthiness? It is no pride, for a man to wish himself spiritually better, than he dare hope to reach: nay, I am deceived, if it be not true humility: for, what doth this argue him, but low in his conceit, high in his desires only? or, if so; happy is the ambition of grace, and power of sincere serviceableness to God. Let us wish, and affect this, while the world lays plots for greatness. Let me not prosper, if I bestow envy on them. He is great, that is good: and no man, methinks, is happy on earth, to him that hath grace for substance, and learning for ornament.

If you know it not, the Church, our Mother, looks for much at your hands: she knows how rich our common Father hath left you: she notes your graces, your opportunities, your employments: she thinks you are gone so far, like a good merchant, for no small gain; and looks you shall come home, well laded. And, for vent of your present commodities, though our chief hope of success be cut off with that unhoped peace; yet what can hinder your private traffic for God?

I hope, and who doth not? that this blow will leave in your noble Venetians a perpetual scar; and that their late irresolution shall

make them ever capable of all better counsels; and have his work, like some great eclipse, many years after. How happy were it for Venice, if, as she is every year married to the sea, so she were once thoroughly espoused to Christ!

In the mean time, let me persuade you to gratify us at home, with the publication of that your exquisite Polemical Discourse; whereto our conference with M. Alabaster gave so happy an occasion. You shall hereby clear many truths, and satisfy all readers: yea, I doubt not, but an adversary, not too perverse, shall acknowledge the truth's victory, and yours. It was wholesome counsel of a Father, that, in the time of a heresy, every man should write.

Perhaps, you complain of the inundations of Frankfort. How many have been discouraged from benefiting of the world, by this conceit of multitude! Indeed, we all write; and, while we write, cry out of number. How well might many be spared, even of those, that complain of too many! whose importunate babbling cloys the world, without use. My suspicion gives me, that some may perhaps reflect this censure upon myself. I am content to put it to hazard; and, if need be, bear it. But certainly, methinks, of profitable writings store is an easy fault. No man is bound to read; and he, that will spend his time and his eyes where no sensible profit draws him on, is worthy to lose his labour.

Let others look to their own: I dare promise yours happy success. Be entreated, only to cast off this injurious modesty; and suffer me to draw you forth into Paul's Church-yard; and to fetch from you some honest issue of an able mind: which, surviving you, shall still preach the truth, when you are gone to dust.

God give you as prosperous a return, as your passage was difficult; and serve himself of your gifts at home, and repossess us of you; whom we at once love and reverence.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MY LORD, THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Advice for his Travels.

MY LORD:

BOTH my duty and promise make my letters your debt; and, if neither of these, my thirst of your good. You shall never but need good counsel; most, in travel: then are both our dangers greater, and our hopes.

I need not tell you the eyes of the world are much upon you; for your own sake, for your father's: only let your eyes be upon it again; to observe it; to satisfy it; and, in some cases, to contemn it. As your graces, so your weaknesses, will be the sooner spied, by how much you are more noted: the higher any building is, the more it requires exquisite proportion; which, in some low and rude piles, is needless. If your virtues shall be eminent like your father's, you cannot so hide yourself, but the world will see you; and force upon you applause and admiration, in spite of modesty: but, if you shall come short in these, your father's perfection shall be your blemish.

Think now, that more eyes are upon you, than at home: of foreigners, of your own; theirs to observe, ours to expect. For, now we account you in the School of Wisdom: whence if you return not better, you shall worse; with the loss of your time, of our hopes. For, I know not how natural it is to us, to look for alteration in travel; and, with the change of air and land, to presuppose a change in the person. Now you are, through both your years and travel, in the forge of your hopes: we all look, not without desire and apprecation, in what shape you will come forth.

Think it not enough that you see, or can say you have seen, strange things of nature or event: it is a vain and dead travel, that rests in the eye or the tongue. All is but lost, unless your busy mind shall, from the body that it sees, draw forth some quintessence of observation; wherewith to inform and enrich itself. There is nothing can quit the cost and labour of Travel, but the gain of wisdom. How many have we seen and pitied, which have brought nothing from foreign countries, but mis-shapen clothes; or, exotical gestures; or, new games; or, affected lispings; or, the diseases of the place, or, which is worst, the vices! These men have, at once, wandered from their country, and from themselves: and some of them, too easy to instance, have left God behind them; or, perhaps, instead of him, have, after a loose and filthy life, brought home some idle puppet in a box, whereon to spend their devotion. Let their wreck warn you; and let their follies be entertained by you, with more detestation than pity.

I know your Honour too well, to fear you: your young years have been so graciously prevented with sovereign antidotes of truth and holy instruction, that this infection despairs of prevailing: your very blood gives you argument of safety: yet, good counsel is not unseasonable, even where danger is not suspected.

For God's sake, my Lord, whatsoever you gain, lose nothing of the truth: remit nothing of your love and piety to God; of your favour and zeal to religion. As sure as there is a God, you were trained up in the true knowledge of him. If either Angel, or Devil, or Jesuit, should suggest the contrary, send him away, with defiance. There you see and hear, every day, the true mother and the feigned, striving and pleading for the living child. The true Prince of Peace hath past sentence from heaven, on our side. Do

not you stoop so much, as to a doubt or motion of irresolution. Abandon those from your table and salt, whom your own or others' experience shall descry dangerous: those serpents are full of insinuations: but, of all, those of your own country; which are so much more pernicious, by how much they have more colour of privilege of entireness.

Religion is the greatest care: advices for carriage, and improvement of travel, challenge the next place. I need not counsel you to keep your state, with affability; and so to manage yourself, as that your courtesy may be more visible, than your greatness. Nature hath taught you this; and hath secretly propagated it from your father; who, by his sweetness of disposition, won as many hearts, as by his valour and munificence. I rather tell you, that a good nature hath betrayed many; who, looking for that in others which they have found in themselves, have at last complained of their own credulity, and others' deceit.

Trust not strangers, too much; with your counsel, with your person: and, in your greatest familiarities, have an eye to their common disposition and infirmities. Those natures, wherewith you converse, are subject to displeasure; and violent, in pursuit of small indignities. Yesterday heard I named, from no unfaithful report, a French Courtier, that, in single combat, hath sent eighteen souls from the field to their place: yet he, ever, as the patient in the quarrel; and, for this, mentioned with more than excuse: I censure not how justly. This is others' care: only hence I argue the rifeness of unkindness taken, and pursued. You shall see, that the soil is not so diverse, as the inclination of persons: who, in all climates, though they differ in particulars, yet still agree too well in common faults. The Italian, deep, close, and crafty; the French, rash; the German, dull. One, not forward to offer wrongs; but, apprehensive of a small wrong offered: another, prone, either to take, or give them; but, not uneasy to remit: another, long in conceiving, long in retaining.

What do I exemplify? There are long catalogues of peculiar vices, that haunt special places; which, if they were not notoriously infamous, my charity would serve me to particularize. It were pity there should be fewer virtues, local and proper.

There are good uses to be made of others' enormities: if no more, by them to correct our own: who loaths vice in another, is in good forwardness to leave it in himself: the view of the public calamities and disorders of other Churches, shall best teach you thankfulness for the better state of ours. But, better use of their virtues; by how much it is more excellent to know what we should do, than what we should not.

You must now look upon all things, not with the eyes of a stranger only; but of a philosopher, but of a Christian; which accounts all lost, that is not reduced to practice. It is a great praise, that you are wiser by the contemplation of foreign things; but, much greater, that you are better. That you have seen cities, and courts,

and Alps, and rivers, can never yield you so sound comfort; as that you have looked seriously into yourself. In vain do we affect all foreign knowledge, if we be not thoroughly acquainted at home.

Think much, and say little; especially in occasions of dispraise: wherein, both a little is enough, and oftimes any thing is too much.

You cannot enquire too much: that, which in us inferiors would be censured for dangerous curiosity, in your greatness shall be construed as a commendable desire of knowledge.

Ask, still, after men of greatest parts and reputation; and, where you find fame no liar, note and respect them. Make choice of those for conversation, which, either in present or in hope, are eminent; and, when you meet with excellencies in any faculty, leave not without some gain of knowledge. What are others' graces to you, if you only admire them; not imitate, not appropriate them?

Lo, your equals in time grow up happily in the College (so I may term it) of our young and hopeful Court, which you have left; and, above all, that gracious Precedent of worthiness and perfection: whom while in all other things you serve, you may without reproof emulate for learning, virtue, piety. Myself am witness of their progress; which I do joyfully gratulate to the succeeding age. Beware, lest their diligence shall outstrip you: and upbraid you with that ancient check, of Going far, and faring worse.

I am bold and busy, in counselling: you abound with better monitors; and the best you carry about, I hope, in your own bosom. Though these should be needless; yet they argue my humble affection, and discharge my duty. My prayers are better than my counsels; both of them hearty and unfeigned for your good. God guide and return you safe, from a journey not more happy and prosperous than I wish it.

EPISTLE IX.

TO SIR ROBERT DRURY, AND HIS LADY.

Concerning my Removal from them.

With how unwilling a heart I leave you, He knows, that searches the heart: neither durst I go, but that I sensibly see his hand pulling me from you. Indeed, desire of competency betrayed me, at

first; and drew mine eyes to look aside: but, when I bent them upon the place, and saw the number and the need of the people, together with their hunger and applause, meeting with the circumstances of God's strange conveyance of this offer to me; I saw, that was but as the fowler's feather, to make me stoop: and, contemning that respect of myself, I sincerely acknowledged higher motives of my yielding; and resolved I might not resist.

You are dear to me, as a Charge to a Pastor: if my pains to you have not proved it, suspect me. Yet I leave you. God calls me to a greater work: I must follow him. It were more ease to me, to live secretly hidden in that quiet obscurity, as Saul amongst the stuff, than to be drawn out to the eye of the world; to act so high a part, before a thousand witnesses. In this point, if I seem to neglect you, blame me not: I must neglect and forget myself.

I can but labour, wheresoever I am. God knows how willingly I do that; whether there or here. I shall dig, and delve, and plant, in what ground soever my Master sets me. If he take me to a larger field, complain you not of loss, while the Church may gain.

But, you are my own charge: no wise father neglects his own, in compassion of the greater need of others: yet consider, that even careful parents, when the prince commands, leave their families, and go to warfare.

What if God had called me to heaven? would you have grudged my departure? Imagine that I am there, where I shall be; although the case be not to you altogether so hopeless: for, now I may hear of you, visit you, renew my holy counsels, and be mutually comforted from you; there, none of these. He, that will once transpose me from earth to heaven, hath now chosen to transpose me from one piece of earth to another: what is here worthy of your sorrow; worthy of complaint? That should be for my own good: this shall be for the good of many. If your experience have taught you, that my labours do promise profit; obtain of yourself to deny yourself so much, as to rejoice that the loss of a few should be the advantage of many souls. Though, why do I speak of loss? I speak that, as your fear, not my own: and your affection causes that fear, rather than the occasion.

The God of the Harvest shall send you a labourer, more able; as careful. That is my prayer, and hope, and shall be my joy. I dare not leave, but in this expectation, this assurance. Whatever become of me, it shall be my greatest comfort to hear you commend your change; and to see your happy progress in those ways, I have both shewed you, and beaten. So shall we meet in the end, and never part.

EPISTLE X.

WRITTEN TO MR. J. B.

AND

DEDICATED TO MY FATHER MR. J. HALL.

Against the Fear of Death.

You complain, that you fear death: he is no man, that doth not. Besides the pain, nature shrinks at the thought of parting.

If you would learn the remedy, know the cause; for that she is ignorant, and faithless. She would not be cowardly, if she were not foolish. Our fear is from doubt, and our doubt from unbelief: and, whence is our unbelief, but chiefly from ignorance? She knows not what good is elsewhere: she believes not her part in it. Get once true knowledge and true faith, your fear shall vanish alone. Assurance of heavenly things makes us willing to part with earthly: he cannot contemn this life, that knows not the other: if you would despise earth therefore, think of heaven: if you would have death easy, think of that glorious life that follows it. Certainly, if we can endure pain, for health; much more shall we abide a few pangs, for glory.

Think how fondly we fear a vanquished enemy. Lo, Christ hath triumphed over death: he bleedeth and gaspeth under us; and yet we tremble. It is enough to us, that Christ died: neither would he have died, but that we might die with safety and pleasure.

Think, that death is necessarily annexed to nature. We are, for a time; on condition, that we shall not be: we receive life, but upon the terms of redelivery. Necessity makes some things easy; as it usually makes easy things difficult. It is a fond injustice, to embrace the covenant, and shrink at the condition.

Think, there is but one common road to all flesh: there are no bye-paths of any fairer or nearer way; no, not for princes. Even company abateth miseries; and the commonness of an evil makes it less fearful. What worlds of men are gone before us; yea, how many thousands out of one field! How many crowns and sceptres lie piled up at the gates of death, which their owners have left there, as spoils to the conqueror! Have we been at so many graves, and so oft seen ourselves die in our friends; and do we shrink, when our course cometh? Imagine you alone were exempted from the common law of mankind, or were condemned to Methuselah's age; assure yourself death is not now so fearful, as your life would then be wearisome.

Think, not so much what death is, as from whom he comes, and for what. We receive even homely messengers, from great per-

sons; not without respect to their masters: and what matters it who he be, so he bring us good news? What news can be better than this, That God sends for you, to take possession of a kingdom? Let them fear death, which know him but as a pursuivant sent from hell; whom their conscience accuses of a life wilfully filthy, and binds over secretly to condemnation. We know whither we are going, and whom we have believed. Let us pass on cheerfully, through these black gates, unto our glory.

Lastly, know that our improvidence only adds terror unto death. Think of death, and you shall not fear it. Do you not see, that even bears and tigers seem not terrible to those, that live with them? How have we seen their keepers sport with them, when the beholders durst scarce trust their chain? Be acquainted with death, though he look grim upon you, at the first, you shall find him, yea, you shall make him a good companion. Familiarity cannot stand with fear.

These are recipes enough. Too much store doth rather overwhelm than satisfy. Take but these, and I dare promise you security.

THE SECOND DECADE.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR ROBERT DARCY.

The Estate of a True, but Weak Christian.

If you ask how I fare: sometimes, no man better; and, if the fault were not my own, always.

Not that I can command health, and bid the world smile when I list. How possible is it, for a man to be happy without these; yea, in spite of them! These things can neither augment nor impair those comforts, that come from above. What use, what sight is there of the stars, when the sun shines? Then only can I find myself happy, when, overlooking these earthly things, I can fetch my joy from heaven.

I tell him that knows it, the contentments, that earth can afford her best favourites, are weak, imperfect, changeable, momentary; and such, as ever end in complaint: we sorrow, that we had them; and, while we have them, we dare not trust them.

Those from above are full and constant. What a heaven do I feel in myself, when, after many traverses of meditation, I find, in my heart, a feeling possession of my God! when I can walk, and converse with the God of Heaven, not without an openness of heart, and familiarity: when my soul hath caught fast and sensible hold of my Saviour; and either pulls him down to itself, or rather lifts up itself to him; and can and dare secretly avouch, *I know whom I have believed*: when I can look upon all this inferior creation, with the eyes of a stranger; and am transported to my home in my thoughts; solacing myself in the view and meditation of my future glory, and that presence of the Saints: when I see wherefore I was made; and my conscience tells me I have done that for which I came; done it, not so as I can boast, but so as it is accepted; while my weaknesses are pardoned, and my acts measured by my desires, and my desires by their sincerity: lastly, when I can find myself, upon holy resolution, made firm and square, fit to entertain all events; the good with moderate regard, the evil with courage and patience, both with thanks;

strongly settled to good purposes; constant and cheerful in devotion; and, in a word, ready for God, yea full of God.

Sometimes I can be thus; and pity the poor and miserable prosperity of the godless; and laugh at their months of vanity, and sorrow at my own.

But then again (for why should I shame to confess it?) the world thrusts itself betwixt me and heaven; and, by his dark and indigested parts, eclipseth that light which shined to my soul. Now, a senseless dulness overtakes me, and besots me: my lust to devotion is little; my joy, none at all: God's face is hid, and I am troubled. Then I begin to compare myself with others, and think, "Are all men thus blockish and earthen? or, am I alone worse than the rest, and singular in my wretchedness?" Now I carry my carcase up and down carelessly; and, as dead bodies are rubbed without heat, I do in vain force upon myself delights, which others laugh at. I endeavour my wonted work, but without a heart. There is nothing is not tedious to me; no, not myself.

Thus I am, till I single myself out alone, to him that alone can revive me. I reason with myself, and confer with him: I chide myself, and entreat him: and, after some spiritual speeches interchanged, I renew my familiarity with him; and he the tokens of his love to me. Lo, then I live again; and applaud myself in this happiness; and wish it might ever continue; and think basely of the world, in comparison of it.

Thus I hold on, rising and falling; neither know, whether I should more praise God for thus much fruition of him, or blame myself for my inconstancy in good; more rejoice, that sometimes I am well, or grieve that I am not so always. I strive, and wish, rather than hope, for better.

This is our warfare: we may not look to triumph always: we must smart sometimes, and complain; and then again rejoice, that we can complain; and grieve, that we can rejoice no more, and that we can grieve no more. Our hope is, If we be patient, we shall once be constant.

EPISTLE II.

TO SIR EDMUND BACON.

Of the Benefit of Retiredness, and Secrecy.

SUSPECT, if you can, that, because now many cold winds blow betwixt us, my affection can be cooler to you. True love is like a strong stream, which, the further it is from the head, runs with

more violence. The thoughts of those pleasures, I was wont to find in your presence, were never so delightful as now, when I am barred from renewing them. I wish me with you; yea, if I could or might wish to change, I should wish me yourself.

To live hidden, was never but safe and pleasant; but now, so much better, as the world is worse. It is a happiness, not to be a witness of the mischief of the times; which it is hard to see, and be guiltless. Your Philosophical Cell is a safe shelter from tumults, from vices, from discontentments. Besides that lively, honest, and manly pleasure, which arises from the gain of knowledge in the deep mysteries of nature; how easy is it, in that place, to live free from the common cares, from the infection of common evils! Whether the Spaniard gain or save by his peace, and how he keeps it; and whether it were safer for the States to lay down arms, and be at once still and free; whether the Emperor's truce with the Turk were honourable and seasonable; or whether Venice have won or lost by her late jars; are thoughts, that dare not look in at those doors. Who is envied, and who pitied, at Court; who buys hopes and kindness dearest; who lays secret mines to blow up another, that himself may succeed; can never trouble you: these cares dare not enter into that sanctuary of peace. Thence, you can see how all, that live public, are tossed in these waves; and pity them.

For, great places have seldom safe and easy entrances; and, which is worst, great charges can hardly be plausibly wielded, without some indirect policies. Alas! their privileges cannot countervail their toil. Weary days and restless nights, short lives and long cares, weak bodies and unquiet minds, attend lightly on greatness: either clients break their sleep in the morning; or the intention of their mind drives it off from the first watch: either suits or complaints thrust themselves into their recreations; and packets of letters interrupt their meals: it is ever Term with them, without Vacation: their businesses admit of no night, no holiday.

Lo, your privacy frees you from all this, and whatever other glorious misery. There you may sleep, and eat, and honestly disport, and enjoy yourself, and command both yourself and others: and, while you are happy, you live out of the reach of envy; unless my praises send that guest thither: which I should justly condemn as the fault of my love. No man offers to undermine you; none, to disgrace you: you could not want these inconveniences, abroad.

Yea, let a man live in the open world, but as a looker on; he shall be sure not to want abundance of vexations. An ill mind holds it an easy torment, to live in continual sight of evil; if not rather a pleasure: but, to the well disposed, it is next to hell. Certainly, to live among toads and serpents, is a paradise to this. One jests pleasantly with his Maker; another makes himself sport with Scripture: one fills his mouth with oaths of sound; another scoffs at the religious: one speaks villainy; another laughs at it; a third defends it: one makes himself a swine; another, a devil: Who, that

is not all earth, can endure this? Who cannot wish himself rather a desolate hermit, or a close prisoner?

Every evil we see, doth either vex, or infect us. Your retiredness avoids this; yet so, as it equally escapes all the evils of solitariness. You are full of friends; whose society, intermixed with your closeness, makes you to want little of public. The desert is too wild; the city too populous: the country is only fit for rest. I know, there want not some obscure corners, so haunted with dulness, that, as they yield no outward unquietness, so no inward contentment: yours is none of those; but such as strives rather, with the pleasure of it, to requite the solitariness. The court is for honour; the city, for gain; the country, for quietness: a blessing, that need not, in the judgment of the wisest, yield to the other two. Yea, how many have we known, that, having nothing but a cot of thatch to hide them from heaven, yet have pitied the careful pomp of the mighty! How much more may those, which have full hands and quiet hearts, pity them both!

I do not so much praise you in this, as wonder at you. I know many, upon whom the conscience of their wants forces a necessary obscurity; who, if they can steal a virtue out of necessity, it is well: but, I no where know so excellent parts shrouded in such willing secrecy. The world knows you, and wants you; and yet you are voluntarily hid. Love yourself still: and make much of this shadow; until our common mother call you forth to her necessary service, and charge you to neglect yourself, to pleasure her: which once done; you know where to find peace. Whether others applaud you, I am sure you shall yourself: and I shall still magnify you; and, what I can, imitate you.

EPISTLE III.

TO MR. JOHN WHITING.

An Apologetical Discourse, of the Marriage of Ecclesiastical Persons.

I know not, whether this quarrel be worthy of an answer, or rather of a silent scorn; or, if an answer, whether merry or serious. I do not willingly suffer my pen to wade into questions: yet, this argument seems shallow enough for an epistle. If I free not this truth, let me be punished with a divorce.

Some idle table-talk calls us to plead for our wives. Perhaps some gallants grudge us one, who can be content to allow themselves more. If they thought wives curses, they would afford them us.

Our marriage is censured, I speak boldly, of none but them,

which never knew to live chastely in marriage; who never knew that Canonist's * old and true distinction of Virginity. What care we for their censure, where God approves?

But some, perhaps, maintain it, out of judgment: bid them make much of that, which Paul tells them, is *a doctrine of devils.* Were it not for this opinion, the Church of Rome would want one evident brand of her antichristianism. Let their shavelings speak for themselves; upon whom their unlawful vow hath forced a wilful and impossible necessity. I leave them to scan the old rule of *In turpi voto muta decretum;* if they would not rather, *Cautè si non castè* †. Even moderate papists will grant us free, because not bound by vow; no not so far as these old Germans, *pro posse et nosse.* Or, what care we, if they grant it not? while we hold us firm to that sure rule of Basil the great; "He, that forbids, what God enjoins, or enjoins what God forbids, let him be accursed. ‡" I pass not what I hear men or angels say, while I hear God say, *Let him be the husband of one wife.* That one word shall confirm me, against the barking of all impure mouths. He, that made marriage, says it is *honourable:* what care we for the dishonour of those, that corrupt it? Yea, that, which nature noteth with shame, God mentions with honour, Τίμιος ἡ κοίτη §; Gregory ‖, with the title of *opus castum;* Paphnutius ¶, of Σωφροσύνη, Chastity. But, if God should be judge of this controversy, it were soon at an end; who, in the time even of that legal strictness, allowed wedlock, to the Ministers of his Sanctuary. Let Cardinal Panormitan be heard speak. "Continency," saith he, "in clergymen, is neither of the substance of their Order, or appointed by any Law of God **." And Gratian, out of Augustin, yet more: "Their marriage", saith he, "is neither forbidden by Legal, nor Evangelical, nor Apostolic authority ††." God never imposed this law of continence: who then? the Church ‡‡: as if a good spouse would gainsay what her husband willeth. But, how well? Hear, O ye Papists, the judgment of your own Cardinal: and confess your

* Bartolom. Brixiensis in Gratianum.

Virg. { *Carnis,* / *Mentis.*

Caus. 35. q. 5. c. *Tunc salvabitur. Mulier suam virginitatem benè servat, si ideo id agat, ut filios pariat ad justitiam.* Ibid. Bartolomeus.

† *Profitentur continentiam corporum; in incontinentiam debacchantur animorum.* De Roman. Cler. Salvianus.

‡ *Qui vetat quod Deus præcepit, aut præcipit quod Deus vetuit, maledictus habeatur ab omnibus qui amant Dominum.* In Moralib. sum. cap. xiv.

§ Heb. xiii. 4. *The marriage bed is honourable.*

‖ *Non quia peccatum sit conjugibus commisceri: hoc enim opus castum non habet culpam in conjuge, &c.* Greg. in Psal. Pœnit.

¶ Σωφροσύνην δὲ ἐκάλει καὶ τὴν τῆς γαμικῆς συναλλαγῆς. Socrat. Hist. Eccles.

** *Continentia non est in clericis secularibus, de substantiâ ordinis, nec de jure divino.* Panor.

†† *Copula sacerdotalis, nec legali, nec evangelicâ, nec apostolicâ authoritate prohibetur.* 26. q. 2. c. *Sors ex. Aug.*

‡‡ Only *ex statuto Ecclesiæ.* Durand. 4. Dist. 27. q. 1. Tom. in 2. 2. q. 88. art. 11.

mouths stopped. "But I believe," saith he, "it were for the good and safety of many souls, and would be a wholesome law; that those, who'se would, might marry: for that, as experience teacheth us, a contrary effect follows upon that law of continency; since, at this day, they live not spiritually, neither are clean, but are defiled with unlawful copulation, to their great sin: whereas, with their own wife might be chastity *. Is this a Cardinal, think you; or a Huguenot? But, if this Red Hat be not worthy of respect, let a Pope himself speak out of Peter's Chair; Pius the Second, as learned as hath sat in that room this thousand years: "Marriage," saith he, "upon great reason, was taken from the clergy; but, upon greater reason, is to be restored †." What need we other judge?

How just this law is, you see: see now, how ancient: for, some doctrines have nothing to plead for them, but time. Age hath been an old refuge, for falsehood. Tertullian's rule is true: "That, which is first, is truest." What the ancient Jewish Prelates did, Moses is clear. What did the Apostles? Doth not Paul ‡ tell us, that both the rest of the apostles, and the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas, had wives; and, which is more, carried them still along in their travels? For that childish elusion of ἀδελφὴν γυναῖκα §, who can abide, but to laugh at? Doth not Clemens ‖ of Alexandria, a Father not of more antiquity than credit, tell us, that Peter, Philip, and Paul himself, were married? and this last, though unlikest, how is it confirmed by Ignatius, in his Epistle to the Philadelphians! Yea, their own Cardinal, learned Cajetan ¶, doth both avouch and evince it.

This was their practice: what was their Constitution? Look in these Canons, which the Romish Church fathers upon the Apostles; and Franciscus Turrian, their Jesuit, sweats to defend it in a whole volume. There you find, Canon V. enacted, That "no Bishop, Presbyter, Deacon, shall forsake his wife," προφάσει εὐλαβείας "in pretence of religion, upon pain of deposition **." It would move laughter, to see how the Jesuits gnaw upon this bone, and suck in nothing but the blood of their own jaws; while the

* *Sed credo pro bono et salute esse animarum, quod esset salubre statutum; ut volentes possint contrahere: quia, experientiâ docente, contrarius prorsus effectus sequitur ex illâ lege continentiæ; cùm, hodie, non vivant spiritualiter, nec sint mundi, sed maculantur illicito coitu, cum eorum gravissimo peccato: ubi, cum propriâ uxore esset castitas.* Panorm. de Cler. conjug. cap. *Cùm olim.*

† *Sacerdotibus, magnâ ratione, sublatas nuptias; majore, restituendas videri.* In the Record of Platina himself, in vitâ Pii 2.

‡ Μὴ ἐκ ἔχομεν ἐξουσίαν ἀδελφὴν γυναῖκα περιάγειν. &c. 1 Cor. ix. 5. &c.

§ Rhemists read it, *a woman, a sister.* ‖ Clemens, citatus etiam ab Euseb. l. iii. c. 30. *Petrum, cùm uxorem suam ad mortem duci cerneret, hortatum et consolatum his verbis:* Μέμνησο ὦ αὐτη τοῦ Κυρίου.

¶ In illud, ad Philip. συζυγε γνησιε.

** Ἐπίσκοπος, ἢ πρεσβυτερος, ἢ διάκονος τὴν ἰαυτῆ γυναῖκα μὴ ἐκβαλλέτω (*non ejiciat*) προφάσει εὐλαβείας; Ἐὰν δὲ ἐκβαλὴ, ἀφοριζέσθω; ἐπιμένων δὲ, καθαιρείσθω. Can. Apost. 5.

sixth General Council avers and proclaims this sense truly Apostolical, in spite of all contradiction *.

Follow the times now; and descend lower: what did the ages succeeding? Search records: whatever some palpably-foisted Epistles of Popes insinuate, they married, without scruple of any contrary injunction. Many of those ancients admired virginity; but imposed it not. Amongst the rest, Origen †, though himself a wilful eunuch, is fain to persuade the sons of clergymen, not to be proud of their parentage. After this, when the Fathers of the Nicene Council went about to enact a law of continency, Socrates the historian expresses it thus: "It seemed good," saith he, "to the Bishops, to bring in a new law into the Church ‡". It was then new, and they but would have brought it in; therefore, before, it was not: where we know how Paphnutius §; himself a virgin, famous for holiness, famous for miracles; rising, ἔβαα μακρὰ, "cried loud," that they ought not to lay this βάρος ζυγὸν "heavy yoke," upon men of the Church. His arguments won assent: he spake, and prevailed: so this liberty was still continued and confirmed. If this be not plain enough; holy Athanasius, a witness past exception, shall serve for a thousand histories till his age. "Many Bishops," saith he, "have not married; and, contrarily, Monks have been fathers of children: as, contrarily, you see Bishops, the fathers of children; and Monks, that have not sought posterity ‖."

Would you yet have instances of the former and the next age? Here you have Numidicus ¶, the martyr, a married Presbyter; Cheremon **, of Nilus, a married Bishop; Demetrianus ††, Bishop of Antioch, whose son Domnus succeeded Paulus Samosatenus; Philonomus and Phileas, Bishops of the Thmuites; Gabinius, brother of Eutychianus, Bishops of Rome; the father of Nazianzen, Basil, and the other‡‡ Gregory, Hilarius, and that good Spiridion, Bishop of Cyprus, of whom Sozomen gives so direct testimony.

* Constant. 6. l. iii. Can. Quoniam Canon Apostolicæ ἀκριβείας. *Nos, sequentes veterem canonem apostolicæ ἀκριβείας, et constitutiones sacrorum virorum, legales nuptias amodò valere volumus, &c.*

† *Qui à Christianis parentibus enutriti sunt, &c. maximè si fuerint ex patribus sacerdotali sede dignificatis. i. Episcopatus, presbyteratus, aut diaconatus, ne glorientur.* Orig. Tr. 8. in Matt.

‡ *Visum erat Episcopis legem novam introducere in Ecclesiam.* Socr. l. i. c. 8.

§ *Signa per Paphnutium, non minùs, quàm dudum per apostolos fiebant.* Ruff. l. i. c. 4. *Paphnutius, miraculis et pietate clarus, obtinuit in Nicenâ synodo habendum pro castitate cum propriâ uxore concubitum.* Soc. l. i. c. 8.

‖ *Multi ex Episcopis matrimonia non inierunt; Monachi, contrà, parentes liberorum facti sunt: quemadmodum, vicissim, Episcopos filiorum patres, et Monachos generis potestatem non quæsivisse animadvertas.* Athanas. Epist. ad Dracont.

¶ *Numidicus presbyter, qui uxorem concrematam et adhærentem lateri lætus aspexit.* Cypr. l. iv. Ep. 10.

** Ex Dionysio. Euseb. l. vi. c. 41. †† Euseb. l. vii. cap. 29. l. viii. c. 9. *Gregorius verò apud Nazianzum oppidum in locum patris sui Episcopus subrogatus.* Ruffin. l. ii. c. 9.

‡‡ *Greg. Nissen, frater Basilii, teste Nicephoro, uxoratus, uxorem et liberos habuit: sed non propterea fuit in rebus et exercitiis durius inferior vel deterior.* Sozom.

To omit others, what should I speak of many Bishops of Rome, whose sons, not spurious as now-a-days, but, as Gratian himself witnesses, "lawfully begot in wedlock *;" followed their fathers in the pontifical chair? The reason whereof, that author himself ingenuously rendereth; for that "marriage was every where lawful to the clergy, before the prohibition;" which must needs be late; "and, in the Eastern Church, to this day is allowed †."

What need we more testimonies, or more examples? Whatever Heliodorus ‡, Bishop of Trica, a man fitter for a wanton love-story than a Church controversy, brought into the Church of Thessalia, Socrates thus flatly writes of those Bishops of his time: "For many of them, in the place and function of Bishop, beget children of their lawful wives§."

This was practised: see what was decreed in that sixth General ‖ Council of Constantinople, to this purpose, to the confusion of all repliers. If any Protestant Church in Christendom can make a more peremptory, more full and absolute, more cautelous decree, for the marriage of ecclesiastical persons, let me be condemned as faithless: a place, I grant, miserably handled by our adversaries; and, because they cannot blemish it enough, indignly torn out of the Councils. What dare not impudency do: against all evidences of Greek copies ¶, against their own Gratian, against pleas of antiquity? This is the readiest way: whom they cannot answer, to burn; what they cannot shift off, to blot out; and, to cut the knot, which they cannot untie.

The Romanists of the next age were somewhat more equal: who, seeing themselves pressed with so flat a decree, confirmed by authority of emperors, as would abide no denial, began to distinguish upon the point; limiting this liberty only to the Eastern Church, and granting that all the Clergy of the East might marry, not theirs. So Pope Stephen the second freely confesses: "The tradition," saith he, "of the Eastern Churches is otherwise, than that of the Roman Church: for, their priests, deacons, or subdeacons, are married; but, in this Church, or the Western, no one of the clergy, from the subdeacon to the bishop, hath leave to

* *De legitimis coniugiis nati.* † *Cùm ergo ex sacerdotibus nati in summos Pontifices legantur esse promoti, non sunt intelligendi de fornicatione sed de legitimis connubiis nati; quæ sacerdotibus ubique ante prohibitionem licita erant, et in Orientali Ecclesiâ usque hodie eis licere probantur.* Dist. lvi. Canoman. ‡ The Author of the Ethiepic History.

§ *Nam non pauci illorum, dum Episcopatum gerunt, etiam liberos ex uxore legitimâ procreant.* Socrat. lib. v. cap. 21.

‖ The words of that Council are thus truly translated by Chemnitius: *Quoniam in Romanâ Ecclesiâ, loco canonis seu decreti, traditum esse cognovimus, ut ii, qui digni habendi sunt ordinatione diaconi vel presbyteri, profiteantur se deinceps cum uxoribus suis non congressuros; nos, sequentes veterem canonem apostolicæ, sinceræ, exquisitæ et ordinatæ constitutionis, legitimas sacrorum virorum coniunctiones coniugales etiam ex hodierno die in posterum valere ratas et firmas esse volumus; nullo modo eorum cum uxoribus propriis conjunctionem seu copulationem dissolventes. Itaque, si quis dignus inveniatur, &c. is minimè prohibendus est ad hunc gradum ascendere, ideo quòd cum legitimâ uxore cohabitet: nec tempore ordinationis suæ ab eo postuletur, seu cogatur ut abstinere velit aut debeat legitimo congressu cum propriâ uxore.*

¶ Citatur à Nilo Thessalonicensi.

marry*." Liberally; but not enough: and, if he yield this, why not more? Shall that be lawful in the East, which in the West is not? Do the Gospels or Laws of equity alter, according to the four corners of the world? Doth God make difference betwixt Greece and England? If it be lawful, why not every where? if unlawful, why is it done any where? So then you see, we differ not from the Church in this; but from the Romish Church. But this Sacred Council doth not only universally approve this practice, with pain of deposition to the gainsayers; but avouches it for a Decree Apostolical. Judge now, whether this one authority be not enough to weigh down a hundred petty conventicles; and many legions, if there had been many, of private contradictions.

Thus, for seven hundred years, you find nothing but open freedom. All the scuffling arose in the eighth age: wherein yet this violent imposition found many and learned adversaries; and durst not be obtruded, at once. Lo, even then Gregory the Third, writing to the Bishops of Bavaria, gives this disjunct charge: "Let none keep a harlot, or a concubine; but either let him live chastely, or marry a wife; whom it shall not be lawful for him to forsake †:" according to that rule of Clerks, cited from Isidore‡, and renewed in the Council of Mentz §; to the perpetual shame of our juggling adversaries. Nothing can argue guiltiness, so much, as unjust expurgations. Isidore saith, "Let them contain; or let them marry but one ‖:" they cite him, "Let them contain;" and leave out the rest: somewhat worse than the Devil cited Scripture.

But, I might have spared all this labour of writing, could I persuade whosoever either doubts or denies this, to read over that one Epistle, which Huldericus¶, Bishop of Ausburge, wrote, learnedly and vehemently, to Pope Nicholas the First, in this subject: which if it do not answer all cavils, and satisfy all readers, and convince all (not wilful) adversaries, let me be cast, in so just a cause. There you shall see, how just, how expedient, how ancient this liberty is; together with the feeble and injurious grounds of forced continency. Read it; and see whether you can desire a better advocate.

After him, so strongly did he plead and so happily, for two hundred years more, this freedom still blessed those parts; yet, not without extreme opposition. Histories are witnesses of the busy and not unlearned combats of those times, in this argument.

* *Aliter se Orientalium habet traditio Ecclesiarum; aliter hujus sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ: nam, eorum sacerdotes, diaconi, aut subdiaconi, matrimonio copulantur; istius autem Ecclesiæ, vel Occidentalium, nullus sacerdotum, à subdiacono usque ad episcopum, licentiam habet conjugium sortiendi*, Dist. xxxi.

† *Nemo scorta, aut concubinam, habeat: sed aut castè vivat, aut uxorem ducat; quam repudiare fas non esto.* ‡ Dist. xxiii. § Anno 813.

‖ *Clerici castimoniam inviolati corporis perpetuò conservare studeant; aut certè unius matrimonii vinculo fœderentur*, Isid. Reg. Cleric.

¶ Whether Huldericus, or, as he is somewhere entitled, Volusianus; I enquire not: the matter admits of no doubt. Huldericus Episcopus Augustæ. Anno 860. Æneas Sylv. in suâ Germ. Hedim. Eccl. hist. lib. viii. cap. 2. Fox, in Acts and Monum., hath it fully translated.

But now, when the body of antichristianism began to be complete, and to stand up in his absolute shape, after a thousand years from Christ; this liberty, which before wavered under Nicholas I. now, by the hands of Leo IX. Nicholas II. and that brand of hell, Gregory VII. was utterly ruined, wives debarred, single life urged: "A good turn for whoremasters," saith Aventine. "who now, for one wife, might have six hundred bedfellows*." But, how approved of the better sort, appears, besides that the Churches did ring of him eachwhere for Antichrist, in that, at the Council of Worms†, the French and German Bishops deposed this Gregory; in this name, amongst other quarrels, for "separating man and wife‡." Violence did this; not reason: neither was God's will here questioned; but, the Pope's wilfulness. What broils hereon ensued, let Aventine witness§.

The bickerings of our English Clergy with their Dunstans, about this time, are memorable in our own history‖; which teach us how late, how repiningly, how unjustly, they stooped under this yoke. I would rather send my reader to Bale and Fox, than abridge their Monuments, to enlarge my own.

I have, I hope, fetched this truth far enough; and deduced it low enough, through many ages, to the midst of the rage of antichristian tyranny. There, left our liberty: there, began their bondage. Our liberty is happily renewed with the Gospel: what God, what his Church hath ever allowed, we do enjoy. Wherein we are not alone: the Greek Church, as large for extent as the Roman, and in some parts of it better for their soundness, do thus: and thus have ever done.

Let Papists and Atheists say what they will; it is safe erring with God, and his purer Church.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MY SISTER MRS. B. BRINSLY.

Of the Sorrow not to be repented of.

It is seldom seen, that a silent grief speeds well: for, either a man must have strong hands of resolution to strangle it in his bosom;

* Aventin. l. v. *Gratum scortatoribus, quibus, pro uná uxore, sexcentas jam mulierculas inire licebat.* † Anno 1076. ‡ *Maritos ab uxoribus separat.* § *Ex interdicto sacerdotum conjugio, gravissima seditio gregem Christi percutit: nec unquam talis lues populum Christi afflixit.* Avent. l. v.

‖ Henric Huntingdon, de Anselmo l. vii. de An. 1100, in Synodo Londinensi: *Prohibuit sacerdotibus uxores, ante non prohibitas.* "Anselm," saith that historian, "was the first, that forbad marriage to the clergy of England;" and this was about the year of our Lord 1080; "till then ever free." Item Fabianus *liberos* ait *fuisse sacerdotes per annos* 1080.

or else it drives him to some secret mischief: whereas, sorrow revealed, is half remedied; and ever abates in the uttering. Your grief was wisely disclosed; and shall be as strangely answered.

I am glad of your sorrow; and should weep for you, if you did not thus mourn. Your sorrow is, that you cannot enough grieve for your sins. Let me tell you, that the angels themselves sing at this lamentation; neither doth the earth afford any so sweet music, in the ears of God. This heaviness is the way to joy. Worldly sorrow is worthy of pity; because it leadeth to death: but this deserves nothing but envy and gratulation.

If those tears were common, hell would not so enlarge itself. Never sin, repented of, was punished; and never any thus mourned, and repented not. Lo, you have done that, which you grieve you have not done. That good God, whose act is his will, accounts of our will as our deed. If he required sorrow proportionable to the heinousness of our sins, there were no end of mourning: now, his mercy regards not so much the measure, as the truth of it; and accounts us to have that, which we complain to want.

I never knew any truly penitent, which, in the depth of his remorse, was afraid of sorrowing too much; nor any unrepentant, which wished to sorrow more. Yea, let me tell you, that this sorrow is better and more, than that deep heaviness for sin, which you desire. Many have been vexed with an extreme remorse for some sin, from the gripes of a galled conscience; which yet never came where true repentance grew: in whom, the conscience plays at once the accuser, witness, judge, tormentor: But, an earnest grief, for the want of grief, was never found in any, but a gracious heart.

You are happy, and complain. Tell me, I beseech you: this sorrow, which you mourn to want, is it a grace of the Spirit of God, or not? If not, why do you sorrow to want it? If it be, oh how happy is it to grieve for want of grace! The God of all Truth and Blessedness hath said, *Blessed are those, that hunger and thirst after righteousness;* and, with the same breath, *Blessed are they, that mourn; for they shall be comforted.* You say, you mourn; Christ saith, you are blessed: you say you mourn; Christ saith, you shall be comforted. Either now distrust your Saviour, or else confess your happiness; and, with patience, expect his promised consolation.

What do you fear? you see others stand like strong oaks; unshaken, unremoved: you are but a reed, a feeble plant, tossed and bowed with every wind, and with much agitation bruised: lo, you are in tender and favourable hands, that never brake any, whom their sins bruised; never bruised any, whom temptations have bowed. You are but flax; and your best is not a flame, but an obscure smoke of grace: lo, here his Spirit is as a soft wind, not as cold water; he will kindle, will never quench you.

The sorrow you want, is his gift: take heed, lest, while you vex yourself with dislike of the measure, you grudge at the Giver.

Beggars may not chuse. This portion he hath vouchsafed to give you: if you have any, it is more than he was bound to bestow: yet you say, "What, no more!" as if you took it unkindly, that he is no more liberal. Even these holy discontentments are dangerous. Desire more, so much as you can; but repine not, when you do not attain: desire; but so, as you be free from impatience, free from unthankfulness. Those, that have tried, can say how difficult it is to complain, with due reservation of thanks. Neither know I whether is worse, to long for good things impatiently, or not at all to desire them.

The fault of your sorrow, is rather in your conceit, than in itself. And, if indeed you mourn not enough, stay but God's leisure, and your eyes shall run over with tears. How many do you see sport with their sins; yea, brag of them! how many, that should die for want of pastime, if they might not sin freely, and more freely talk of it! What a Saint are you to these, that can droop under the memory of the frailty of youth; and never think you have spent enow tears!

Yet so I encourage you in what you have, as one that persuades you not to desist from suing for more. It is good to be covetous of grace; and to have our desires herein enlarged, with our receipts. Weep still, and still desire to weep: but, let your tears be as the rain in a sun-shine; comfortable and hopeful: and let not your longing savour of murmur or distrust. These tears are reserved: this hunger shall be satisfied: this sorrow shall be comforted. There is nothing betwixt God and you, but time: prescribe not to his wisdom: hasten not his mercy. His grace is enough for you: his glory shall be more than enough.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. HUGH CHOLMLEY.

Concerning the Metaphrase of the Psalms.

FEAR not my immoderate studies. I have a body, that controls me enough in these courses: my friends need not. There is nothing, whereof I could sooner surfeit, if I durst neglect my body to satisfy my mind: but, while I affect knowledge, my weakness checks me, and says, "Better a little learning, than no health." I yield, and patiently abide myself debarred of my chosen felicity.

The little I can get, I am no niggard of: neither am I more desirous to gather, than willing to impart. The full handed are commonly most sparing. We vessels, that have any empty room, answer the least knock with a hollow noise: you, that are full, sound not. If we pardon your closeness, you may well bear

with our profusion. If there be any wrong, it is to ourselves, that we utter what we should lay up. It is a pardonable fault, to do less good to ourselves, that we may do more to others.

Amongst other endeavours, I have boldly undertaken the holy metres of David: how happily, judge you by what you see. There is none of all my labours so open to all censures; none, whereof I would so willingly hear the verdict of the wise and judicious.

Perhaps, some think the verse harsh; whose nice ear regards roundness, more than sense. I embrace smoothness; but affect it not. This is the least good quality of a verse; that intends any thing, but musical delight.

Others may blame the difficulty of the tunes; whose humour cannot be pleased, without a greater offence: for, to say truth, I never could see good verse written in the wonted measures. I ever thought them most easy, and least poetical.

This fault, if any, will light upon the negligence of our people; which endure not to take pains for any lit variety. The French and Dutch have given us worthy examples of diligence and exquisiteness, in this kind. Neither our ears nor voices are less tuneable. Here is nothing wanting, but will to learning. What is this, but to eat the corn out of the ear, because we will not abide the labour to grind and knead it?

If the question be, whether our verse must descend to them, or they ascend to it; a wise moderation, I think, would determine it most equal, that each part should remit somewhat, and both meet in the midst. Thus I have endeavoured to do, with sincere intent of their good, rather than my own applause: for it had been easy to have reached to a higher strain; but I durst not; whether for the grave majesty of the subject, or benefit of the simplest reader.

You shall still note, that I have laboured to keep David's entire sense, with numbers neither lofty, nor slubbered: which mean is so much more difficult to find, as the business is more sacred, and the liberty less.

Many great wits have undertaken this task: which yet have either not effected it; or have smothered it in their private desks, and denied it the common light. Amongst the rest, were those two rare spirits of the Sidneys; to whom, poesy was as natural, as it is affected of others: and our worthy friend, Mr. Sylvester, hath shewed me, how happily he hath sometimes turned from his Bartas, to the sweet Singer of Israel. It could not be, that in such abundant plenty of poesy, this work should have past unattempted: would God I might live to see it perfected, either by my own hand, or a better.

In the mean time, let me expect your unpartial sentence, both concerning the form and sense. Lay aside your love, for a while; which, too oft, blinds judgment. And, as it uses to be done in most equal proceedings of justice, shut me out of doors, while my verse is discussed: yea, let me receive not your censure only, but others by you: this once, as you love me, play both the Informer

and the Judge. Whether you allow it, you shall encourage me; or correct, you shall amend me: either your stars or your spits *, that I may use Origen's notes, shall be welcome to my margent. It shall be happy for us, if God shall make our poor labours any way serviceable to his Name and Church.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. SAMUEL SOTHEBY.

A Preface to his Relation of the Russian Affairs.

TRAVEL perfecteth wisdom; and observation gives perfection to travel: without which, a man may please his eyes, not feed his brain; and, after much earth measured, shall return with a weary body and an empty mind. Home is more safe, more pleasant; but less fruitful of experience: but, to a mind not working and discursive, all heavens, all earths are alike.

And, as the end of travel is observation; so, the end of observation is the informing of others: for, what is our knowledge, if smothered in ourselves, so as it is not known to more? Such secret delight can content none, but an envious nature.

You have breathed many and cold airs, gone far, seen much, heard more, observed all. These two years, you have spent in imitation of Nebuchadnezzar's seven; conversing with such creatures as Paul fought with, at Ephesus. Alas! what a face, yea what a back of a Church, have you seen! what manners! what people! amongst whom, ignorant superstition strives with close atheism; treachery, with cruelty; one Devil, with another! while truth and virtue do not so much as give any challenge of resistance. Returning once to our England, after this experience, I imagine you doubted, whether you were on earth or in heaven.

Now then, if you will hear me whom you were wont, as you have observed what you have seen, and written what you have observed; so, publish what you have written: it shall be a grateful labour, to us, to posterity.

I am deceived, if the fickleness of the Russian State have not yielded more memorable matter of history, than any other in our age; or, perhaps, many centuries of our predecessors. How shall I think, but that God sent you thither before these broils, to be the witness, the register of so famous mutations? He loves to have those just evils, which he doth in one part of the world, known to the whole; and those evils, which men do in the night of their secrecy, brought forth into the theatre of the world: that

* Asteriscus. Veru.

the evil of men's sin being compared with the evil of his punishment, may justify his proceedings and condemn theirs.

Your work shall thus honour him; besides your second service, in the benefit of the Church: for, while you discourse of the open tyranny of that Russian Nero, John Basilius; the more secret, no less bloody plots of Boris; the ill success of a stolen crown, though set upon the head of a harmless son; the bold attempts and miserable end of a false, yet aspiring challenge; the perfidiousness of a servile people, unworthy of better governors; the miscarriage of wicked governors, unworthy of better subjects; the unjust usurpations of men, just (though late) revenges of God, cruelly rewarded with blood; wrong claims, with overthrow; treachery, with bondage: the reader, with some secret horror, shall draw in delight; and, with delight, instruction. Neither know I any relation, whence he shall take out a more easy lesson of justice, of loyalty, of thankfulness.

But, above all, let the world see and commiserate the hard estate of that worthy and noble Secretary, Buchinski. Poor gentleman! his distress recalls ever to my thoughts Æsop's Stork, taken amongst the Cranes. He now nourishes his hair, under the displeasure of a foreign prince; at once, in durance and banishment. He served an ill master; but, with an honest heart, with clean hands. The master's injustice doth no more infect a good servant, than the truth of the servant can justify his ill master. A bad workman may use a good instrument; and, oftimes, a clean napkin wipeth a foul mouth. It joys me yet to think, that his piety, as it ever held friendship in heaven, so now it wins him friends in this our other world: lo, even from our island unexpected deliverance takes a long flight, and blesseth him beyond hope; yea, rather, from heaven by us. That God, whom he serves, will be known to those rude and scarce human Christians, for a protector of innocence, a favourer of truth, a rewarder of piety. The mercy of our gracious king, the compassion of an honourable counsellor, the love of a true friend, and, which wrought all and set all on work, the grace of our good God, shall now loose those bonds; and give a glad welcome to his liberty, and a willing farewell to his distress. He shall, I hope, live to acknowledge this: in the mean time, I do for him. Those Russian affairs are not more worthy of your records, than your love to this friend is worthy of mine: for, neither could this large sea drown or quench it; nor time and absence, which are wont to breed a lingering consumption of friendship, abate the heat of that affection, which his kindness bred, religion nourished.

Both rareness and worth shall commend this true love; which, to say true, hath been now long out of fashion. Never times yielded more love: but, not more subtle: for every man loves himself in another, loves the estate in the person. Hope of advantage is the loadstone, that draws the iron hearts of men; not virtue, not desert. No age afforded more parasites, fewer friends: the most are friendly, in sight; serviceable, in expectation; hollow, in love; trustless, in experience.

Yet now, Buchinski, see and confess thou hast found one friend, which hath made thee many: on whom, while thou bestowedst much favour, thou hast lost none.

I cannot but think how welcome liberty, which though late yet now at last hath looked back upon him, shall be to the cell of his affliction; when, smiling upon him, she shall lead him by the hand; and, like another angel, open the iron gates of his miserable captivity; and, from those hard Prestaves and savage Christians, carry him, by the hair of the head, into this Paradise of God.

In the mean time, I have written to him as I could, in a known language, with an unknown hand: that my poor letters of gratulation might serve as humble attendants to greater.

For your work, I wish it but such glad entertainment, as the profit, yea the delight of it deserves; and fear nothing, but that this long delay of publication will make it scarce news. We are all grown Athenians; and account a strange report, like to a fish, and a guest. Those eyes and hands staid it, which might do it best. I cannot blame you, if you think it more honoured by the stay of his gracious perusal, than it could be by the early acceptation of the world. Even the cast garments of princes are precious. Others have, in part, prevented you; whose labours, to yours, are but as an echo to a long period; by whom we hear the last sound of these stirs, ignorant of the beginning. They give us but a taste in their hand: you lead us to the open fountain. Let the reader give you but as much thank, as you give him satisfaction; you shall desire no more.

Finally, God give us as much good use, as knowledge of his judgments; the world, help of your labours; yourself, encouragement; Buchinski, liberty.

EPISTLE VII.

TO STANISLAUS BUCHINSKI,

LATE SECRETARY TO DEMETRIUS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Of the Comfort of Imprisonment.

THE knowledge, that the eye gives of the face alone, is shallow, uncertain, imperfect: for, what is it, to see the utmost skin or favour of the visage; changeable with disease, changeable with passion? The ear, methinks, doth both most clearly disclose the minds of others, and knit them faster to ours: which, as it is the sense of discipline, so of friendship; commanding it even to the absent, and in the present cherishing it.

This thing we have lately proved in yourself, most noble Stanis-

laus: nearer examples we might have had; better, we could not. How many, how excellent things have we heard of you, from our common friend, (though most yours,) which have easily won our belief, our affections! How oft, how honourable mention hath he made of your name! How frequently, how fervently have we wished you, both safety and liberty! And now, lo where she comes, as the Greeks say, ἀπο μηχανῆς; and visits her forlorn client.

Although I would not doubt to say, that this outward durance of the body hath seemed more harsh to the beholders, than to yourself; a wise man, and, which is more, a Christian; whose free soul, in the greatest straits of the outer man, flies over seas and lands, whither it listeth; neither can, by any distance of place, nor swelling of waves, nor height of mountains, nor violence of enemies, nor strong bars, nor walls, nor guards, be restrained from what place itself hath chosen. Lo, that enjoys God, enjoys itself, and his friends; and so feeds itself with the pleasure of enjoying them, that it easily either forgets or contemns all other things.

It is no paradox to say, That a wise Christian cannot be imprisoned, cannot be banished: he is ever at home; ever free; for, both his liberty is within him, and his home is universal.

And what is it, I beseech you, for you have tried, that makes a prison?

Is it straitness of walls? Then you have as many fellows, as there are men: for, how is the soul of every man pent within these clay-walls of the body; more close, more obscure! whence, she may look oft, through the grates of her busy thoughts; but, is never released in substance, till that God, who gave us our Mittimus into this gaol, give us our Delivery, with a *Return, ye sons of Adam.* Thus, either all men are prisoners, or you are none.

Is it restraint? How many, especially of that other sex in those your eastern parts, chamber up themselves, for state; so as they neither see the sun, nor others them! how many superstitious men, for devotion! how many obscure Aglai, for ease and carelessness, keep themselves in their own cottage, in their own village; and never walk forth, so much as to the neighbour towns!

And, what is your Russia to all her inhabitants, but a large prison, a wide galley? yea, what other is the world to us? How can he complain of straitness, or restraint, that roves all over the world and beyond it? Tyranny may part the soul from the body; cannot confine it to the body. That, which others do for ease, devotion, state, you do for necessity: why not as willingly, since you must do it? Do but imagine the cause other; and your case is the same with theirs, which both have chosen and delight to keep close: yet hating the name of prisoners, while they embrace the condition.

But why do I persuade you not to mislike that, which I pray you may forsake? I would rather you should be no prisoner at all; than to be a cheerful prisoner upon necessity. If the doors be open, my persuasion shall not hold you in: rather, our prayers shall open those doors, and fetch you forth into this common liberty of

men; which also hath not a little, though an inferior, contentment. For, how pleasant is it to these senses, by which we men are wont to be led, to see and be seen; to speak to our friends, and hear them speak to us; to touch and kiss the dear hands of our parents, and with them at last to have our eyes closed! Either this shall befal you; or what hopes, what pains (I add no more) hath this your careful friend lost! and we, what wishes, what consultations! It shall be, I dare hope, yea believe it.

Only thou, our good God, give such end, as thou hast done entrance into this business; and so dispose of these likely endeavours, that whom we love and honour absent, we may at last in presence see and embrace.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MY FATHER IN LAW,

MR. GEORGE WENYFFE.

Exciting to Christian Cheerfulness.

YOU complain of dulness: a common disease; and incident to the best minds, and such as can most contemn vanities.

For, the true worldling hunts after nothing but mirth; neither cares how lawless his sport be, so it be pleasant: he feigns to himself false delights, when he wants; and, if he can pass the time, and chase away melancholy, he thinks his day spent happily. And thus it must needs be: while the world is his God, his devotion can be but his pleasure: whereas the mortified soul hath learned to scorn these frivolous and sinful joys; and affects either solid delights, or none; and would rather be dull for want of mirth, than transported with wanton pleasures. When the world, like an importunate minstrel, thrusts itself into his chamber, and offers him music, unsought; if he vouchsafe it the hearing, it is the highest favour he dare or can yield. He rewards it not; he commends it not; yea, he secretly loaths those harsh and jarring notes, and rejects them: for he finds a better concert within, betwixt God and himself, when he hath a little tuned his heart with meditation.

To speak fully, the world is like an ill fool in a play: the Christian is a judicious spectator, which thinks those jests too gross to be laughed at; and therefore entertains that with scorn, which others with applause.

Yet, in truth, we sin, if we rejoice not. There is not more error in false mirth, than in unjust heaviness. If worldlings offend, that they laugh, when they should mourn; we shall offend no less, if we droop, in cause of cheerfulness. Shall we envy, or scorn, to see one joy in red and white dross; another, in a vain title: one,

in a dainty dish; another, in a jest: one, in a book; another, in a friend: one, in a kite; another, in a dog: while we enjoy the God of Heaven, and are sorrowful? What dull metal is this, we are made of? We have the fountain of joy, and yet complain of heaviness. Is there any joy, without God? Certainly, if joy be good, and all goodness be from him; whence should joy arise, but from him? And, if he be the Author of Joy; how are we Christians, and rejoice not? What! do we freeze in the fire, and starve at a feast? Have we a good conscience, and yet pine and hang down the head? When God hath made us happy, do we make ourselves miserable?

When I ask my heart David's question, I know not whether I be more angry, or ashamed at the answer; *Why art thou sad, my soul?* My body, my purse, my fame, my friends; or, perhaps, none of these: only I am sad, because I am. And what if all these; what if more? when I come to my better wits, Have I a Father, an Advocate, a Comforter, a mansion in heaven? if both earth and hell conspired to afflict me, my sorrow cannot countervail the causes of my joy. Now I can challenge all adversaries; and either defy all miseries, or bid all crosses, yea death itself, welcome.

Yet God doth not abridge us of these earthly solaces, which dare weigh with our discontentments, and sometimes depress the balance. His greater light doth not extinguish the less. If God had not thought them blessings, he had not bestowed them: and how are they blessings, if they delight us not? Books, friends, wine, oil, health, reputation, competency, may give occasions, but not bounds to our rejoicings. We may not make them God's rivals, but his spokesmen. In themselves, they are nothing; but, in God, worth our joy. These may be used; yet so, as they may be absent without distraction. Let these go: so God alone be present with us, it is enough: he were not God, if he were not All-sufficient. We have him, I speak boldly; we have him in feeling, in faith, in pledges, and earnest; yea, in possession. Why do we not enjoy him? Why do we not shake off that senseless drowsiness, which makes our lives unpleasant: and leave over all heaviness, to those, that want God; to those, that either know him not, or know him displeased?

EPISTLE IX.

TO MR. W. R.

DEDICATED TO MR. THOMAS BURLZ.

Consolations of Immoderate Grief for the Death of Friends.

WHILE the stream of sorrow runs full, I know how vain it is to oppose counsel. Passions must have leisure to digest. Wisdom doth not more moderate them, than time.

At first, it was best to mourn with you, and to mitigate your sorrow, by bearing part; wherein, would God my burden could be your ease! Every thing else is less, when it is divided; and then is best, after tears, to give counsel.

Yet, in these thoughts I am not a little straited. Before you have digested grief, advice comes too early; too late, when you have digested it: before, it was unseasonable; after, would be superfluous: before, it could not benefit you; after, it may hurt you, by rubbing up a skinned sore afresh. It is as hard to choose the season for counsel, as to give it: and that season is, after the first digestion of sorrow; before the last.

If my letters then meet with the best opportunity, they shall please me, and profit you; if not, yet I deserve pardon, that I wished so.

You had but two jewels, which you held precious; a Wife, and a Son: one was yourself divided; the other, yourself multiplied: you have lost both, and well-near at once. The loss of one caused the other, and both of them your just grief. Such losses, when they come single, afflict us; but, when double, astonish us: and, though they give advantage of respite, would almost overwhelm the best patient.

Lo, now is the trial of your manhood; yea, of your Christianity. You are now in the lists, set upon by two of God's fierce afflictions: shew now, what patience you have, what fortitude. Wherefore have you gathered and laid up, all this time, but for this brunt? Now, bring forth all your holy store to light, and to use; and approve to us, in this difficulty, that you have, all this while, been a Christian in earnest.

I know, these events have not surprised you on a sudden: you have suspected they might come; you have put cases, if they should come: things, that are hazardous, may be doubted; but, certain things are, and must be, expected: providence abates grief, and discountenances a cross.

Or, if your affection were so strong, that you durst not forethink your loss; take it equally but as it falls. A wise man and a Christian, knows death so fatal to nature, so ordinary in event, so gainful in the issue, that I wonder he can for this, either fear or grieve. Doth God only lend us one another; and do we grudge, when he calls for his own? So I have seen ill debtors, that borrow with prayers, keep with thanks, repay with enmity. We mistake our tenure: we take that for gift, which God intends for loan: we are tenants-at-will, and think ourselves owners. Your wife and child are dead: well; they have done that, for which they came. If they could not have died, it had been worthy of wonder; not at all, that they are dead. If this condition were proper only to our families and friends, or yet to our climate alone; how unhappy should we seem to our neighbours, to ourselves! Now it is common, let us mourn that we are men.

Lo, all princes and monarchs dance with us in the same ring: yea, what speak I of earth? The God of Nature, the Saviour of

Men, hath trod the same steps of death: and do we think much to follow him? How many servants have we known, that have thrust themselves betwixt their master and death; which have died, that their master might not die! and shall we repine to die with ours? How truly may we say of this our David, *Thou art worth ten thousand of us;* yea, worth a world of angels! yet he died, and died for us. Who would live, that knows his Saviour died? Who can be a Christian, and would not be like him? Who can be like him, that would not die after him? Think of this; and judge, whether all the world can hire us not to die.

I need not ask you, whether you loved those, whom you have lost: could you love them, and not wish they might be happy? Could they be happy, and not die? In truth, nature knows not what she would have. We can neither abide our friends miserable in their stay, nor happy in their departure. We love ourselves so well, that we cannot be content they should gain by our loss.

The excuse of your sorrow is, that you mourn for yourself: true: but, compare these two, and see whether your loss or their gain be greater. For, if their advantage exceed your loss; take heed, lest, while you bewray your love in mourning for them, it appear that you love but yourself in them. They are gone to their preferment: and you lament: your love is injurious. If they were vanished to nothing, I could not blame you, though you took up Rachael's lamentation: but now, you know they are in surer hands than your own: you know, that he hath taken them, which hath undertaken to keep them, to bring them again: you know, it is but a sleep, which is miscalled Death; and that they shall, they must awake, as sure as they lie down; and wake more fresh, more glorious, than when you shut their eyes. What do we with Christianity, if we believe not this? and, if we do believe it, why do we mourn as the hopeless?

But the matter, perhaps, is not so heavy as the circumstance. Your crosses came sudden, and thick: you could not breathe from your first loss, ere you felt a worse.

As if he knew not this, that sent both: as if he did it not, on purpose. His proceedings seem harsh; are most wise, most just. It is our fault, that they seem otherwise than they are. Do we think, we could carve better for ourselves? Oh, the mad insolence of nature, that dares controul, where she should wonder! Presumptuous clay! that will be checking the potter. Is his wisdom, himself? Is he, in himself, infinite? Is his decree out of his wisdom; and do we murmur? Do we, foolish worms, turn again, when he treads upon us? What! do you repine at that, which was good for you; yea, best? That is best for us, which God seeth best: and that he sees best, which he doth. This is God's doing. Kiss his rod in silence; and give glory to the hand, that rules it. His will is the rule of his actions; and his goodness, of his will. Things are good to us, because he wills them: he wills them, because they are good to himself.

It is your glory, that he intends, in your so great affliction. It

is no praise, to wade over a shallow ford; but, to cut the swelling waves of the deep, commends both our strength and skill. It is no victory, to conquer an easy and weak cross. These main evils have crowns answerable to their difficulty. Wrestle now, and go away with a blessing. Be patient, in this loss; and you shall once triumph, in your gain. Let God have them, with cheerfulness; and you shall enjoy God, with them, in glory.

EPISTLE X.

TO MR. I. A. MERCHANT.

Against Sorrow for Worldly Losses.

It is fitter for me to begin with chiding, than with advice. What means this weak distrust? Go on; and I shall doubt whether I write to a Christian. You have lost your heart, together with your wealth: how can I but fear, lest this Mammon was your God? Hence, was God's jealousy, in removing it; and hence, your immoderate tears, for losing it. If thus; God had not loved you, if he had not made you poor.

To some, it is an advantage to lose: you could not have been, at once, thus rich and good. Now, heaven is open to you, which was shut before; and could never have given you entrance, with that load of iniquity. If you be wise in managing your affliction, you have changed the world for God; a little dross, for heaven. Let me ever lose thus; and smart, when I complain.

But, you might have, at once, retained both. The stomach, that is purged, must be content to part with some good nourishment, that it may deliver itself of more evil humours. God saw, that knows it, you could not hold him so strongly, while one of your hands was so fastened upon the world. You see, many make themselves wilfully poor: why cannot you be content God should impoverish you? If God had willed their poverty, he would have commanded it: if he had not willed yours, he would not have effected it.

It is a shame for a Christian, to see a Heathen Philosopher laugh at his own shipwreck; while himself howls out, as if all his felicity were embarked with his substance. How should we scorn, to think that a heathen man should laugh, either at our ignorance or impotence! ignorance, if we thought too highly of earthly things; impotence, if we over-loved them.

The fear of some evils is worse than the sense. To speak ingenuously; I could never see, wherein poverty deserved so hard a conceit. It takes away the delicacy of fare, softness of lodging, gayness of attire; and, perhaps, brings with it contempt: this is

the worst; and all. View it now on the better side: lo there, quiet security, sound sleeps, sharp appetite, free merriment; no fears, no cares, no suspicion, no distemper of excess, no discontentment. If I were judge, my tongue should be unjust, if poverty went away weeping. I cannot see, how the evils it brings, can compare with those, which it removes; how the discommodities should match the blessings of a mean estate.

What are those you have lost, but false friends, miserable comforters? else, they had not left you. Oh slight and fickle stay, that winds could bereave you of! If your care could go with them, here were no damage; and, if it go not with them, it is your fault. Grieve more for your fault, than for your loss.

If your negligence, your riotous mis-spence, had impaired your estate, then Satan had impoverished you; now would I have added, to your grief, for your sin, not for your affliction: but now, since winds and waters have done it, as the officers of their Maker; why should not you say, with me, as I with Job, *The Lord hath taken*?

Use your loss well; and you shall find, that God hath crossed you with a blessing. And, if it were worse than the world esteems it, yet think not, what you feel, but what you deserve: you are a stranger to yourself, if you confess not, that God favours you in this whip. If he had stripped you of better things, and scourged you with worse; you should still have acknowledged a merciful justice: if you now repine at an easy correction, you are worthy of severity. Beware the next, if you grudge, and swell at this.

It is next to nothing, which you suffer: what can be further from us, than these goods of outward estate? You need not abate either health or mirth, for their sakes. If you do now draw the affliction nearer than he which sent it, and make a foreign evil domestical; if, while God visits your estate, you fetch it home to your body, to your mind; thank yourself, that you will needs be miserable: but, if you love not to fare ill; take crosses as they are sent, and go lightly away with an easy burden.

EPISTLES:

THE SECOND VOLUME; CONTAINING TWO DECADES.

BY JOSEPH HALL.

TO THE SAME MOST GRACIOUS PATRONAGE OF THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE, HENRY,

PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN,

HIS HIGHNESS'S UNWORTHY SERVANT,

HUMBLY PROSTRATES HIMSELF, AND HIS SECOND LABOUR,

WITH

CONTINUAL APPRECATIONS OF ALL HAPPINESS.

THE THIRD DECADE.

EPISTLE I.

TO MR. SMITH, AND MR. ROB.

RINGLEADERS OF THE LATE SEPARATION; AT AMSTERDAM.

Setting forth their Injury done to the Church, the Injustice of their Cause, and Fearfulness of their Offence. Censuring and advising them.

WE hear of your separation, and mourn; yet not so much for you, as for your wrong.

You could not do a greater injury to your mother, than to flee from her. Say, she were poor, ragged, weak; say, she were deformed; yet she is not infectious: or, if she were, yet she is yours. This were cause enough for you, to lament her, to pray for her, to labour for her redress; not to avoid her. This unnaturalness is shameful; and more heinous in you, who are reported not parties in this evil, but authors. Your flight is not so much, as your misguidance.

Plead not: this fault is past excuse: if we all should follow you, this were the way of a Church, as you plead, imperfect, to make no Church; and of a remedy, to make a disease. Still the fruit of our charity to you, is, besides our grief, pity. Your zeal of truth hath mis-led you, and you others: a zeal, if honest, yet blindfolded, and led by self-will. Oh, that you loved peace, but half so well as truth: then, this breach had never been; and you, that are yet brethren, had been still companions,

"Go out of Babylon," you say: "the voice, not of schism, but of holiness." Know you where you are? Look about you, I beseech you: look behind you; and see if we have not left it upon our backs. She herself feels, and sees, that she is abandoned: and complains to all the world, that we have not only forsaken, but spoiled her; and yet you say, "Come out of Babylon." And, except you will be willingly blind; you may see the heaps of her altars, the ashes of her idols, the ruins of her monuments, the condemnation of her errors, the revenge of her abominations.

And are we yet in Babylon? Is Babylon yet amongst us? Where are the main buildings of that accursed city: those high and proud towers, of their universal hierarchy; infallible judgment; dispensation with laws of God, and sins of men; disposition of kingdoms; deposition of princes; parting stakes with God in our conversion, through freedom of will; in our salvation, through the merit of our works? Where are those rotten heaps (rotten, not through age, but corruption) of transubstantiating of bread, adoring of images, multitude of sacraments, power of indulgences, necessity of confessions, profit of pilgrimages, constrained and approved ignorance, unknown devotions? Where are those deep vaults, if not mines, of penances and purgatories, and whatsoever hath been devised by those popelings, whether profitable or glorious, against the Lord and his Christ? Are they not all razed, and buried in the dust? Hath not the majesty of her gods, like as was done to Mythra and Serapis, been long ago offered to the public laughter of the vulgar? What is this, but to go, yea to run, if not to fly, out of Babylon?

But, as every man is a hearty patron of his own actions, and it is a desperate cause that hath no plea, you allege our consorting in Ceremonies; and say, still we tarry in the suburbs. Grant that these were as ill, as an enemy can make them, or can pretend them: you are deceived, if you think the walls of Babylon stand upon Ceremonies. Substantial errors are both her foundation and frame. These ritual observations are not so much as tile and reed: rather like to some fane upon the roof; for ornament, more than use: not parts of the building: but not-necessary appendances. If you take them otherwise, you wrong the Church: if thus, and yet depart, you wrong it and yourself: as if you would have persuaded righteous Lot, not to stay in Zoar, because it was so near Sodom. I fear, if you had seen the money-changers in the Temple, however you would have prayed, or taught there: Christ did it; not forsaking the place, but scourging the offenders. And this is the valour of Christian Teachers, to oppose abuses, not to run away from them. Where shall you not thus find Babylon? Would you have run from Geneva, because of her wafers? or, from Corinth, for her disordered love-feasts?

Either run out of the world, or your flight is in vain. If experience of change teach you not, that you shall find your Babylon every where, return not. Compare the place you have left, with that you have chosen: let not fear of seeming to repent over-soon, make you partial. Lo there a common harbour of all opinions, of

all heresies; if not a mixture: here, you drew in the free and clear air of the Gospel, without that odious composition of Judaism, Arianism, Anabaptism: there, you live in the stench of these, and more. You are unworthy of pity, if you will approve your misery. Say, if you can, that the Church of England (if she were not yours) is not a heaven, to Amsterdam. How is it then, that our gnats are harder to swallow, than their camels? and that, while all Christendom magnifies our happiness and applauds it, your handful alone so detests our enormities, that you despise our graces?

See, whether in this, you make not God a loser. The thank of all his favours is lost, because you want more: and, in the mean time, who gains by this sequestration, but Rome and Hell? How do they insult in this advantage, that our Mother's own children condemn her for unclean, that we are daily weakened by our divisions, that the rude multitude hath so palpable a motive to distrust us! Sure, you intended it not: but, if you had been their hired agent, you could not have done our enemies greater service. The God of Heaven open your eyes, that you may see the injustice of that zeal, which hath transported you; and turn your heart to an endeavour of all Christian satisfaction: otherwise, your souls shall find too late, that it had been a thousand times better to swallow a Ceremony, than to rend a Church; yea, that even whoredoms and murders shall abide an easier answer, than separation.

I have done, if only I have advised you of that fearful threatening of the Wise Man: *The eye, that mocketh his father, and despises the government of his mother, the ravens of the river shall pick it out, and the young eagles eat it.*

EPISTLE II.

TO SIR ANDREW ASTELEY.

A Discourse of our due Preparation for Death, and the Means to sweeten it to us.

SINCE I saw you, I saw my father die: how boldly and merrily did he pass through the gates of death, as if they had had no terror, but much pleasure! Oh, that I could as easily imitate, as not forget him! We know we must tread the same way: how happy, if with the same mind!

Our life, as it gives way to death, so must make way for it. It will be, though we will not: it will not be happy, without our will, without our preparation.

It is the best and longest lesson, to learn how to die; and of surest use: which alone if we take not out, it were better, not to

have lived. O vain studies of men, how to walk through Rome streets all day in the shade; how to square circles; how to salve up the celestial motions; how to correct miswritten copies, to fetch up old words from forgetfulness, and a thousand other like points of idle skill: while the main care of life and death is neglected!

There is an art of this, infallible, eternal, both in truth and use: for, though the means be divers, yet the last act is still the same, and the disposition of the soul need not be other. It is all one, whether a fever bring it, or a sword. Wherein yet, after long profession of other sciences, I am still (why should I shame to confess?) a learner; and shall be, I hope, while I am: yet it shall not repent us, as diligent scholars repeat their parts unto each other to be more perfect; so mutually to recal some of our rules of well dying: the first whereof, is a conscionable life: the next, a right apprehension of life and death. I tread in the beaten path: do you follow me.

To live holily, is the way to die safely, happily. If death be terrible, yet innocence is bold; and will neither fear itself, nor let us fear: where, contrariwise, wickedness is cowardly; and cannot abide, either any glimpse of light, or shew of danger. Hope doth not more draw our eyes forward, than conscience turns them backward, and forces us to look behind us; affrighting us even with our past evils. Besides the pain of death, every sin is a new fury, to torment the soul, and make it loth to part. How can it choose, when it sees, on the one side, what evil it hath done; on the other, what evil it must suffer? It was a clear heart (what else could do it?) that gave so bold a forehead to that holy Bishop, who durst, on his death bed, profess, "I have so lived, as I neither fear to die, nor shame to live." What care we when we be found, if well doing? what care we how suddenly, when our preparation is perpetual? what care we how violently, when so many inward friends (such are our good actions) give us secret comfort? There is no good steward, but is glad of his audit: his straight accounts desire nothing, more than a discharge: only the doubtful and untrusty fears his reckoning.

Neither only doth the want of integrity make us timorous, but of wisdom: in that our ignorance cannot equally value, either the life which we leave, or the death we expect. We have long conversed with this life, and yet are unacquainted: how should we then know that death we never saw? or that life, which follows that death? These cottages have been ruinous, and we have not thought of their fall: our way hath been deep, and we have not looked for our rest. Shew me ever any man, that knew what life was, and was loth to leave it: I will shew you a prisoner, that would dwell in his gaol; a slave, that likes to be chained to his galley. What is there here, but darkness of ignorance, discomfort of events, impotency of body, vexation of conscience, distemper of passions, complaint of estate, fears and sense of evil, hopes and doubts of good, ambitious rackings, covetous toils, envious underminings, irksome disappointments, weary satieties, restless desires, and many worlds

of discontentments in this one? What wonder is it, that we would live! We laugh at their choice, that are in love with the deformed: and what a face is this we dote upon! See, if sins, and cares, and crosses, have not, like a filthy morphew, overspread it; and made it loathsome to all judicious eyes.

I marvel then, that any wise men could be other but stoics; and could have any conceit of life, but contemptuous: not more for the misery of it, while it lasteth, than for the not lasting. We may love it: we cannot hold it. What a shadow of a smoke, what a dream of a shadow, is this we affect! Wise Solomon says, *There is a time to be born, and a time to die:* you do not hear him say, "a time to live." What is more fleeting than time? yet life is not long enough to be worthy of the title of Time. Death borders upon our birth; and our cradle stands in our grave. We lament the loss of our parents; how soon shall our sons bewail ours! Lo, I that write this, and you that read it, how long are we here? It were well, if the world were as our tent; yea, as our inn; if not to lodge, yet to bait in: but now it is only our thoroughfare: one generation passeth; another cometh; none stayeth. If this earth were a paradise, and this which we call our life were sweet as the joys above; yet, how should this fickleness of it cool our delight! Grant it absolute: who can esteem a vanishing pleasure? How much more now, when the drams of our honey are lost in pounds of gall; when our contentments are as far from sincerity as continuance!

Yet the true apprehension of life, though joined with contempt, is not enough to settle us, if either we be ignorant of death, or ill persuaded: for, if life have not worth enough to allure us; yet, death hath horror enough to affright us. He, that would die cheerfully, must know death his friend. What is he, but the faithful officer of our Maker, who ever smiles or frowns with his Master; neither can either shew or nourish enmity, where God favours: when he comes fiercely, and pulls a man by the throat, and summons him to hell, who can but tremble? The messenger is terrible, but the message worse. Hence have risen the miserable despairs, and furious raving of the ill conscience; that finds no peace within, less without. But when he comes sweetly, not as an executioner, but as a guide to glory; and proffers his service; and shews our happiness; and opens the door to our heaven: how worthy is he of entertainment! how worthy of gratulation! But his salutation is painful, if courteous: what then? The physician heals us, not without pain; and yet we reward him. It is unthankfulness to complain, where the answer of profit is excessive. Death paineth: how long? how much? with what proportion to the sequel of joy? O death, if thy pangs be grievous, yet thy rest is sweet. The constant expectation, that hath possessed that rest, hath already swallowed those pangs; and makes the Christian, at once, wholly dead to his pain, wholly alive to his glory. The soul hath not leisure to care for her suffering, that beholds her crown; which if she were enjoined to

fetch through the flames of hell, her faith would not stick at the condition.

Thus in brief, he, that lives Christianly, shall die boldly: he, that finds his life short and miserable, shall die willingly: he, that knows death and foresees glory, shall die cheerfully and desirously.

EPISTLE III.

TO MR. SAMUEL BURTON,

ARCHDEACON OF GLOUCESTER.

A Discourse of the Trial and Choice of the True Religion..

SIR:

THIS Discourse, enjoined by you, I send to your censure, to your disposing; but to the use of others. Upon your charge, I have written it for the wavering. If it seem worthy, communicate it; else, it is but a dash of your pen. I fear only the brevity: a volume were too little for this subject. It is not more yours, than the author. Farewel.

WE do not more affect variety in all other things, than we abhor it in religion. Even those, which have held the greatest falsehoods, hold that there is but one truth. I never read of more than one heretic, that held all heresies true: neither did his opinion seem more incredible, than the relation of it. God can neither be multiplied, nor Christ divided: if his coat might be parted, his body was entire. For that, then, all sides challenge truth, and but one can possess it; let us see who have found it, who enjoy it.

There are not many religions, that strive for it; though many opinions. Every heresy, albeit fundamental, makes not a religion. We say not, the Religion of Arians, Nestorians, Sabellians, Macedonians; but the Sect, or Heresy. No opinion challenges this name in our usual speech, (for I discuss not the propriety) but that which, arising from many differences, hath settled itself in the world, upon her own principles, not without an universal division. Such may soon be counted: though it is true, there are by so much too many, as there are more than one.

Five Religions, then, there are, by this rule, upon earth; which stand in competition for truth: Jewish, Turkish, Greekish, Popish, Reformed; whereof each pleads for itself, with disgrace of the other. The plain reader doubts, how he may sit judge, in so

high a plea: God hath put this person upon him; while he chargeth him to try the spirits; to retain the good, reject the evil. If still he plead, with Moses, insufficiency; let him but attend: God shall decide the case, in his silence, without difficulty.

The JEW hath little to say for himself, but impudent denials of our Christ; of their prophecies: whose very refusal of him, more strongly proves him the true Messiah: neither could he be justified to be that Saviour, if they rejected him not; since the prophets foresaw and foretold, not their repelling of him only, but their reviling.

If there were no more arguments, God hath so mightily confuted them from heaven, by the voice of his judgment, that all the world hisseth at their conviction. Lo, their very sin is capitally written in their desolation and contempt. One of their own late Doctors seriously expostulates, in a relenting Letter to another of his fellow Rabbins, what might be the cause of so long and desperate a ruin of their Israel; and, comparing their former captivities with their former sins, argues, and yet fears to conclude, that this continuing punishment must needs be sent for some sin, so much greater than idolatry, oppression, Sabbath-breaking; by how much this plague is more grievous, than all the other: which, his fear tells him, and he may believe it, can be no other, but the murder and refusal of their true Messiah. Let now all the Doctors of those obstinate Synagogues, answer this doubt of their own objecting.

But how, past all contradiction, is the ancient witness of all the holy prophets, answered and confirmed by their events! whose foresayings, verified in all particular issues, are more than demonstrative. No art can describe a thing past, with more exactness, than they did this Christ to come. What circumstance is there, that hath not his prediction? Have they not forewritten, who should be his mother; a virgin: of what tribe; of Judah: of what house; of David: what place; Bethlehem: what time; when the sceptre should be taken from Judah; or after sixty-nine weeks: what name; Jesus, Immanuel: what habitation; Nazareth: what harbinger; John, the second Elias: what his business; to preach, save, deliver: what entertainment; rejection: what death; the Cross: what manner; piercing the body, not breaking the bones: what company; amidst two wicked ones: where; at Jerusalem: whereabouts; without the gates: with what words; of imploration: what draught; of vinegar and gall: who was his traitor, and with what success? If all the Synagogues of the Circumcision, all the gates of Hell, can obscure these evidences, let me be a proselyte.

My labour herein is so much less, as there is less danger of Judaism. Our Church is well rid of that accursed nation: whom yet Rome harbours, and, in a fashion, graces; while, instead of spitting at, or that their Neapolitan correction whereof Gratian speaks, the Pope solemnly receives at their hands that Bible, which they, at once, approve and overthrow.

But would God there were no more Jews than appear! Even in this sense also, he is a Jew, that is one within: plainly, whose heart doth not sincerely confess his Redeemer. Though a Christian Jew, is no other than an atheist; and therefore must be scourged elsewhere.

The Jew thus answered, the TURK stands out for his Mahomet, that cozening Arabian; whose religion, if it deserve that name, stands upon nothing, but rude ignorance and palpable imposture.

Yet, lo here a subtle Devil, in a gross religion: for, when he saw that he could not, by single twists of heresy, pull down the well-built walls of the Church; he winds them all up in one cable, to see if his cord of so many folds might happily prevail: raising up wicked Mahomet, to deny, with Sabellius, the distinction of persons; with Arius, Christ's Divinity; with Macedonius, the Deity of the Holy Ghost; with Sergius, two wills in Christ; with Marcion, Christ's suffering.

And these policies, seconded with violence, how have they wasted Christendom! O damnable mixture, miserably successful! which yet could not have been, but that it meets with sottish clients; and sooths up nature; and debars both all knowledge and contradiction.

What is their Alcoran, but a fardel of foolish impossibilities? Whosoever shall hear me relate the stories of angel Adriel's death, Seraphuel's trumpet, Gabriel's bridge, Horroth and Marroth's hanging, the moon's descending into Mahomet's sleeve, the Litter wherein he saw God carried by eight angels, their ridiculous and swinish Paradise, and thousands of the same bran; would say, that Mahomet hoped to meet, either with beasts or mad men. Besides these barbarous fictions, behold their laws, full of licence, full of impiety: in which, revenge is encouraged, multitude of wives allowed, theft tolerated; and the frame of their opinions such, as well bewrays their whole religion to be but the mongrel issue of an Arian, Jew, Nestorian, and Arabian: a monster, of many seeds, and all accursed. In both which regards, nature herself, in whose breast God hath written his royal Law, though in part by her defaced, hath light enough to condemn a Turk, as the worst Pagan. Let no man look for further disproof. These follies, a wise Christian will scorn to confute, and scarce vouchsafe to laugh at.

The GREEKISH Church (so the Russes term themselves) put in the next claim; but with no better success: whose infinite Clergy affords not a man, that can give either reason or account of their own doctrine. These are the basest dregs of all Christians. So we favourably term them; though they, perhaps in more simplicity than wilfulness, would admit none of all the other Christian world to their font, but those, who, in a solemn renunciation, spit at and abjure their former God, religion, baptism. Yet, peradventure, we might more justly term them Nicolaitans: for, that obscure Saint (if a Saint; if honest) by an unequal division, finds more homage from them than his Master. These are as ignorant, as Turks; as idolatrous, as Heathens; as obstinate, as Jews; and more

superstitious than Papists. To speak ingenuously from that I have heard and read, if the worst of the Romish religion and the best of the Muscovite be compared, the choice would be hard, whether should be less ill. I labour the less in all these, whose remoteness and absurdity secure us from infection, and whose only name is their confutation.

I descend to that main rival of truth, which creeps into her bosom, and is not less near than subtle; the religion, if not rather the faction, of PAPISM: whose plea is importunate; and so much more dangerous, as it carries fairer probability. Since then, of all religions, the Christian obtaineth; let us see, of those that are called Christians, which should command assent and profession. Every religion bears in her lineaments the image of her parent: the true religion, therefore, is spiritual; and looks like God, in her purity: all false religions are carnal; and carry the face of Nature, their mother; and of him whose illusion begot them, Satan.

In sum, nature never conceived any, which did not favour her; nor the Spirit any, which did not oppugn her. Let this then be the Lydian stone of this trial: we need no more. Whether religion soever doth more plausibly content nature, is false; whether gives more sincere glory to God, is his truth.

Lay aside prejudice: Whither, I beseech you, tendeth all Popery, but to make nature either vainly proud, or carelessly wanton?

What can more advance her pride, than to tell her, that she hath, in her own hands, freedom enough of will, with a little prevention, to prepare herself to her justification; that she hath, whereof to rejoice, somewhat, which she hath not received; that, if God please but to unfetter her, she can walk alone? she is insolent enough of herself: this flattery is enough to make her mad of conceit: after this; that, if God will but bear half the charges by his co-operation, she may undertake to merit her own glory, and brave God, in the proof of his most accurate judgment, to fulfil the whole royal law; and that, from the superfluity of her own satisfactions, she may be abundantly beneficial to her neighbours; that, naturally, without faith, a man may do some good works; that we may repose confidence in our merits? Neither is our good only by this flattery extolled, but our ill also diminished: our evils are our sins: some of them, they say, are in their nature venial, and not worthy of death; more, that our original sin, is but the want of our first justice; no guilt of our first-father's offence, no inherent ill-disposition; and that, by baptismal water, is taken away whatever hath the nature of sin; that a mere man (let me not wrong St. Peter's successor in so terming him) hath power to remit both punishment and sin, past and future; that many have suffered more than their sins have required; that the sufferings of the saints added to Christ's passions, make up the treasure of the Church, that spiritual Exchequer, whereof their Bishop must keep the key, and make his friends. In all these, the gain of nature, who sees not, is God's loss? all her bravery is

stolen from above: besides those other direct derogations from him; that his Scriptures are not sufficient; that their original fountains are corrupted, and the streams run clearer; that there is a multitude, if a finite number, of mediators.

Turn your eyes now to us; and see, contrarily, how we abase nature, how we knead her in the dust; spoiling her of her proud rags, loading her with reproaches; and giving glory to him that says he will not give it to another: while we teach, that we neither have good, nor can do good of ourselves; that we are not sick or fettered, but dead in our sin; that we cannot move to good, more than we are moved; that our best actions are faulty, our satisfactions debts, our deserts damnation; that all our merit is his mercy that saves us; that every of our sins is deadly, every of our natures originally depraved and corrupted; that no water can entirely wash away the filthiness of our concupiscence; that none but the blood of Him, that was God, can cleanse us; that all our possible sufferings are below our offences; that God's written word is all-sufficient to inform us, to make us both wise and perfect; that Christ's mediation is more than sufficient to save us, his sufferings to redeem us, his obedience to enrich us.

You have seen how Papistry makes nature proud: now see how it makes her lawless and wanton: while it teacheth, yet this one not so universally, that Christ died effectually for all; that, in true contrition, an express purpose of new life is not necessary; that wicked men are true members of the Church; that a lewd miscreant or infidel, in the business of the altar, partakes of the true body and blood of Christ, yea, which is a shame to tell, a brute creature; that men may save the labour of searching, for that it is both easy and safe, with that Catholic Collier, to believe with the Church, at a venture: more than so; that devotion is the seed of ignorance; that there is infallibility annexed to a particular place and person; that the bare act of the sacraments confers grace, without faith; that the mere sign of the Cross made by a Jew or Infidel, is of force to drive away devils; that the sacrifice of the Mass, in the very work wrought, avails to obtain pardon of our sins, not in our life only, but when we lie frying in purgatory; that we need not pray in faith, to be heard, or in understanding; that alms given merit heaven, dispose to justification, satisfy God for sin; that abstinence from some meats and drinks is meritorious; that indulgences may be granted, to dispense with all the penance of sins, afterward to be committed; that these, by a living man, may be applied to the dead; that one man may deliver another's soul, out of his purging torments; and, therefore, that he, who wants not either money or friends, need not fear the smart of his sins. O religion, sweet to the wealthy; to the needy, desperate! Who will now care, henceforth, how sound his devotions be, how lewd his life, how heinous his sins, that knows these refuges?

On the contrary, we curb nature; we restrain, we discourage, we threaten her: teaching her, not to rest in implicit faiths, or general intentions, or external actions of piety, or presumptuous

dispensations of men; but to strive unto sincere faith; without which we have no part in Christ, in his Church; no benefit by sacraments, prayers, fastings, beneficences: to set the heart on work, in all our devotions; without which the hand and tongue are but hypocrites: to set the hands on work, in good actions; without which the presuming heart is but a hypocrite: to expect no pardon for sin, before we commit it; and from Christ alone, when we have committed it: and, to repent, before we expect it: to hope for no chaffering, no ransom of our souls from below; no contrary change of estate, after dissolution: that life is the time of mercy; death, of retribution.

Now, let me appeal to your soul, and to the judgment of all the world, whether of these two religions is framed to the humour of nature: yea, let me but know what action Popery requires of any of her followers, which a mere naturalist hath not done, cannot do.

See, how I have chosen to beat them with that rod, wherewith they think we have so often smarted: for what cavil hath been more ordinary against us, than this of ease and liberty; yea, licence given and taken by our religion; together with the upbraidings of their own strict and rigorous austereness? Where are our penal works, our fastings, scourges, hair-cloth, weary pilgrimages, blushing confessions, solemn vows of willing beggary and perpetual continency?

To do them right, we yield: in all the hard works of will-worship, they go beyond us; but, lest they should insult in the victory, not so much as the priests of Baal went beyond them. I see their whips: shew me their knives. Where did ever zealous Romanist lance and carve his flesh in devotion? The Baalites did it; and yet never the wiser, never the holier. Either, therefore, this zeal, in works of their own devising, makes them not better than we, or it makes the Baalites better than they: let them take their choice.

Alas, these difficulties are but a colour, to avoid greater. No, no; to work our stubborn wills to subjection; to draw this untoward flesh to a sincere cheerfulness in God's service; to reach unto a sound belief in the Lord Jesus; to pray with a true heart, without distraction, without distrust, without misconceit; to keep the heart in continual awe of God: these are the hard tasks of a Christian; worthy of our sweat, worthy of our rejoicing: all which, that Babylonish religion shifteth off, with a careless fashionableness; as if it had not to do with the soul. Give us obedience: let them take sacrifice.

Do you yet look for more evidence? look into particulars, and satisfy yourself in God's decision, as Optatus advised of old. Since the goods of our father are in question, whither should we go but to his Will and Testament? My soul bear the danger of this bold assertion: If we err, we err with Christ and his Apostles. In a word, against all staggering, our Saviour's rule is sure and eternal: *If any man will do my Father's will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.*

EPISTLE IV.

TO MR. EDMUND SLEIGH.

A Discourse of the Hardness of Christianity; and the abundant Recompence, in the Pleasures and Commodities of that Profession.

How hard a thing is it, Dear Uncle, to be a Christian! Perhaps, others are less dull, and more quiet; more waxen to the impressions of grace, and less troublesome to themselves.

I accuse none, but whom I know, and whom I dare, myself. Even easy businesses are hard to the weak: let others boast; I must complain.

To keep our station is hard; harder, to move forward. One while, I scarce restrain my unruly desires, from evil; ofter, can find no lust to good. My heart will either be vain or sullen. When I am wrought, with much sweat, to detest sin, and distaste the world; yet, who shall raise up this dross of mine to a spiritual joy? Sometimes, I purpose well; and, if those thoughts, not mine, begin to lift me up from my earth; lo, he, that rules in the air, stoops upon me with powerful temptations, or the world pulls me down with a sweet violence: so as I know not, whether I be forced or persuaded to yield.

I find much weakness in myself; but more treachery. How willing am I to be deceived! how loth to be altered! Good duties seem harsh; and can hardly escape the repulse, or delay of excuses; and, not without much strife grow to any relish of pleasure; and, when they are at best, cannot avoid the mixture of many infirmities: which do, at once, disquiet and discourage the mind; not suffering it to rest in what it would have done, and could not. And if, after many sighs and tears, I have attained to do well, and resolve better; yet this good estate is far from constant, and easily inclining to change. And, while I strive, in spite of my natural fickleness, to hold my own with some progress and gain; what difficulty do I find, what opposition!

O God, what adversaries hast thou provided for us weak men! what encounters! malicious and subtle spirits, an alluring world, a serpentine and stubborn nature.

Force and fraud do their worst to us: sometimes, because they are spiritual enemies, I see them not; and complain to feel them, too late: other-while, my spiritual eyes see them with amazement; and I, like a cowardly Israelite, am ready to flee, and plead their measure, for my fear: *Who is able to stand before the sons of Anak?* some other times, I stand still, and, as I can, weakly resist; but am foiled, with indignation and shame: then again, I rise up, not without bashfulness and scorn; and, with more hearty resistance, prevail and triumph: when, ere long, surprised with a sudden and un-

warned assault, I am carried away captive, whither I would not; and, mourning for my discomfiture, study for a feeble revenge: my quarrel is good; but my strength maintains it not: it is now long, ere I can recover this overthrow; and find myself whole of these wounds.

Beside suggestions, crosses fall heavy; and work no small distemper in a mind faint and unsettled: whose law is such, that the more I grow the more I bear; and, not seldom, when God gives me respite, I afflict myself: either my fear feigneth evils; or my unruly passions raise tumults within me, which breed much trouble, whether in satisfying or suppressing; not to speak, that sin is attended, besides unquietness, with terror.

Now, you say, "Alas, Christianity is hard!" I grant it; but gainful and happy. I contemn the difficulty, when I respect the advantage. The greatest labours, that have answerable requitals, are less than the least, that have no reward. Believe me, when I look to the reward, I would not have the work easier. It is a good Master, whom we serve; who not only pays, but gives; not after the proportion of our earnings, but of his own mercy. If every pain that we suffer were a death, and every cross a hell, we have amends enough. It were injurious to complain of the measure, when we acknowledge the recompence.

Away with these weak dislikes: though I should buy it dearer, I would be a Christian. Any thing may make me out of love with myself; nothing, with my profession: I were unworthy of this favour, if I could repent to have endured: herein alone I am safe; herein I am blessed. I may be all other things, and yet, with that dying emperor, complain, with my last breath, That I am no whit the better: let me be a Christian, I am privileged from miseries; hell cannot touch me; death cannot hurt me. No evil can arrest me, while I am under the protection of him, which overrules all good and evil: yea, so soon as it touches me, it turns good: and, being sent and suborned by my spiritual adversaries to betray me, now, in a happy change, it fights for me; and is driven rather to rebel, than wrong me.

It is a bold and strange word: No price could buy of me the gain of my sins. That, which, while I repented, I would have expiated with blood; now, after my repentance, I forego not for a world: the fruit of having sinned; if not rather, of having repented.

Besides my freedom, how large is my possession! All good things are mine; to challenge, to enjoy. I cannot look beyond my own, nor besides it; and, the things that I cannot see, I dare claim no less. The heaven, that rolls so gloriously above my head, is mine, by this right: yea, those celestial spirits, the better part of that high creation, watch me in my bed, guard me in my ways, shelter me in my dangers, comfort me in my troubles; and are ready to receive that soul, which they have kept.

What speak I of creatures? The God of Spirits is mine: and, by a sweet and secret union, I am become an heir of his glory;

yea, as it were, a limb of himself. O blessedness! worthy of difficulty, worthy of pain: what thou wilt, Lord, so I may be thine, what thou wilt. When I have done all, when I have suffered all, thou exceedest more than I want.

Follow me then, Dear Uncle: or, if you will, lead me rather, as you have done, in these steps; and, from the rough way, look to the end. Overlook these trifling grievances; and fasten your eyes upon the happy recompence; and see if you cannot scorn to complain. Pity those, that take not your pains; and persist, with courage, till you feel the weight of your crown.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. W. L.

Expostulating the Cause of his Unsettledness in Religion, which is pleaded to be our Dissensions: shewing the Insufficiency of that Motive, and comparing the Estate of our Church herein, with the Romish.

I WOULD I knew where to find you: then I could tell how to take a direct aim; whereas now, I must rove, and conjecture. To day, you are in the tents of the Romanists; to morrow, in ours; the next day, between both, against both. Our adversaries think you ours; we, theirs: your conscience finds you, with both, and neither.

I flatter you not: this, of yours, is the worst of all tempers. Heat and cold have their uses: lukewarmness is good for nothing, but to trouble the stomach. Those, that are spiritually hot, find acceptation: those, that are stark cold, have a lesser reckoning: the mean between both, is so much worse, as it comes nearer to good, and attains it not. How long will you halt in this indifferency? Resolve, one way; and know, at last, what you do hold; what you should. Cast off, either your wings or your teeth; and, loathing this bat-like nature, be either a bird or a beast.

To die wavering and uncertain, yourself will grant fearful. If you must settle, when begin you? If you must begin, why not now? It is dangerous deferring that, whose want is deadly, and whose opportunity is doubtful. God crieth, with Jehu, *Who is on my side, who?* Look, at last, out of your window to him; and, in a resolute courage, cast down this Jezebel, that hath bewitched you. Is there any impediment, which delay will abate? Is there any, which a just answer cannot remove? If you would rather waver, who can settle you? but, if you love not inconstancy, tell us why you stagger. Be plain; or else you will never be firm. What hinders you?

Is it our divisions? I see you shake your head at this; and, by your silent gesture, bewray this the cause of your distaste. Would

God, I could either deny this with truth, or amend it with tears! But I grant it; with no less sorrow, than you with offence. This earth hath nothing more lamentable, than the civil jars of one faith. What then? Must you defy your Mother, because you see your brethren fighting? Their dissension is her grief. Must she lose some sons, because some others quarrel? Do not so wrong yourself, in afflicting her. Will you love Christ the less, because his coat is divided?

Yea, let me boldly say; the hem is torn a little; the garment is whole: or, rather, it is fretted a little; not torn: or, rather, the fringe; not the hem. Behold, here is one Christ, one Creed, one Baptism, one Heaven, one Way to it; in sum, one Religion, one Foundation; and, take away the tumultuous spirits of some rigorous Lutherans, one Heart: our differences are those of Paul and Barnabas; not those of Peter and Magus: if they be some, it is well they are no more; if many, that they are not capital. Shew me that Church, that hath not complained of distraction; yea that family, yea that fraternity, yea that man, that always agrees with himself. See if the Spouse of Christ, in that heavenly marriage-song, do not call him, a young hart *in the mountains of division*.

Tell me then, Whither will you go for truth, if you will allow no truth, but where there is no division? To Rome, perhaps; famous for unity, famous for peace. See now how happily you have chosen; how well you have sped! Lo there, Cardinal Bellarmine himself, a witness above exception, under his own hand acknowledgeth to the world, and reckons up two hundred thirty and seven contrarieties of doctrine among the Romish Divines. What need we more evidence? O the perfect accordance of Peter's See; worthy to be recorded for a badge of Truth!

Let now all our adversaries scrape together so many contradictions of opinions amongst us, as they confess amongst themselves; and be you theirs. No; they are not more peaceable, but more subtle: they have not less dissension, but more smothered. They fight closely within doors, without noise: all our frays are in the field. Would God we had as much of their cunning, as they want of our peace; and no more of their policy, than they want of our truth! Our strife is in ceremonies; theirs, in substance: ours, in one or two points; theirs, in all. Take it boldly from him, that dares avouch it; There is not one point in all divinity, except those wherein we accord with them, wherein they all speak the same. If our Church displease you for differences, theirs much more; unless you will be either wilfully incredulous, or wilfully partial; unless you dislike a mischief the less, for the secrecy.

What will you do then? Will you be a Church, alone? Alas, how full are you of contradictions to yourself! how full of contrary purposes! How oft do you chide with yourself! how oft do you fight with yourself! I appeal to that bosom, which is privy to those secret combats.

Believe me not, if ever you find perfect unity any where but

above: either go thither, and seek it amongst those that triumph; or be content with what estate you find in this warfaring number.

Truth is in differences; as gold in dross, wheat in chaff: will you cast away the best metal, the best grain, because it is mingled with this offal? Will you rather be poor and hungry, than bestow labour on the fan, or the furnace? Is there nothing worth your respect, but peace? I have heard, that the interlacing of some discords graces the best music; and I know not, whether the very evil spirits agree not with themselves. If the body be sound, what though the coat be torn? or if the garment be whole, what if the lace be unript? Take you peace: let me have Truth; if I cannot have both.

To conclude, embrace those truths, that we all hold; and it greatly matters not what you hold in those, wherein we differ: and, if you love your safety, seek rather grounds whereon to rest, than excuses for your unrest. If ever you look to gain by the truth, you must both chuse it, and cleave to it. Mere resolution is not enough; except you will rather lose yourself, than it.

EPISTLE VI.

TO SIR EDMUND LUCY.

Discoursing of the different Degrees of Heavenly Glory; and of our mutual Knowledge of Each Other above.

As those, which never were at home, now, after much hearsay travelling toward it, ask in the way, what manner of house it is, what seat, what frame, what soil; so do we, in the passage to our glory. We are all pilgrims thither; yet so, as that some have looked into it afar, through the open windows of the Scripture. Go to, then: while others are enquiring about worldly dignities and earthly pleasures, let us two sweetly consult of the estate of our future happiness; yet without presumption, without curiosity.

Amongst this infinite choice of thoughts, it hath pleased you to limit our discourse to two heads.

You ask first, if the joys of the glorified Saints shall differ in degrees. I fear not to affirm it. There is one life of all; one felicity: but divers measures. Our heaven begins here; and here, varies in degree. One Christian enjoys God above another, according as his grace, as his faith is more: and heaven is still like itself; not other above, from that beneath. As our grace begins our glory, so it proportions it. Blessedness stands in the perfect operation of the best faculties, about the perfectest object; that is, in the vision, in the fruition of God. All his Saints see him; but

some more clearly: as the same sun is seen of all eyes, not with equal strength. Such as the eye of our faith was, to see him that is invisible; such is the eye of our present apprehension, to see as we are seen. Who sees not, that our rewards are according to our works? not for them, as on merit: woe be to that soul, which hath but what it earneth: but after them, as their rule of proportion. And these, how sensibly unequal! one gives but a cup of cold water to a disciple: another gives his blood, for the Master. Different works have different wages; not of desert, but of mercy: five talents well employed, carry away more recompence than two; yet both approved, both rewarded with their Master's joy. Who can stick at this, that knows those heavenly spirits, to whom we shall be like, are marshalled by their Maker into several ranks? he, that was rapt into their element, and saw their blessed orders, as from his own knowledge hath styled them, *Thrones, Principalities, Powers, Dominions.* If, in one part of this celestial family, the great Householder hath thus ordered it, why not in the other? yea, even in this he hath instanced; *You shall sit on twelve thrones, and judge the twelve tribes of Israel:* if he mean not some preeminence to his apostles, how doth he answer, how doth he satisfy them? Yet more, Lazarus is in Abraham's bosom: therefore Abraham is more honoured than Lazarus. I shall need no more proofs; if from heaven you shall look down into the great gulf, and there see diversity of torments, according to the value of sins: equality of offences, you acknowledge an idle paradox of the Stoics: to hold unequal sins equally punished, were more absurd; and more injurious to God's justice: there is but one fire, which yet otherwise burns the straw; otherwise, wood and iron: he, that made and commands this dungeon, these tortures, tells us, that the wilfully disobedient shall smart with more stripes; the ignorant, with fewer. Yet, so conceive of these heavenly degrees, that the least is glorious: so do these vessels differ, that all are full: there is no want in any; no envy. Let us strive for a place, not strive for the order: how can we wish to be more than happy?

Your other question is, of our mutual knowledge above; the hope whereof, you think, would give much contentment to the necessity of our parture: for, both we are loth not to know those whom we love; and we are glad to think we shall know them happy: whereof, if it may comfort you, I am no less confident. If I may not go so far, as, with the best of the Fathers, to say we shall know one another's thoughts, I dare say, our persons we shall: our knowledge, our memory are not there lost, but perfected. Yea, I fear not to say, we shall know, both our miseries past, and the present sufferings of the damned: it makes our happiness not a little the sweeter, to know that we were miserable, to know that others are and must be miserable. We shall know them; not feel them: take heed, that you clearly distinguish, betwixt speculation and experience: we are then far out of the reach of evils: we may see them, to comfort us; not to affect us. Who doubts, that these eyes shall see and know the Glorious Manhood of our Blessed Saviour, ad-

vanced above all the powers of heaven? and if one body, why not more? and if our Elder Brother, why no more of our spiritual fraternity? Yea, if the twelve thrones of those judges of Israel shall be conspicuous; how shall we not acknowledge them? And if these, who shall restrain us from more? You will easily grant, that our love can never fail: faith and hope give place to sight, to present fruition; for these are of things not seen: but love is perpetual; not of God only, but his Saints: for nothing ceases, but our earthly parts; nothing, but what savours of corruption: Christian love is a grace; and may well challenge a place in heaven: and what love is there, of what we know not? More plainly, If the three disciples in Tabor knew Moses and Elias, how much more shall we know them in God's Sion! Lastly, for it is a letter not a volume that I intended in this not necessary but likely discourse, that famous Parable can tell you, that those, which are in hell, may know singular and several persons, though distant in place: the rich Glutton knows Lazarus and Abraham. I hear what you say: "It is but a Parable:" neither will I press you with the contrary authority of Ambrose, Tertullian, Gregory, Jerome, or any Father; nor with that universal rule of Chrysostom, That those only are parables, where examples are expressed, and names concealed: I yield it; yet all holy parables have their truths, at least their possibilities: deny this, and you disable their use, wrong their Author: our Saviour never said ought was done, that cannot be; and shall then the damned retain ought, which the glorified lose? No man ever held that the soul was advantaged by torment. Comfort you, therefore, in this; you shall know, and be known. But far be from hence all carnal and earthly thoughts; as if your affections should be, as below, doubled to your wife or child: nature hath no place in glory: here is no respect of blood; none, of marriage: this grosser acquaintance and pleasure is for the Paradise of Turks, not the Heaven of Christians: here is, as no marriage, save betwixt the Lamb and his Spouse, the Church; so, no matrimonial affections: you shall rejoice in your glorified child; not as your child, but as glorified. In brief, let us so enquire of our company, that, above all things, we strive to be there ourselves; where, we are sure, if we have not what we imagined, we shall have more than we could imagine.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MR. T. L.

Concerning the matter of Divorce, in the case of apparent Adultery; advising the Innocent Party, of the fittest Course in that behalf.

All intermeddling is attended with danger; and ever so much more, as the bond of the parties contending is nearer and straiter:

how can it then want peril, to judge betwixt those, which are or should be one flesh? Yet great necessities require hazard. My profession would justly check me, if I preferred not your conscience to my own love.

I pity and lament, that your own bosom is false to you; that yourself, with shame and with sin, are pulled from yourself, and given to whom you would not: an injury, that cannot be paralleled upon earth; and such as may, without our wonder, distract you. Slight crosses are digested, with study and resolution; greater, with time; the greatest, not without study, time, counsel.

There is no extreme evil, whose evasions are not perplexed. I see here mischief, on either hand: I see you beset, not with griefs only, but dangers. No man ever more truly held a wolf by the ear; which he can neither stay nor let go, with safety.

God's ancient Law would have made a quick dispatch; and have determined the case, by the death of the offender, and the liberty of the innocent. And not it alone: how many heathen lawgivers have subscribed to Moses! Arabians, Grecians, Romans, yea very Goths, the dregs of Barbarism, have thought this wrong not expiable, but by blood.

With us, the easiness of revenge, as it yields frequence of offences, so multitude of doubts: whether the wronged husband should conceal, or complain: complaining, whether he should retain, or dismiss: dismissing, whether he may marry, or must continue single: not continuing single, whether he may receive his own, or chuse another.

But your enquiries shall be my bounds.

The fact, you say, is too evident. Let me ask you: To yourself, or to the world? This point alone must vary your proceedings.

Public notice requires public discharge: private wrongs are in our own power; public, in the hands of authority. The thoughts of our own breasts, while they smother themselves within us, are at our command; whether for suppressing, or expressing: but, if they once have vented themselves by words unto others' ears, now, as common strays, they must stand to the hazard of censure: such are our actions. Neither the sword, nor the keys, meddle within doors; and what but they, without?

If fame have laid hold on the wrong, prosecute it; clear your name, clear your house, yea, God's: else, you shall be reputed a pander to your own bed; and the second shame shall surpass the first, so much as your own fault can more blemish you, than another's. If there were no more, he is cruelly merciful, that neglects his own fame.

But what if the sin were shrouded in secrecy? the loathsomeness of vice consists not in common knowledge. It is no less heinous, if less talked of. Report gives but shame: God and the good soul detest close evils.

Yet then, I ask not of the offence; but of the offender: not of her crime; but her repentance. She hath sinned against heaven,

and you: but hath she washed your polluted bed with her tears? hath her true sorrow been no less apparent, than her sin? hath she pieced her old vow, with new protestations of fidelity? do you find her, at once, humbled and changed? Why should that ear be deaf to her prayers, that was open to her accusations? Why is there not yet place for mercy? Why do we Christians live as under martial law, wherein we sin but once? Plead not authority: Civilians have been too rigorous: the merciful sentence of Divinity shall sweetly temper human severeness. How many have we known the better for their sin! That Magdalen, her predecessor in filthiness, had never loved so much, if she had not so much sinned. How oft hath God's Spouse deserved a divorce; which yet still her confessions, her tears have reversed! How oft hath that scroll been written, and signed; and yet again cancelled, and torn, upon submission! His actions, not his words only, are our precepts. Why is man cruel, where God relents? The wrong is ours, only for his sake; without whose law were no sin. If the creditor please to remit the debt, do standers-by complain?

But, if she be, at once, filthy and obstinate, fly from her bed, as contagious. Now, your benevolence is adultery: you impart your body to her; she, her sin to you: a dangerous exchange; an honest body, for a harlot's sin. Herein you are in cause, that she hath more than one adulterer. I applaud the rigour of those ancient Canons, which have still roughly censured even this cloak of vice. As there is a necessity of charity in the former, so of justice in this. If you can so love your wife, that you detest not her sin; you are a better husband, than a Christian; a better bawd, than a husband.

I dare say no more, upon so general a relation. Good physicians, in dangerous diseases dare not prescribe, on bare sight of urine, or uncertain report; but will feel the pulse, and see the symptoms, ere they resolve on the recipe. You see how no niggard I am of my counsels: would God, I could as easily assuage your grief, as satisfy your doubts!

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. ROBERT HAYE.

A Discourse of the continual Exercise of a Christian; how he may keep his Heart from Hardness, and his Ways from Error.

To keep the heart in ure with God, is the highest task of a Christian. Good motions are not frequent; but the constancy of good disposition is rare and hard.

This work must be continual, or else speedeth not: like as the body, from a settled and habitual distemper must be recovered by long diets; and so much the rather, for that we cannot intermit here without relapses. If this field be not tilled every day, it will run out into thistles.

The evening is fittest for this work: when, retired into ourselves, we must, cheerfully and constantly, both look up to God, and into our hearts; as we have to do with both: to God, in Thanksgiving, first; then, in Request.

It shall be therefore expedient for the soul, duly to recount to itself all the specialties of God's favours. A confused Thanks savour of carelessness; and neither doth affect us, nor win acceptance above. Bethink yourself, then, of all these external, inferior, earthly graces: that your being, breathing, life, motion, reason is from him; that he hath given you a more noble nature than the rest of the creatures, excellent faculties of mind, perfection of senses, soundness of body, competency of estate, seemliness of condition, fitness of calling, preservation from dangers, rescue out of miseries, kindness of friends, carefulness of education, honesty of reputation, liberty of recreations, quietness of life, opportunity of well-doing, protection of angels. Then, rise higher, to his spiritual favours, though here on earth; and strive to raise your affections with your thoughts: bless God, that you were born in the light of the Gospel; for your profession of the truth; for the honour of your vocation; for your incorporating into the Church; for the privilege of the Sacraments, the free use of the Scriptures, the Communion of Saints, the benefit of their prayers, the aid of their counsels, the pleasure of their conversation; for the beginnings of regeneration, any footsteps of faith, hope, love, zeal, patience, peace, joy, conscionableness; for any desire of more. Then, let your soul mount highest of all, into her heaven; and acknowledge those celestial graces of her election to glory, redemption from shame and death; of the intercession of her Saviour; of the preparation of her place; and there let her stay a while, upon the meditation of her future joys.

This done, the way is made for your Request. Sue now to your God; as for grace to answer these mercies, so to see wherein you have not answered them. From him, therefore, cast your eyes down upon yourself; and, as some careful Justicer doth a suspected felon, so do you strictly examine your heart, of what you have done that day; of what you should have done: enquire whether your thoughts have been sequestered to God, strangers from the world, fixed on heaven, whether just, charitable, lowly, pure, Christian; whether your senses have been holily guided, neither to let in temptations, nor to let out sins; whether your speeches have not been offensive, vain, rash, indiscreet, unsavoury, unedifying; whether your actions have been warrantable, expedient, comely, profitable. Thence, see if you have been negligent in watching your heart, expence of your time, exercises of devotion, performance of good works, resistance of temptations, good use of

good examples; and compare your present estate with the former: look jealously, whether your soul hath gained or lost; lost, ought of the heat of her love, tenderness of conscience, fear to offend, strength of virtue; gained, more increase of grace, more assurance of glory. And, when you find, (alas who can but find?) either holiness decayed, or evil done, or good omitted, cast down your eyes, strike your breast, humble your soul, and sigh to him whom you have offended: sue for pardon as for life, heartily, yearningly: enjoin yourself careful amendment: redouble your holy resolutions: strike hands with God, in a new covenant. My soul for your safety.

Much of this good counsel I confess to have learned from the Table of an unknown Author, at Antwerp. It contented me: and, therefore, I have thus made it, by many alterations, my own for form, and yours for the use: our practice shall both commend it, and make us happy.

EPISTLE IX.

TO MR. I. F.

ONE OF THE COMPANY OF THE TURKISH MERCHANTS.

Discoursing of the Lawfulness of Conversation and Trade with Infidels and Heretics; and shewing how far, and wherein, it is allowable.

In matter of sin, I dare not discommend much fear: looseness is both a more ordinary fault, and more dangerous, than excess of care: yet herein the mind may be unjustly tortured; and suffer, without gain. It is good to know our bounds, and keep them; that so we may neither be carelessly offensive, nor needlessly afflicted.

How far we may travel to and converse with Infidels, with Heretics, is a long demand; and cannot be answered, at once. I see extremes, on both hands; and a path of truth, betwixt both, of no small latitude.

First, I commend not this course to you: it is well, if I allow it. The earth is large; and truth hath ample dominions: and those, not incommodious, not unpleasant. To neglect the main blessings with competency of the inferior, for abundance of the inferior without the main, were a choice unwise and unequal. While we are free, who would take ought but the best? Whither go you? Have we not as temperate a sun, as fair a heaven, as fertile an earth, as rich a sea, as sweet companions? What stand I on equa-

lity? a firmer peace, a freer Gospel, a happier government than the world can shew you?

Yet you must go. I give you my allowance; but limited, and full of cautions: like an inquisitive officer, you must let me ask, who, how, when, whither, why, how long; and accordingly determine.

To communicate with them in their false services, who will not spit at as impious? We speak of conversing with men; not with idolatries: civilly; not in religion: not in works of darkness; but business of commerce and common indifferencies. Fie on those Rimmonites, that plead an upright soul in a prostrate body: hypocrites, that pretend a Nathanael in the skin of a Nicodemus. God hates their secret halting, and will revenge it.

Let go their vices: speak of their persons. Those may be conversed with; not with familiarity, not with entireness: as men qualified; not as friends. Traffic is here allowed; not amity; not friendship, but peace. Paul will allow you to feast at their table, not to frequent it.

Yet, not this, to all. Christianity hath all statures in it, all strengths: children, and men; weaklings, giants. For a feeble ungrounded Christian, this very company is dangerous; safe, for the strong and instructed. Turn a child loose into an apothecary's shop, or an idiot: that gallipot, which looks fairest, shall have his first hand, though full of poisonous drugs; where the judicious would chuse the wholesomest, led not by sense, but skill. Settledness in the truth will cause us to hate and scorn ridiculous impiety: and that hate will settle us the more; where the unstayed may grow to less dislike, and endanger his own infection. He had need be a resolute Caleb, that should go to spy the land of Canaan.

Yet not such an one, upon every occasion. Mere pleasure or curiosity, I dare not allow in this adventure: the command of authority or necessity of traffic, I cannot reject: or, if, after sufficient prevention, desire to inform ourselves thoroughly in a foreign religion or state, especially for public use, carry us abroad, I censure not. In all matter of danger, a calling is a good warrant: and it cannot want peril, to go unsent.

Neither is there small weight in the quality of the place, and continuance of the time. It is one case, where the profession of our religion is free; another, where restrained, perhaps not without constraint to idolatry: where we have means for our souls, an allowed ministry, the case must needs differ from a place of necessary blindness, of peevish superstition. To pass through an infected place, is one thing; to dwell in it, another: each of these gives a new state to the cause, and looks for a diverse answer.

But, as in all these outward actions, so here, most force, I confess, lies in the intention; which is able to give, not toleration only to our travel, but praise. To converse with them without, but in a purpose of their conversion, and with endeavour to fetch them in, can be no other than a holy course: wherein that the Jesuits

have been, by their own saying, more serviceable in their Indies and China; let them thank, after their number and leisure, their shelter of Spain: the opportunity of whose patronage hath preferred them to us; not their more forward desires.

In short, companying with Infidels may not be simply condemned. Who can hold so, that sees Lot in Sodom; Israel, with the Egyptians; Abraham and Isaac, with their Abimelechs; roses, among thorns; and pearls, among much mud; and, for all, Christ among Publicans and Sinners? So we neither be infected by them, nor they further infected by our confirmation, nor the weak Christian by us infected with offence, nor the Gospel infected with reproach; what danger can there be? If neither we, nor they, nor the weak, nor, which is highest, the Name of God be wronged; who can complain?

You have mine opinion: dispose now of yourself, as you dare. The earth is the Lord's, and you are his: wheresoever he shall find you, be sure you shall find him every where.

EPISTLE X.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF HIS HIGHNESS'S COURT.

A Description of a Good and Faithful Courtier.

WHILE I adventured other characters into the light, I reserved one for you; whom I account no small part of my joy: the character of What you are; of, What you should be.

Not that I arrogate to myself more than ordinary skill in these high points. I desire not to describe a courtier: how should I, that have but seen and saluted the seat of princes? or, why should I, whose thoughts are sequestered to the Court of Heaven? But, if I would decipher a good Courtier, who can herein control my endeavour? Goodness, in all forms, is but the just subject of our profession. What my observation could not, no less certain rule shall afford me. Our discourse hath this freedom; that it may reach beyond our eyes, with belief. If your experience agree not with my speculation, distrust me. I care not for their barking, which condemn me, at first, of incongruity: as if these two terms were so dissonant, that one sentence could not hold them.

The poet slanders, that abandons all good men from courts. Who knows not, that the Egyptian Court had a Moses; the Court of Samaria, an Obadiah; of Jerusalem, an Ebed-melech; of Da-

mascus, a Naaman; of Babylon, a Daniel; of Ethiopia, a good Treasurer; and very Nero's Court, in Paul's time, his Saints? that I may not tell, how the Courts of Christian Princes have been likened, by our ecclesiastical historians, to some royal Colleges; for their order, gravity, goodness mixed with their majesty: and, that I may willingly forbear to compare, as but for envy I durst, yours with theirs.

I speak boldly: the Court is as nigh to heaven as the Cell; and doth no less require and admit strict holiness. I banish, therefore, hence all impiety; and dare presage his ruin, whose foundation is not laid in goodness.

Our Courtier is no other than virtuous; and serves the God of Heaven, as his first Master: and, from him, derives his duty to these earthen gods; as one, that knows the thrones of heaven and earth are not contrary, but subordinate; and that best obedience springs from devotion.

His ability and will have both conspired, to make him perfectly serviceable; and his diligence waits but for an opportunity.

In the factions of some great rivals of honour, he holds himself in a free neutrality; accounting it safer, in unjust frays, to look on, than to strike: and, if necessity of occasion will needs wind him into the quarrel, he chuses not the stronger part, but the better; resolving rather to fall with innocence and truth, than to stand with powerful injustice.

In the changes of favours and frowns, he changeth not. His sincere honesty bears him through all alterations; with wise boldness, if not with success: and, when he spies clouds in the eyes of his prince, which yet of long he will not seem to see, his clear heart gives him a clear face; and, if he may be admitted, his loyal breath shall soon dispel those vapours of ill suggestion: but if, after all attempts of wind and sun, he sees them settled, and the might of his accusers will not let him seem as he is; he gives way in silence, without stomach, and waits upon time.

He is not over hastily intent upon his own promotion; as one, that seeks his prince, not himself: and studies more, to deserve than rise; scorning, either to grow great by his own bribes, or rich by the bribes of others.

His officious silence craves more than others' words: and, if that language be not heard nor understood, he opens his mouth, yet late and sparingly; without bashfulness, without importunity; caring only to motion, not caring to plead.

He is affable and courteous; not vainly popular, abasing his prince's favour to woo the worthless applause of the vulgar: approving by his actions that he seeks one, not many; if not rather, one in many.

His alphabet is his prince's disposition; which, once learned, he plies with diligent service, not with flattery: not commending every action as good; nor the best too much, and in presence.

When he finds an apparent growth of favour, he dares not glory in it to others; lest he should solicit their envy, and hazard the

shame of his own fall: but enjoys it in quiet thankfulness; not neglecting it; not drawing it on too fast. Overmuch forwardness argues no perpetuity: how oft have we known the weak beginnings of a likely fire scattered with over-strong a blast? And, if another rise higher, he envieth not; only emulating that man's merit, and suspecting his own. Neither the name of the Court, nor the grace of a Prince, nor applause of his inferiors, can lift him above himself; or lead him to affect any other than a wise mediocrity.

His own sincerity cannot make him over-credulous. They are few and well tried, whom he dares use; or, perhaps, obliged by his own favours. So, in all employments of friendship, he is wary, without suspicion; and, without credulity, charitable.

He is free, as of heart, so of tongue, to speak what he ought; not, what he might: never, but, what princes' ears are not always inured to, mere truth: yet that, tempered, for the measure and time, with honest discretion. But, if he meet with ought that might be beneficial to his master or the state, or whose concealment might prove prejudicial to either, neither fear nor gain can stop his mouth.

He is not basely querulous; not forward to spend his complaints, on the disgraced: not abiding, to build his own favours, upon the unjust ruins of an oppressed fortune. The errors of his fellows he reports with favour; their virtues, with advantage.

He is a good husband of his hours; equally detesting idleness and base disports: and placing all his free time upon ingenuous studies, or generous delights; such as may make either his body or mind more fit for noble service.

He listeth not to come to counsel, uncalled; nor, unbidden, to intermeddle with secrets, whether of person or state: which yet, once imposed, he manageth with such fidelity and wisdom, as well argue him to have refrained, not out of fear, but judgment.

He knows how to repay an injury with thanks, and a benefit with usury: the one, out of a wise patience, without malicious closeness; the other, out of a bounteous thankfulness.

His life is his own willing servant, and his prince's free vassal; which he accounts lent to him, that he may give it for his master: the intercepting of whose harms, he holds both his duty and honour; and, whether he be used as his sword or his shield, he doth both with cheerfulness.

He can so demean himself in his officious attendance, that he equally avoids satiety and oblivion: not needlessly lavish of himself, to set out and shew his parts always at the highest; nor wilfully concealed in great occasions.

He loves to deserve and to have friends; but to trust rather, to his own virtue.

Reason and honesty, next under religion, are his counsellors; which he follows, without care of the event, not without foresight.

In a judgment of unkindness and envy, he never casts the first stone; and hates to pick thanks, by detraction.

He undertakes none but worthy suits; such as are free from baseness and injustice; such as it is neither shame to ask, nor dishonour to grant: not suffering private affections to overweigh public equity or convenience; and better brooking a friend's want, than an ill precedent. And those, which he yieldeth to accept, he loves not to linger, in an afflicting hope: a present answer shall dispatch the fears or desires of his expecting client. His breast is not a cistern to retain, but as a conduit-pipe, to vent the reasonable and honest petitions of his friend.

Finally, he so lives, as one, that accounts not princes' favours hereditary: as one, that will deserve their perpetuity; but doubt their change: as one, that knows there is a wide world, beside the Court; and, above this world, a heaven.

THE FOURTH DECADE.

EPISTLE I.

TO MR. WALTER FITZWILLIAMS.

A Discourse of the true and lawful Use of Pleasures: how we may moderate them; how we may enjoy them with safety.

INDEED, wherein stands the use of wisdom, if not in tempering our pleasures and sorrows? and so disposing ourselves in spite of all occurrents, that the world may not blow upon us with an unequal gale; neither tearing our sails, nor slackening them? Events will vary: if we continue the same, it matters not: nothing can overturn him, that hath power over himself.

Of the two, I confess it harder to manage prosperity, and to avoid hurt from good. Strong and cold winds do but make us gather up our cloak more round, more close: but, to keep it about us in a hot sunshine, to run and not sweat, to sweat and not faint; how difficult it is!

I see some, that avoid pleasures for their danger; and which dare not but abandon lawful delights, for fear of sin: who seem to me like some ignorant metallists, which cast away the precious ore, because they cannot separate the gold from the dross; or some simple Jew, that condemns the pure streams of Jordan, because it falls into the Dead Sea. Why do not these men refuse to eat, because meat hath made many gluttons? or, how dare they cover themselves, that know there is pride in rags? These hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves, while they pretend a mortified strictness, are injurious to their own liberty; to the liberality of their Maker. Wherefore hath he created and given the choice commodities of this earth, if not for use? or why placed he man in a paradise, not in a desert? How can we more displease a liberal friend, than to depart from his delicate feast wilfully hungry? They are deceived, that call this holiness: it is the disease of a mind, sullen, distrustful, impotent. There is nothing, but evil, which is not from heaven; and he is none of God's friends, that rejects his gifts for his own abuse.

Hear me, therefore, and true philosophy. There is a nearer

way than this, and a fairer: if you will be a wise Christian tread in it.

Learn, first, by a just survey, to know the due and lawful bounds of pleasure; and, then, beware, either to go beyond a known mere; or, in the licence of your own desires, to remove it. That God, that hath curbed in the fury of that unquiet and foaming element, and said of old *Here shalt thou stay thy proud waves,* hath done no less for the rage of our appetite. Behold, our limits are not obscure; which if we once pass, our inundation is perilous and sinful. No just delight wanteth either his warrant, or his terms. More plainly, be acquainted both with the quality of pleasures, and the measure: many a soul hath lost itself in a lawful delight, through excess; and not fewer have perished in those, whose nature is vicious, without respect of immoderation: your care must avoid both: the taste of the one is deadly; of the other, a full carouse: and, in truth, it is easier for a Christian, not to taste of that, than not to be drunk with this. The ill is more easily avoided, than the indifferent moderated. Pleasure is of a winding and serpentine nature: admit the head, the body will ask no leave; and sooner may you stop the entrance, than stay the proceeding. Withal, her insinuations are so cunning, that you shall not perceive your excess, till you be sick of a surfeit: a little honey is sweet; much, fulsome.

For the attaining of this temper, then, settle in yourself a right estimation of that wherein you delight.

Resolve every thing into his first matter; and there will be more danger of contempt, than overjoying. What are the goodly sumptuous buildings we admire; but a little burnt and hardened earth? What is the stately and wonderous building of this human body, whose beauty we dote upon; but the same earth we tread on, better tempered; but worse, when it wants his guest? What are those precious metals, whom we worship; but veins of earth, better coloured? What are costly robes; but such as are given of worms, and consumed of moths?

Then, from their beginning, look to their end; and see laughter conclude in tears: see death, in this sweet pot. Thy conscience scourges thee, with a long smart, for a short liberty; and, for an imperfect delight, gives thee perfect torment: alas, what a hard penny-worth! so little pleasure, for so much repentance! Enjoy it, if thou canst; but if, while the sword hangs over thee in a horse's hair, still threatening his fall and thine, thou canst be securely jocund; I wonder, but envy not.

Now I hear you recal me; and, after all my discourse, as no whit yet wiser, enquire by what rule our pleasures shall be judged immoderate. We are all friends to ourselves; and our indulgence will hardly call any favour too much. I send you not, though I might, to your body, to your calling, for this trial. While your delights exclude not the presence, the fruition of God, you are safe: the love of the medicine is no hinderance to the love of health: let all your pleasures have reference to the highest good,

and you cannot exceed. You see the angels sent about God's messages to this earth; yet never out of their heaven, never without the vision of their Maker. These earthly things cause not distraction, if we rest not in them; if we can look through them, to their Giver. The mind, that desires them for their own sakes, and suffers itself taken up with their sweetness as his main end, is already drunken. It is not the use of pleasure, that offends, but the affectation. How many great Kings have been Saints! They could not have been Kings, without choice of earthly delights: they could not have been Saints, with earthly affections. If God have mixed you a sweet cup, drink it cheerfully: commend the taste, and be thankful; but rejoice in it, as his. Use pleasures, without dotage; as in God, from God, to God; you are as free from error, as misery.

EPISTLE II.

WRITTEN TO W. F.

AND DEDICATED TO MR. ROBERT JERMIN.

A Discourse of the bloody use of Single Combats; the Injustice of all pretences of their lawfulness; setting forth the Danger and Sinfulness of this false and unchristian manhood.

You have received a proud challenge, and now hold yourself bound, upon terms of honour, to accept it. Hear, first, the answer of a friend; before you give an answer to your enemy: receive the counsel of love; ere you enter those courses of revenge. Think not you may reject me, because my profession is Peace: I speak from him, which is not only the Prince of Peace, but the God of Hosts; of whom if you will not learn to manage your hand and your sword, I shall grieve to see, that courage hath made you rebellious. Grant once, that you are a Christian; and this victory is mine: I overcome; and you fight not. Would God, the fury of men's passions could be as easily conquered, as their judgments convinced! how many thousands had been free from blood! This conceit of false fortitude hath cost well near as many lives as lawful war, or, as opinion of heresy. Let me tell you with confidence, that all duels or single combats are murderous: blanch them over, how you list, with names of honour, and honest pretences; their use is sinful, and their nature devilish.

Let us two, if you please, beforehand, enter into these lists of words. Let reason, which is a more harmless fight, conflict with reason. Take whom you will with you into this field; of all the

Philosophers, Civilians, Canonists: for Divines, I hope, you shall find none: and let the right of this truth be tried, upon a just induction.

I only premise this caution, lest we quarrel about the cause of this quarrel, that necessity must be excluded from these unlawful fights; which ever alters their quality, and removes their evil: the defence of our life, the injunction of a magistrate, are ever excepted: voluntary combats are only questioned; or, whose necessity we do not find, but make. There are not many causes, that can draw us forth single into the field, with colour of equity.

Let the first be the trial of some hidden right; whether of innocence upon a false accusation, or of title to inheritance, not determinable by course of laws: a proceeding not tolerable among Christians, because it wants both warrant and certainty. Wherever did God bid thee hazard thy life for thy name? Where did he promise to second thee? When thou art without thy commandment, without his promise, thou art without thy protection. He takes charge of thee, but when thou art in thy ways: yea, in his. If this be God's way, where did he chalk it out? If thou want his word, look not for his aid. Miserable is that man, which, in dangerous actions, is left to his own keeping: yea, how plainly doth the event shew God's dislike! How oft hath innocence lain bleeding in these combats, and guiltiness insulted in the conquest! Those very Decretals (whom we oft cite not, often trust not) report the inequality of this issue. Two men are brought to the bar: one accuses the other of theft, without further evidence, either to clear or convince. The sword is called for; both witness, and judge. They meet, and combat. The innocent party is slain. The stolen goods are found after in other hands, and confessed. Oh, the injustice of human sentences! O wretched estate of the party miscarried! His good name is lost with his life, which he would have redeemed with his valour: he both dies and sins, while he strives to seem clear of a sin. Therefore men say he is guilty, because he is dead; while the other's wickedness is rewarded with glory. I am deceived, if, in this case, there were not three murderers; the judge, the adversary, himself. Let no man challenge God, for neglect of innocence; but rather magnify him, for revenge of presumption. What he enjoins, that he undertakes, he maintains: who art thou, O vain man, that darest expect him a party in thine own brawls? "But there is no other way of trial." Better none, than this. Innocency or land is questioned; and now we send two men into the lists, to try whether is the better fencer: what is the strength of skill of the champions, to the justice of the cause? Wherefore serve our own oaths? whereto witness, records, lotteries, and other purgations? or why put we not men as well to the old Saxon, or Livonian, ordalian trials of hot irons, or scalding liquors? It is far better; some truths should be unknown, than unlawfully searched.

Another cause, seemingly warrantable, may be the determining of war, prevention of common bloodshed. Two armies are ready to join battle: the field is sure to be bloody, on both sides: either

part chooses a champion: they two fight for all: the life of one shall ransom a thousand. Our philosophers, our lawyers shout for applause of this Monomachy; as a way near, easy, safe: I dare not. Either the war is just, or unjust: if unjust, the hazard of one is too much; if just, too little. The cause of a just war must be, besides true, important; the title common, wherein still a whole state is interested; therefore may not, without rashness and temptation of God, be cast upon two hands. The holy story never records any, but a barbarous Philistine, to make this offer; and that, in the presumption of his unmatchableness. Profane monuments report many, and some on this ground, wisely rejected. Tullus challenged Albanus, that the right of the two hosts might be decided by the two captains: he returned a grave reply, which I never read noted of cowardice, That this suit of honour stood not in them two, but in the two cities of Alba and Rome. All causes of public right are God's: when we put to our hand in God's cause, then may we look for his. In vain we hope for success, if we do not our utmost: wherefore, either war must be determined without swords, or with many. Why should all the heads of the Commonwealth stand upon the neck and shoulders of one champion? If he miscarry, it is injury to lose her: if he prevail, yet it is injury to hazard her. Yet, respecting the parties themselves, I cannot but grant it nearest to equity, and the best of combats, that some blood should be hazarded, that more may be out of hazard.

I descend to your case, which is yet further from likelihood of approof: for, what can you plead, but your credit? others' opinion? You fight, not so much against another's life, as your own reproach: you are wronged, and now if you challenge not; or you are challenged, and if you accept not; the world condemns you for a coward. Who would not rather hazard his life, than blemish his reputation? It were well, if this resolution were as wise as gallant.

If I speak to a Christian, this courage must be rectified. Tell me, what world is this, whose censure you fear? Is it not that, which God hath branded long ago with *positus in maligno?* Is it not that, which hath ever misconstrued, discouraged, disgraced, persecuted goodness? that, which reproached, condemned your Saviour? What do you under these colours, if you regard the favour of that, whose amity is enmity with God? What care you for the censure of him, whom you should both scorn and vanquish? Did ever wise Christians, did ever your Master, allow either this manhood, or this fear? Was there ever any thing more strictly, more fearfully forbidden of him, than revenge in the challenge; than, in the answer, payment of evil; and murder, in both? It is pity, that ever the water of baptism was spilt upon his face, that cares more to discontent the world, than to wrong God: he saith, *Vengeance is mine;* and you steal it from him in a glorious theft, hazarding your soul more than your body. You are weary of yourself, while you thrust one part, upon the sword of an enemy, the other, on God's.

Yet, perhaps I have yielded too much. Let go Christians: the wiser world of men (and who else are worth respect?) will not pass this odious verdict upon your refusal. Valiant men have rejected challenges, with their honours untainted. Augustus, when he received a defiance and brave appointment of combat from Anthony, could answer him, That if Anthony were weary of living, there were ways enough besides to death: and that Scythian King returned no other reply to John, the Emperor of Constantinople: and Metellus, challenged by Sertorius, durst answer scornfully, with his pen, not with his sword; That it was not for a Captain to die a soldier's death. Was it, not dishonourable for these wise and noble heathens, to turn off these desperate offers? What law hath made it so with us? Shall I seriously tell you? nothing, but the mere opinion of some humorous gallants, that have more heart than brain; confirmed by a more idle custom: worthy grounds, whereon to spend both life and soul! whereon to neglect God, himself, posterity!

Go now, and take up that sword, of whose sharpness you have boasted, and hasten to the field: whether you die or kill, you have murdered. If you survive, you are haunted with the conscience of blood; if you die, with the torments; and if neither of these, yet it is murder, that you would have killed. See, whether the fame of a brave fight can yield you a countervailable redress of these mischiefs: how much more happily valiant had it been, to master yourself; to fear sin more than shame; to contemn the world; to pardon a wrong; to prefer true Christianity, before idle manhood; to live and do well!

EPISTLE III.

TO MR. MATTHEW MILWARD.

A Discourse of the Pleasure of Study and Contemplation; with the varieties of scholar-like Employments: not without Incitation of others thereunto: and a Censure of their Neglect.

I CAN wonder at nothing more, than how a man can be idle; but, of all other, a Scholar; in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts.

Other artizans do but practise; we, still learn: others run still in the same gyre, to weariness, to satiety; our choice is infinite: other labours require recreations; our very labour recreates our sports: we can never want, either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do.

How numberless are those volumes, which men have written, of

arts, of tongues! how endless is that volume, which God hath written of the world! wherein every creature is a letter, every day a new page: who can be weary of either of these? To find wit, in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in mathematics, acuteness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light and holy devotion; as so many rich metals in their proper mines, whom would it not ravish with delight!

After all these, let us but open our eyes, we cannot look beside a lesson, in this universal Book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle? what event doth not challenge his observation? And if, weary of foreign employment we list to look home into ourselves, there we find a more private world of thoughts, which set us on work anew, more busily, not less profitably: now, our silence is vocal, our solitariness popular; and we are shut up, to do good unto many.

And, if once we be cloyed with our own company, the door of conference is open: here, interchange of discourse, besides pleasure, benefits us; and he is a weak companion, from whom we return not wiser.

I could envy, if I could believe, that Anchorite, who, secluded from the world and pent up in his voluntary prison-walls, denied that he thought the day long, while yet he wanted learning to vary his thoughts. Not to be cloyed with the same conceit, is difficult above human strength: but, to a man so furnished with all sorts of knowledge; that, according to his dispositions, he can change his studies; I should wonder, that ever the sun should seem to pace slowly. How many busy tongues chase away good hours, in pleasant chat; and complain of the haste of night! what ingenuous mind can be sooner weary of talking with learned authors, the most harmless, and sweetest of companions? what a heaven lives a Scholar in, that, at once, in one close room, can daily converse with all the glorious Martyrs and Fathers! that can single out, at pleasure, either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or resolute Jerome, or flowing Chrysostom, or divine Ambrose, or devout Bernard, or, who alone is all these, heavenly Augustin; and talk with them; and hear their wise and holy counsels, verdicts, resolutions: yea, to rise higher, with courtly Isaiah, with learned Paul, with all their fellow-Prophets, Apostles: yet more, like another Moses, with God himself, in them both! Let the world contemn us: while we have these delights, we cannot envy them: we cannot wish ourselves other than we are.

Besides, the way to all other contentments, is troublesome: the only recompence, is in the end. To delve in the mines, to scorch in the fire, for the getting, for the fining of gold, is a slavish toil: the comfort is in the wedge; to the owner, not the labourers: where our very search of knowledge is delightsome. Study itself, is our life; from which we would not be barred for a world: how much sweeter then is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge! In comparison whereof, the soul, that hath once tasted it, easily contemns all human comforts.

Go now, ye worldlings, and insult over our paleness, our neediness, our neglect. Ye could not be so jocund, if you were not ignorant: if you did not want knowledge, you could not overlook him that hath it. For me, I am so far from emulating you, that I profess, I would as lief be a brute beast, as an ignorant rich man.

How is it then, that those gallants, which have privilege of blood and birth and better education, do so scornfully turn off these most manly, reasonable, noble exercises of scholarship? A hawk becomes their fist, better than a book: no dog, but is a better companion: any thing, or nothing, rather than what we ought.

O minds brutishly sensual! Do they think, that God made them for disport; who, even in his Paradise, would not allow pleasure, without work? and if for business, either of body or mind, those of the body are commonly servile, like itself: the mind therefore, the mind only, that honourable and divine part, is fittest to be employed of those, which would reach to the highest perfection of men, and would be more than the most. And what work is there of the mind, but the trade of a Scholar, study? Let me, therefore, fasten this problem on our School-gates, and challenge all comers in the defence of it; that, No Scholar cannot be truly noble: and, if I make it not good, let me never be admitted further, than to the subject of our question.

Thus we do well to congratulate to ourselves, our own happiness. If others will come to us, it shall be our comfort; but more theirs: if not, it is enough, that we can joy in ourselves; and in him, in whom we are that we are.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MR. J. P.

A Discourse of the Increase of Popery; of the Oath of Allegiance; and the just Sufferings of those, which have refused it.

You say, your religion daily winneth. Brag not of your gain: you neither need, nor can; if you consider how it gets, and whom. How; but by cunning slights, false suggestions, impudent untruths? who cannot thus prevail, against a quiet and innocent adversary? Whom; but silly women, or men notoriously debauched? a spoil, fit for such a conquest, for such victors.

We are the fewer, not the worse. If all our licentious hypocrites were yours, we should not complain; and you might be the prouder, not the better. Glory you in this triumph, free from our envy, who know we have lost none, but, by whom you save nothing, either loose or simple.

It were pity, that you should not forego some, in a better ex-

change. The sea never encroacheth upon our shore, but it loseth elsewhere. Some we have happily fetched into the fold of our Church, out of your wastes: some others, though few and scarce a number, we have sent into their heaven.

Amongst these, your late second Garnet lived to proclaim himself a Martyr; and, by dying, persuaded. Poor man, how happy were he, if he might be his own judge! That, which gave him confidence, would give him glory. You believe; and well-near adore him. That fatal cord of his, was too little for relics; though divided into mathematic quantities.

Whither cannot conceit lead us? whether for his resolution, or your credulity? His death was fearless. I commend his stomach; not his mind. How many malefactors have we known, that have laughed upon their executioner, and jested away their last wind! You might know. It is not long since our Norfolk Arian leaped at his stake. How oft have you learned, in martyrdom to regard not the death, but the cause! else, there should be no difference in guilt and innocence, error and truth.

What then! died he for religion? This had been but your own measure: we endured your flames, which these gibbets could not acquit. But dare impudence itself affirm it? not for mere shame, against the evidence of so many tongues, ears, records. Your prosperity, your numbers argue enough, that a man may be a Papist in Britain, and live. If treason be your religion, who will wonder that it is capital? Defy that devil, which hath mocked you with this mad opinion, That treachery is holiness; devotion, cruelty and disobedience.

I foresee your evasion. Alas! it is easy for a spiteful construction, to fetch religion within this compass; and to say the swelling of the fox's forehead is a horn.

Nay then, let us fetch some honest heathen, to be judge betwixt us. Mere nature in him shall speak unpartially of both. To hold and persuade, that a Christian King may, yea must, at the Pope's will, be dethroned and murdered; is it the voice of treason, or religion? and if traitorous, whether flatly or by mis-inferring? Besides his practices, for this he died: witness your own Catholics.

O God, if this be religion, what can be villainy? Who ever died a malefactor, if this be martyrdom? If this position be meritorious of heaven, hell is feared in vain. O holy Syllæ, Marii, Catilines, Cades, Lopezes, Gowries, Vawxes, and whoever have conspired against lawful majesty! all martyrs of Rome; all saints of Becket's heaven. How well do those palms of celestial triumph become hands, red with the sacred blood of God's anointed! I am ashamed to think, that humanity should nourish such monsters; whether of men, or opinions.

But you defy this savage factiousness; this devotion of devils: and honestly wish both God and Cæsar his own. I praise your moderation: but, if you be true, let me yet search you. Can a man be a perfect Papist, without this opinion, against it? If he may, then your Garnet and Drury died not for religion: if he may not,

then Popery is treason. Choose now whether you will leave your martyrs, or your religion. What you hold of merit, free will, transubstantiation, invocation of saints, false adoration, supremacy of Rome; no man presses, no man enquires: your present inquisition, your former examples would teach us; mercy will not let us learn. The only question is, Whether our king may live and rule; whether you may refrain from his blood, and not sin. Would you have a man deny this, and not die? Would you have a man, thus dying, honoured? Dare you approve that religion, which defends the fact, canonizes the persons?

I hear your answer, from that your great champion *, which, not many days since, with one blow, hath driven out three, not slight, wedges: That not civil obedience is stood upon; but positive doctrine: That you are ready to swear for the King's safety; not against the Pope's authority: King James must live and reign, but Paulus Quintus must rule and be obeyed; and better were it for you to die, than your sworn allegiance should prejudice the See Apostolic.

An elusion, fit for children! What is to dally, if not this? As if he said, The King shall live, unless the Pope will not: That he shall not be discrowned, deposed, massacred by your hands; unless your Holy Father should command.

But (I ask, as who should not?) What if he do command? What if your Saulus V. shall breathe out, like his predecessors, not threatenings, but strong bellowings of excommunications, of deposition of God's anointed? What if he shall command, after that French fashion, the throats of all heretics to bleed, in a night?

Pardon you, in this. Now, it is grown a point of doctrinal divinity, to determine how far the power of Peter's successor may extend. You may neither swear nor say your hands shall not be steeped, in the blood of your true sovereign; and to die rather than swear it, is martyrdom.

But, what if heaven fall, say you? His Holiness, as you hope, will take none such courses. Woe were us, if our safety depended upon your hopes, or his mercies. Blessed be that God, which, malgrè, hath made and kept us happy; and hath lifted us above our enemies. But what hope is there, that he, who chargeth subjects not to swear allegiance, will never discharge them from allegiance? that those, who clamorously and shamelessly complain to the world of our cruelty, will forbear to solicit others' cruelty to us? Your hopes, to you; to us, our securities.

Is this the religion you father upon those Christian Patriarchs of the primitive age? O blessed Ireney, Clemens, Cyprian, Basil, Chrysostom, Augustin, Jerome, and thou, the severest exactor of just censures, holy Ambrose! how would you have spit at such a rebellious assertion!

What speak I of Fathers; whose very mention, in such a cause,

* "The Judgment of a Catholic Englishman banished, &c. concerning the Apology of the oath of Allegiance, entitled *Triplici nodo, &c.*"

were injury, were impiety? Which of those cursed heresies of ancient times, for to them I hold it fitter to appeal, have ever been so desperately shameless, as to breed, to maintain a conceit so palpably unnatural? unless, perhaps, those old Antitactæ may, upon general terms, be compelled to patronize it; while they held it piety, to break the laws of their Maker.

For you, if you profess not to love willing errors, by this suspect and judge the rest. You see this defended, with equal resolution, and with no less cheerful expence of blood. In the body, where you see one monstrous deformity, you cannot affect: if you can do so in your religion, yet how dare you? since the greater half of it stands on no other ground. Only, God make you wise and honest, you shall shake hands with this faction of Popery; and I with you, to give you a cheerful welcome into the bosom of the Church.

EPISTLE V.

TO MY BROTHER MR. SA. HALL.

A Discourse of the great Charge of the Ministerial Function; together with particular Directions for due Preparation thereunto, and Carriage therein.

It is a great and holy purpose, Dear Brother, that you have entertained, of serving God in his Church: for, what higher, or more worthy employment can there be, than to do these divine duties, to such a Master, and such a Mother?

Wherein yet I should little rejoice, if any necessity had cast you upon this refuge: for I hate and grieve to think, that any desperate mind should make divinity but a shift; and dishonour this mistress, by being forsaken of the world. This hath been the drift of your education: to this you were born, and dedicated in a direct course.

I do willingly encourage you; but not without many cautions. Enter not into so great a service, without much foresight: when your hand is at the plough, it is too late to look back. Bethink yourself seriously of the weight of this charge: and let your holy desire be allayed with some trembling.

It is a foolish rashness of young heads, when they are in God's chair, to wonder how they came thither; and to forget the awfulness of that place, in the confidence of their own strength; which is ever so much less, as it is more esteemed.

I commend not the wayward excuses of Moses; nor the peremptory unwillingness of Ammonius and friar Thomas, who maimed themselves, that they might be wilfully uncapable.

Betwixt both these, there is an humble modesty, and religious fearfulness; easily to be noted in those, whom the Church honours with the name of her Fathers; worthy your imitation: wherein yet you shall need no precedents, if you well consider what worth of parts, what strictness of carriage, what weight of offices, God expects in this vocation.

Know, first, that, in this place, there will be more holiness required of you, than in the ordinary station of a Christian: for, whereas before you were but as a common line, now God sets you for a copy of sanctification unto others; wherein every fault is both notable and dangerous.

Here is looked for, a settled acquaintance with God; and experience both of the proceedings of grace, and of the offers and repulses of temptations; which in vain we shall hope to manage in other hearts, if we have not found in our own. To speak by aim or rote, of repentance, of contrition, of the degrees of regeneration and faith, is both harsh, and seldom when not unprofitable. We trust those physicians best, which have tried the virtue of their drugs; esteeming not of those, which have only borrowed of their books.

Here will be expected a free and absolute government of affections: that you can so steer your own vessel, as not to be transported with fury; with self-love; with immoderation of pleasures, of cares, of desires; with excess of passions: in all which, so must you demean yourself, as one, that thinks he is no man of the world, but of God; as one, too good, by his double calling, for that, which is either the felicity or impotency of beasts.

Here must be continual and inward exercise of mortification, and severe Christianity: whereby the heart is held in due awe; and the weak flames of the spirit quickened, the ashes of our dulness blown off: a practice necessary in him, whose devotion must set many hearts on fire.

Here must be wisdom, and inoffensiveness of carriage; as of one, that goes ever under monitors, and that knows other men's indifferencies are his evils. No man had such need to keep a strict mean. Setting aside contempt, even in observation; behold, *we are made a gazing stock to the world, to angels, to men.* The very sail of your estate must be moderated: which if it bear too high, as seldom, it incurs the censure of profusion and epicurism; if too low, of a base and unbeseeming earthliness. Your hand may not be too close for others' need; nor too open for your own. Your conversation may not be rough and sullen, nor over familiar and fawning; whereof the one breeds a conceit of pride and strangeness; the other, contempt: not loosely merry; not cynically unsociable: not contentious, in small injuries; in great, not hurtfully patient to the Church. Your attire (for whither do not censures reach?) not youthfully wanton; not, in these years, affectedly ancient: but grave and comely, like the mind, like the behaviour of the wearer. Your gesture like your habit; neither

savouring of giddy lightness, nor overly insolence, nor wantonness, nor dull neglect of yourself: but such, as may beseem a mortified mind, full of worthy spirits. Your speech like your gesture; not scurrilous, not detracting, not idle, not boasting, not rotten, not peremptory: but honest, mild, fruitful, savoury; and such as may both argue and work grace. Your deliberations mature; your resolutions well grounded; your devices sage and holy.

* Neither will it serve you to be thus good alone: but, if God shall give you the honour of this estate, the world will look you should be the grave guide of a well-ordered family. For this is proper to us, that the vices of our charge reflect upon us; the sins of others are our reproach. If another man's children miscarry, the parent is pitied; if a minister's, censured: yea, not our servant is faulty, without our blemish. In all these occasions, a misery incident to us alone, our grief is our shame.

To descend nearer unto the sacred affairs of this heavenly trade: in a minister, God's Church is accounted, both his house to dwell in, and his field to work in: wherein, upon the penalty of a curse, he faithfully, wisely, diligently, devoutly deals with God, for his people; with his people, for and from God. Whether he instruct, he must do it with evidence of the Spirit: or whether he reprove, with courage and zeal: or whether he exhort, with meekness; and yet with power: or whether he confute, with demonstration of truth; not with rage and personal maliciousness; not with a wilful heat of contradiction: or whether he admonish, with long-suffering and love; without prejudice and partiality: in a word, all these he so doth, as he, that desires nothing, but to honour God and save men. His wisdom must discern betwixt his sheep and wolves; in his sheep, betwixt the wholesome and unsound; in the unsound, betwixt the weak and tainted; in the tainted, betwixt the natures, qualities, degrees of the disease, and infection: and to all these he must know to administer a word in season. He hath antidotes, for all temptations; counsels, for all doubts; evictions, for all errors; for all languishings, encouragements. No occasion from any altered estate of the soul may find him unfurnished. He must ascend to God's altar, with much awe, with sincere and cheerful devotion: so taking, celebrating, distributing his Saviour, as thinking himself at table in heaven, with the blessed angels. In the mean time, as he wants not a thankful regard to the Master of the Feast; so, not care of the guests. The greatness of an offender may not make him sacrilegiously partial, nor the obscurity negligent.

I have said little of any of our duties; and, of some, nothing: yet enough, I think, to make you, if not timorous, careful. Nei-

* Wherein let me advise you, to walk ever in the beaten road of the Church; not to run out into singular paradoxes. And, if you meet, at any time, with private conceits, that seem more probable, suspect them and yourself: and, if they can win you to assent, yet smother them in your breast; and do not dare to vent them out, either by your hand or tongue, to trouble the common peace. It is a miserable praise, to be a witty disturber.

ther would I have you hereupon, to hide yourself from this calling; but, to prepare yourself for it. These times call for them, that are faithful: and, if they may spare some learning, conscience they cannot. Go on happily: it argues a mind Christianly noble, to be encouraged with the need of his labours; with the difficulties.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MRS. A. P.

A Discourse of the Signs and Proofs of a true Faith.

THERE is no comfort, in a secret felicity. To be happy, and not know it, is little above miserable.

Such is your state: only herein better than the common case of the most; that the well of life lies open before you, but your eyes, like Hagar's, are not open to see it; while they have neither water nor eyes. We do not much more want that, which we have not; than that, which we do not know we have.

Let me sell you some of that spiritual eye-salve, which the Spirit commends to his Laodiceans; that you may clearly see, how well you are. There is nothing, but those scales, betwixt you and happiness.

Think not much, that I espy in you, what yourself sees not: too much nearness ofttimes hindereth sight; and if, for the spots of our own faces we trust others' eyes, why not for our perfections?

You are in heaven; and know it not: *He, that believes, is* already *passed from death to life:* you believe, while you complain of unbelief. If you complained not, I should misdoubt you more, than you do yourself, because you complain. Secure and insolent presumption hath killed many: that breathes nothing but confidence and safety: and abandons all doubts, and condemns them. That man never believed, that never doubted. This liquor of faith is never pure, in these vessels of clay, without these lees of distrust.

What then? Think not, that I encourage you to doubt more; but persuade you, not to be discouraged with doubting. All uncertainty is comfortless: those, that teach men to conjecture, and forbid to resolve, read lectures of misery. Those doubts are but to make way for assurance; as the oft shaking of the tree, fastens it more at the root.

You are sure of God; but you are afraid of yourself. The doubt is not in his promise; but your application. Look into your own heart. How know you, that you know any thing; that

you believe, that you will, that you approve, that you affect any thing? If a man, like yourself, promise you ought, you know whether you trust him; whether you rely yourself on his fidelity. Why can you not know it in him, that is God and man? The difference is not in the act, but the object.

But, if these habits, because of their inward and ambiguous nature, seem hard to be descried; turn your eyes to those open marks, that cannot beguile you. How many have bragged of their faith, when they have embraced nothing but a vain cloud of presumption! Every man repeats his Creed: few feel it; few practise it. Take two boughs in the dead of winter: how like is one wood to another! how hardly discerned! Afterwards, *By their fruit you shall know them.* That faith, whose nature was obscure, is evident in his effects. What is faith, but the hand of the soul? What is the duty of the hand, but either to hold or work? This hand then holds Christ, works obedience and holiness.

And, if this act of Apprehension be as secret, as the cause: since the closed hand hideth still what it holdeth; see the hand of faith open: see what it worketh; and compare it with your own proof. Deny, if you can, yet I would rather appeal to any judge than your prejudiced self, that, in all your needs, you can step boldly to the Throne of Heaven; and freely pour out your enlarged heart to your God; and crave of him, whether to receive what you want, or that you may want; what you have, and would not. Be assured from God, this can be done by no power, but, that you fear to miss, of faith. God, as he is not, so he is not called, a Father, without this. In vain doth he pray, that cannot call God, Father: no Father, without the Spirit of Adoption; no Spirit, without faith: without this, you may babble; you cannot pray. Assume you, that you can pray; I dare conclude upon my soul, you believe.

As little as you love yourself, deny, if you can, that you love God. Say that your Saviour from heaven should ask you Peter's question, could your soul return any other answer, than *Lord, thou knowest I love thee?* Why are you else in such awe to offend, that a world cannot bribe you to sin? Why, in such deep grief when you have sinned, that no mirth can refresh you? Why, in such fervent desire of enjoying his presence? why, in such agony when you enjoy it not? Neither doth God love you, neither can you love God, without faith.

Yet more: do you willingly nourish any one sin in your breast? do you not repent of all? do you not hate all, though you cannot leave all? do you not complain, that you hate them no more? do you not, as for life, wish for holiness, and endeavour it? Nothing, but faith, can thus cleanse the heart: that, like a good housewife, sweeps all the foul corners of the soul; and will not leave so much as one web, in this roomy house. Trust to it, you cannot hate sin for its own sake, and forsake it for God's sake, without faith: the faithless hath had some remorse and fears; never, repentance.

Lastly, do you not love a good man, for goodness; and delight in God's saints? Doth not your love lead you to compassion; your compassion to relief? A heart truly faithful cannot but have a hand Christianly bountiful. Charity and Faith make up one perfect pair of compasses, that can take the true latitude of a Christian heart: faith is the one foot, pitched in the centre unmoveably; while charity walks about, in a perfect circle of beneficence: these two never did, never can go asunder. Warrant you your love, I dare warrant your faith.

What need I say more? This heat of your affections, and this light of your works, will evince against all the gates of hell, that you have the fire of Faith. Let your soul then warm itself with these sweet and cordial flames, against all those cold despairs, whereto you are tempted: say, *Lord, I believe;* and I will give you leave still to add, *help my unbelief.*

EPISTLE VII.

TO MR. ED. ALLEYNE.

A Direction how to conceive of God in our Devotions and Meditations.

You have chosen and judged well. How to conceive of the Deity in our prayers, in our meditations; is both the deepest point of all Christianity, and the most necessary: so deep, that if we wade into it, we may easily drown, never find the bottom; so necessary, that, without it, ourselves, our services are profane, irreligious. We are all born idolaters; naturally prone to fashion God to some form of our own, whether of a human body, or of admirable light; or, if our mind have any other more likely and pleasing image.

First, then, away with all these wicked thoughts, these gross devotions; and, with Jacob, bury all your strange gods under the oak of Shechem, ere you offer to set up God's altar at Bethel: and, without all mental representations, conceive of your God purely, simply, spiritually; as of an Absolute Being, without form, without matter, without composition; yea, an Infinite, without all limit of thoughts. Let your heart adore a Spiritual Majesty, which it cannot comprehend, yet knows to be; and, as it were, lose itself in his infiniteness. Think of him, as not to be thought of; as one, whose wisdom is his justice, whose justice is his power, whose power is his mercy; and whose wisdom, justice, power, mercy is himself: as, without quality, good; great, without quantity; everlasting, without time; present every where, without place; containing all things, without extent: and, when your thoughts are come to the highest, stay there; and be content to

wonder, in silence: and, if you cannot reach to conceive of him as he is, yet take heed you conceive not of him as he is not.

Neither will it suffice your Christian mind, to have this awful and confused apprehension of the Deity, without a more special and inward conceit of Three in this One; three persons, in this one essence; not divided, but distinguished; and not more mingled, than divided. There is nothing, wherein the want of words can wrong and grieve us, but in this. Here alone, as we can adore, and not conceive; so we can conceive, and not utter; yea, utter ourselves, and not be conceived. Yet, as we may, think here of one substance, in three subsistences; one essence, in three relations; one Jehovah begetting, begotten, proceeding; Father, Son, Spirit: yet so, as the Son is no other thing from the Father, but another person; or the Spirit from the Son. Let your thoughts here walk warily: the path is narrow: the conceit either of three substances or but one subsistence, is damnable.

Let me lead you yet higher and further, in this intricate way, towards the Throne of Grace. All this will not avail you, if you take not your Mediator with you: if you apprehend not a true manhood gloriously united to the Godhead, without change of either nature, without mixture of both; whose presence, whose merits must give passage, acceptance, vigour, to your prayers.

Here must be, therefore, as you see, thoughts homly mixed; of a Godhead and Humanity; one person, in two natures; of the same Deity, in divers persons, and one nature: wherein, if ever, heavenly wisdom must bestir itself, in directing us, so to sever these apprehensions, that none be neglected; so to conjoin them, that they be not confounded. Oh, the depth of divine mysteries; more than can be wondered at! Oh, the necessity of this high knowledge, which who attain not, may babble, but prayeth not!

Still you doubt, and ask if you may not direct your prayers to one person of three. Why not? Safely, and with comfort. What need we fear, while we have our Saviour for our pattern; *O my Father, if possible, let this cup pass:* and Paul, every where, both in thanks and requests: but, with due care of worshipping all in one. Exclude the other, while you fix your heart upon one; your prayer is sin: retain all, and mention one; you offend not. None of them doth ought for us, without all. It is a true rule of Divines: All their external works are common: to solicit one therefore, and not all, were injurious.

And if you stay your thoughts upon the sacred Humanity of Christ, with an inseparable adoration of the Godhead united, and thence climb up to the holy conceit of that blessed and dreadful Trinity, I dare not censure; I dare not but commend your divine method. Thus should Christians ascend from earth to heaven; from one heaven to another.

If I have given your devotions any light, it is well: the least glimpse of this knowledge, is worth all the full gleams of human and earthly skill. But I mistake, if your own heart, wrought upon with serious meditations, under that Spirit of Illumination, will not

prove your best master. After this weak direction, study to conceive aright, that you may pray aright; and pray, that you may conceive; and meditate, that you may do both: and the God of Heaven direct you, enable you, that you may do all.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. THOMAS JAMES

OF OXFORD.

A Discourse of the Grounds of the Papists' Confidence, in appealing to the Fathers: applauding his worthy offers and endeavours, of discovering the Falsifications and Depravations of Antiquity.

SIR:

I KNOW no man so like as you, to make posterity his debtor. I do heartily congratulate unto you so worthy labours; so noble a project. Our adversaries, knowing of themselves, that which Tertullian saith of all heresies, that if appeal be made to the sacred bench of Prophets and Apostles, they cannot stand; remove the suit of religion, craftily, into the Court of the Fathers: a reverend trial, as any under heaven; where it cannot be spoken, how confidently they triumph ere the conflict. "Give us the Fathers for our judges," say Campian and Possevine; "the day is ours." And whence is this courage? Is Antiquity our enemy; their advocate? Certainly, it cannot be truth, that is new: we would renounce our religion, if it could be over-looked for time. Let go equity: the older take both.

There be two things then, that give them heart in this provocation: one, the bastardy of false Fathers; the other, the corruption of the true.

What a flourish do they make, with usurped names! whom would it not amaze, to see the frequent citations of the Apostles' own Canons, Constitutions, Liturgies, Masses? Of Clemens, Dennis the Areopagite, Linus, Hippolytus, Martial of Bourdeaux, Hegesippus? Donations of Constantine the Great, and Lewis the Godly? Of fifty Canons of Nice? of Dorotheus, Damasus his Pontifical; Epistles Decretal of Clemens, Euaristus, Telesphorus, and a hundred other Bishops holy and ancient; of Evodius, Anastasius, Simeon Metaphrastes, and more yet than a number more; most whereof have crept out of the Vatican or Cloisters, and all carry in them manifest brands of falsehood and supposition? That I may say nothing of those infinite writings, which either ignorance

or wilfulness hath fathered upon every of the Fathers, not without shameless importunity and gross impossibilities: all which, as she said of Peter, their speech bewrayeth; or, as Austin said of Cyprian's style, their face. This fraud is more easily avoided: for, as in notorious burglaries, ofttimes there is either a hat, or a glove, or a weapon left behind, which descrieth the authors; so the God of Truth hath besotted these impostors, to let fall some palpable error, though but of false calculation, whereby, if not their names, yet their ages might appear, to their conviction.

Most danger is in the secret corruption of the true and acknowledged issue of those gracious parents: whom, through close and crafty handling, they have induced to belie those that begot them; and to betray their fathers, either with silence, or false evidence. Plainly, how are the honoured volumes of faithful Antiquity, blurred, interlined, altered, depraved by subtle treachery; and made to speak, what they meant not! Fie on this, not so much injustice as impiety, to raze the awful monuments of the dead; to blot and change the original will of the deceased, and partially to insert our own legacies. This is done by our guilty adversaries, to the injury, not more of these authors, than of the present and succeeding times.

Hence, those Fathers are some-where not ours; what wonder? while they are not themselves. Your industry hath offered, and that motion is lively and heroical, to challenge all their learned and elegant pages, from injury of corruption; to restore them to themselves, and to us. That, which all the learned of our times have but desired to see done, you proffer to effect. Your essay in Cyprian and Austin is happy, and justly applauded. All our libraries, whom your diligent hand hath ransacked, offer their aid; in such abundance of manuscripts, as all Europe would envy to see met in one island.

After all this, for that the most spiteful imputation to our truth is novelty, you offer to deduce her pedigree from those primitive times, through the successions of all ages; and, to bring into the light of the world many, as yet obscure, but no less certain and authentical patrons, in a continued line of defence.

You have given proof enough, that these are no glorious vaunts, but the zealous challenges of an able champion.

What wanteth then? Let me say for you: not a heart, not a head, not a hand; but, which I almost scorn to name in such a cause, a purse. If this continue your hinderance, it will not be more our loss than shame.

Hear me a little, ye Great and Wealthy. Hath God loaded you with so much substance; and will you not lend him a little of his own? Shall your riot be fed with excess; while God's cause shall starve for want? Shall our adversaries so insultingly outbid us; and, in the zeal of their profusion, laugh, at our heartless and cold niggardliness? Shall heavenly truth lie in the dust, for want of a little stamped earth to raise her? How can you so much any way honour God, yea yourselves; deserve of posterity; pleasure the

Church; and make you so good friends of your Mammon? Let not the next age say, that she had so unkind predecessors. Fetch forth of your superfluous store; and cast in your rich gifts, into this Treasury of the Temple. The Lord and his Church have need.

For you, it angers me to see how that flattering Possevinus smoothly entices you from us, with golden offers, upon the advantage of our neglect; as if he, measuring your mind by his own, thought that an *omnia dabo* would bring you with himself on your knees to worship the devil, the beast, the image of both: as if we were not as able to encourage, to reward desert. Hath virtue no patrons, on this side the Alps? Are those hills only, the thresholds of honour? I plead not, because I cannot fear you: but who sees not, how munificently our Church scattereth her bountiful favours upon less merit. If your day be not yet come, expect it: God and the Church owe you a benefit: if their payment be long, it is sure. Only go you on with courage, in those your high endeavours; and, in the mean time, think it great recompence to have deserved.

EPISTLE IX.

TO MR. E. A.

A Discourse of Fleeing or Stay in the time of Pestilence; whether lawful for Minister or People.

How many hath a seduced conscience led untimely to the grave! I speak of this sad occasion of pestilence. The angel of God follows you; and you doubt whether you should flee. If a lion out of the forest should pursue you, you would make no question; yet could not he do it, unsent. What is the difference? both instruments of divine revenge; both threaten death; one, by spilling the blood; the other, by infecting it.

Who knows, whether he hath not appointed your Zoar, out of the lists of this destruction?

You say, it is God's visitation. What evil is not? If war have wasted the confines of your country, you save your throats by flight: why are you more favourable to God's immediate sword of pestilence? very leprosy, by God's Law, requires a separation; yet no mortal sickness. When you see a noted leper proclaim his uncleanness in the street, will you embrace him, for his sake that hath stricken him; or avoid him, for his sake that hath forbidden you? If you honour his rod, much more will you regard his precept. If you mislike not the affliction, because he sends it; then love the life, which you have of his sending: fear

the judgment which he will send, if you love it not. He, that bids us flee when we are persecuted, hath neither excepted angel nor man: whether soever, I fear our guiltiness, if wilfully we flee not.

"But, whither shall we flee from God?" say you: "where shall he not, both find and lead us? whither shall not our destiny follow us? Vain men! we may run from our home, not from our grave. Death is subtle: our time is set: we can not, God will not, alter it."

Alas, how wise we are to wrong ourselves! Because death will overtake us, shall we run and meet him? Because God's decree is sure, shall we be desperate? Shall we presume, because God changeth not? Why do we not try every knife and cord, since our time is neither capable of prevention nor delay? Our end is set, not without our means. In matter of danger, where the end is not known, the means must be suspected; in matter of hope, where the end is not known, means must be used. Use, then, freely the means of your flight: suspect the danger of your stay: and, since there is no particular necessity of your presence, know that God bids you depart and live.

You urge the instance of your Minister. How unequally! There is not more lawfulness in your flight, than sin in ours. You are your own; we, our people's. You are charged with a body, which you may not willingly lose; not hazard by staying: we, with all their souls, which, to hazard by absence, is to lose our own. We must love our lives; but not when they are rivals with our souls, or with others'. How much better is it to be dead, than negligent, than faithless! If some bodies be contagiously sick, shall all souls be wilfully neglected? There can be no time, wherein good counsel is so seasonable, so needful. Every threatening finds impression, where the mind is prepared by sensible judgments. When will the iron hearts of men bow, if not when they are heated in the flame of God's affliction? Now, then, to run away from a necessary and public good to avoid a doubtful and private evil, is to run into a worse evil than we would avoid. He, that will thus run from Nineveh to Tarshish, shall find a tempest and a whale in his way.

Not that I dare be an author to any, of the private visitation of infected beds: I dare not, without better warrant. Who ever said we were bound to close up the dying eyes of every departing Christian; and, upon whatever conditions, to hear their last groans? If we had a word, I would not debate of the success. Then, that were cowardliness, which now is wisdom. Is it no service, that we publicly teach and exhort? that we privately prepare men for death, and arm them against it? that our comfortable letters and messages stir up their fainting hearts? that our loud voices pierce their ears afar; unless we feel their pulses, and lean upon their pillows, and whisper in their ears? Daniel is in the lions' den: is it nothing, that Darius speaks comfort to him through the grate, unless he go in to salute him among those fierce companions? A good

Minister is the common goods: he cannot make his life peculiar to one, without injury to many. In the common cause of the Church, he must be no niggard of his life; in the private cause of a neighbour's bodily sickness, he may soon be prodigal. A good father may not spend his substance on one child, and leave the rest beggars. If any man be resolute in the contrary, I would rather praise his courage, than imitate his practice. I confess, I fear; not so much death, as want of warrant for death.

EPISTLE X.

TO MR. R. B.

A Complaint of the Iniquity of the Times; with a Prescription of the Means to redress it.

WHILE I accused the Times, you undertook their patronage. I commend your charity; not your cause. It is true, there was never any age not complained of; never any, that was not censured, as worst. What is, we see: what was, we neither enquire, nor care. That, which is out of sight and use, is soon out of mind; and, ere long, out of memory. Yet the iniquity of others cannot excuse ours. And, if you will be but as just as charitable, you shall confess, that both some times exceed others in evil; and these, all.

This earthly moon, the Church, hath her fulls and wanings; and, sometimes, her eclipses, while the shadow of this sinful mass hides her beauty from the world. So long as she wadeth in this planetary world, it should be vain to expect better: it is enough, when she is fixed above, to be free from all change.

This you yield, but nothing can persuade you, that she is not now in the full of her glory: true; or else she were not subject to this darkening. There was never more light of knowledge; never more darkness of impiety: and there could not be such darkness, if there were not such light. Goodness repulsed, gives height to sin: therefore are we worse than our predecessors, because we might be better: by how much our means are greater, by so much are our defects. Turn over all records; and parallel such helps, such care, such cost, such expectation, with such fruit; I yield.

We see but our own times. There was never but one Noah (whom the heathens celebrated under another name) that, with two faces, saw both before and behind him. But lo, that Ancient of Days, to whom all times are present, hath told us, that these last shall be worst. Our experience justifies him, with all but the wilful.

This censure, lest you should condemn my rigour as unnaturally partial, is not confined to our seas; but, free and common, hath the same bounds with the earth. I joy not in this large society. Would God we were evil alone. How few are those, whose carriage doth not say, that profession of any conscience is pusillanimity! How few, that care so much, as to shew well! and yet of those few, how many care only to seem! whose words disagree from their actions, and their hearts from their words! Where shall a man mew up himself, that he may not be a witness of what he would not? What can he see or hear, and not be either sad, or guilty? Oaths strive for number with words; scoffs, with oaths; vain speeches, with both. They are rare hands, that are free either from aspersions of blood, or spots of filthiness. Let me be at once, as I use, bold and plain: wanton excess, excessive pride, close atheism, impudent profaneness, unmerciful oppression, overmerciful connivance, greedy covetousness, loose prodigality, simoniacal sacrilege, unbridled luxury, beastly drunkenness, bloody treachery, cunning fraud, slanderous detraction, envious undermimings, secret idolatry, hypocritical fashionableness, have spread themselves all over the world. The sun of peace, looking upon our unclean heaps, hath bred these monsters; and hath given light to this brood of darkness. Look about you, and see if three great idols, Honour, Pleasure, Gain, have not shared the earth amongst them; and left Him least, whose all is. Your denial drives me to particulars. I urge no further.

If any adversary insult in my confession, tell him, that I account them the greatest part of this evil; neither could thus complain, if they were not. Who knows not, that, as the earth is the dregs of the world, so Italy is the dregs of the earth; Rome, of Italy? It is no wonder, to find Satan in his hell: but, to find him in paradise, is uncouth and grievous.

Let them alone, that will die, and hate to be cured. For us: oh, that remedies were as easy as complaints! that we could be as soon cleared, as convinced! that the taking of the medicine were but so difficult as the prescription! And yet nothing hinders us from health, but our will: neither Gospel, nor Grace, nor Glory, are shut up: only our hearts are not open.

Let me turn my style from you, to the secure, to the perverse: though why do I hope they will hear me, that are deaf to God? they will regard words, that care not for judgments? Let me tell them yet, if in vain, they must break, if they bow not: that if mercy may be refused, yet vengeance cannot be resisted: that God can serve himself of them, perforce; neither to their thank, nor ease: that the present plagues do but threaten worse: lastly, that if they relent not, hell was not made for nothing.

What should be done, then? Except we would fain smart, each man amend one; and we all live. How commonly do men complain; and yet add to this heap! Redress stands not in words. Let every man pull but one brand out of this fire, and the flame will go out alone. What is a multitude, but a heap of unities? The

more we deduce, the fewer we leave. Oh, how happy were it then, if every man would begin at home; and take his own heart to task; and, at once, be his own accuser and judge; to condemn his private errors, yea to mulct them with death! Till then, alas, what avails it to talk? While every man censures, and no man amends, what is it but busy trifling?

But, though our care must begin at ourselves, it may not end there. Who, but a Cain, is not his brother's keeper? Public persons are not so much their own, as others are theirs. Who sits at the common stern, cannot distinguish, betwixt the care of his own safety, and his vessel's: both drown, at once; or, at once, salute the haven.

Ye Magistrates, for in you stand all our lower hopes, whom God hath, on purpose, in a wise surrogation, set upon earth, to correct her disorders; take to yourselves firm foreheads, courageous hearts, hands busy and not partial; to discountenance shameless wickedness; to resist the violent sway of evils; to execute wholesome laws, with strictness, with resolution. The sword of the Spirit meets with such iron hearts, that, both it enters not, and is rebated. Lo, it appeals to your arm, to your aid. An earthen edge can best pierce this hardened earth. If iniquity die not by your hands, we perish.

And, ye Sons of Levi, gather to your Moses, in the gate of the camp. Consecrate your hands to God, in this holy slaughter of vice. Let your voice be, both a trumpet to incite, and a two-edged sword to wound and kill. Cry down sin, in earnest; and thunder out of that sacred chair of Moses; and let your lives speak yet louder.

Neither may the common Christian sit still, and look on in silence. I am deceived, if in this cause, God allow any man for private. Here must be all actors; no witnesses. His discreet admonitions, seasonable reproofs, and prayers never unseasonable, besides the power of honest example, are expected as his due tribute to the common health. What, if we cannot turn the stream? yet, we must swim against it. Even without conquest, it is glorious to have resisted. In this alone, they are enemies, that do nothing.

Thus, as one that delights more in amendment than excuse, I have both censured and directed. The favour of your sentence proceeds, I know, from your own innocent uprightness: so judge of my severe taxation. It shall be happy for us, if we can, at once, excuse and diminish; accuse and redress iniquity. Let but the endeavour be ours; the success to God.

EPISTLES:

THE THIRD AND LAST VOLUME; CONTAINING II. DECADS.

BY JOSEPH HALL.

TO THE MOST HIGH AND EXCELLENT

PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES,

ALL HAPPINESS.

MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE:

LET me not, while I desire to be dutiful, seem importunate, in my Dedications. I now bring to your Highness these my last, and perhaps most material Letters: wherein, if I mistake not, (as, how easily are we deceived in our own!) the pleasure of the variety shall strive with the importance of matter. There is no worldly thing, I confess, whereof I am more ambitious, than of your Highness's contentment; which that you place in goodness, is not more your glory, than our joy. Do so still, and heaven and earth shall agree to bless you, and us in you. For me, after this my officious boldness, I shall betake myself in silence, to some greater work, wherein I may approve my service to the Church, and to your Highness, as her second joy and care. My heart shall be always and upon all opportunities, my tongue and pen shall no less gladly, be devoted to my gracious Master, as one

Who rejoice to be your Highness's

(though unworthy, yet) faithful

and obsequious servant,

JOSEPH HALL.

THE FIFTH DECADE.

EPISTLE I.

TO MY LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

Discoursing of the Causes and Means of the Increase of Popery.

By what means the Romish Religion hath, in these latter times, prevailed so much over the world, Right Reverend and Honourable, is a consideration, both weighty and useful: for, hence may we frame ourselves, either to prevent, or imitate them, in what we may; or prevent them, in what they should not.

I meddle not with the means of their first risings; the munificence of Christian princes; the honest devotions of well-meaning contributors; the division of the Christian world; the busy endeavours of forward princes, for the recovery of the Holy Land, with neglect of their own; the ambitious insinuations of that See; the fame, and large dominion of those seven hills; the compacted indulgence and connivance of some treacherous, of other timorous, rulers; the shameless flattery of parasites; the rude ignorance of times; or, if there be any other of this kind. My thoughts and words shall be spent upon the present and latest age.

All the world knows, how that pretended Chair of Peter tottered and cracked, some threescore years ago; threatening a speedy ruin, to her fearful usurper. How is it, that still it stands; and seems now to boast of some settledness? Certainly, if hell had not contrived a new support, the angel had long since said, *It is fallen, it is fallen;* and the merchants, *Alas, alas, the great city.* The brood of that lame Loyola shall have this miserable honour, without our envy; that if they had not been, Rome had not been. By what means, it rests now to enquire.

It is not so much their zeal for falsehood; which yet we acknowledge, and admire not. If Satan were not more busy than they, we had lost nothing. Their desperate attempts, bold intrusions, importunate solicitations, have not returned empty: yet their policy hath done more than their force. That Popish world was then foul and debauched, as in doctrine so in life; and now began to be ashamed of itself: when these holy fathers, as some Saints dropt out of heaven, suddenly professed an unusual strictness, sad piety, resolved mortification; and so drew the eyes and hearts of men

after them, that poor souls began to think, it could not be other than divine, which they taught; other than holy, which they touched.

The very times, not seldom, give as great advantage, as our own best strength: and the vices of others give glory to those, which either are, or appear virtuous. They saw how ready the world was to bite at the bait; and now followed their success, with new helps.

Plenty of pretended miracles must bless, on all sides, the endeavours of this new sect; and calls for both approbation and wonder. Those things, by the report of their own pens, other witnesses I see none, have been done by the ten Patriarchs of the Jesuitish Religion, both alive and dead, which can hardly be matched of him, whose name they have usurped. And now the vulgar can say, *If these men were not of God, they could do nothing: How can a man, that is a sinner, do such miracles?* not distrusting, either the fame, or the work; but applauding the authors, for what was said to be done.

But now, lest the envy of the fact should surpass the wonder, they have learned to cast this glory upon their wooden Ladies; and to communicate the gain unto the whole religion. Two blocks at Halle and Scherpen-heuvell, have said and done more for Popery, than all friars, ever since Francis wore his breeches on his head.

But, because that praise is sweet, which arises from the disgrace of a rival; therefore this holy society hath, besides, ever wont to honour itself by the brokage of shameless untruths against the adverse part; not caring how probable any report is, but how odious. A just volume would not contain those willing lies, wherewith they have purposely loaded religion, and us; that the multitude might first hate us, and then enquire. And these courses are held not tolerable, but meritorious: so the end may be attained, all means are just, all ways straight.

Whom we may, we satisfy: but wounds, once given, are hardly healed, without some scars: and, commonly, accusations are vocal, apologies dumb. How easy is it, to make any cause good, if we may take liberty of tongue and conscience!

Yet, lest some glimpse of our truth and innocence should perhaps lighten the eyes of some more inquisitive reader, they have, by strict prohibitions, whether of books or conference, restrained all possibility of true informations: yea, their own writings, wherein our opinions are reported with confutation, are not allowed to the common view: lest, if it should appear what we hold, our mere opinion should prevail more than their subtilest answer.

But, above all, the restraint of God's Book hath gained them most. If that might be in the hands of men, their religion could not be in their hearts: now, the concealment of Scriptures breeds ignorance, and ignorance superstition.

But because forbiddance doth but whet desire, and work a conceit of some secret excellence in things denied; therefore have they devised to affright this dangerous curiosity, with that cruel,

butcherly, hellish Inquisition; wherein yet, there is not less craft than violence: for, since they have perceived the blood of Martyrs to be but the seed of the Church, and that these perfumes are more dispersed with beating; they have now learned to murder without noise, and to bring forth (if at least, they list sometimes to make the people privy to some examples of terror) not men, but carcasses. Behold, the constant confessions of the dying Saints, have made them weary of public executions: none but bare walls shall now testify the courage and faith of our happy Martyrs. A disguised corpse is only brought forth to the multitude, either for laughter or fear. Yet, because the very dead speak for truth in a loud silence, these spectacles are rare; and the graves of heretics are become as close as their death.

Yet, lest, since neither living mouths nor faithful pens may be suffered to insinuate any truth, those speeches should perhaps be received from the ancients, which in us were heretical; the monuments of unpartial antiquity must be depraved: all witnesses, that might speak against them, must be corrupted, with a fraudulent violence; and some of them purged to the death.

So while those are debarred, and the ancients altered, posterity shall acknowledge no adversary.

What should I speak of those plausible devices, which they have invented, to make superstitious and foolish proselytes? their proud vaunts of antiquity, universality, succession, and the name of their forefathers, do not only persuade, but amaze and besot an ignorant heart. The glorious shews of their processions, the gaudy ornaments of their altars, the pomp and magnificence of the places and manner of their services, the triumphs of their great festivals, are enough to bewitch any childish, simple, or vain beholders. Who knows not, that nature is most led by sense? Sure, children and fools, such as are all natural men, cannot be of any other religion.

Besides all these, their personal understandings, what for cunning, what for boldness, could promise nothing but success. They can transform themselves into all shapes: and, in these false forms, thrust themselves into all courts and companies; not oftener changing their habit, than their name. They can take the best opportunities to work upon those, which are either most unable to resist, or most like to bestead them.

That I may not speak of the wrongs of unseasonable travel; wherein many unsettled heads have met dangers, and solicited errors: who, like fond and idle Dinahs, going abroad to gaze, have been ravished ere their return. Never was any bird so laid for by the nets and calls of the fowler, as the great heir of some noble family, or some fiery wit, is by these impostors. They know that greatness is both lawless and commanding; if not by precept, yet by example: their very silence is persuasory and imperious.

But, alas for that other sex! Still the Devil begins with Eve: still his assault is strongest, where is weakest resistance. Simon Magus had his Helena: Nicholas, the Deacon, had his *choros fœmineos*, as Jerome calls them: Marcion had his factoress at Rome; Appelles,

his Philumena; Montanus, his Prisca and Maximillia; Arius, his Constantine's sister; Donatus, his Lucilla; Elpidius, his Agape; Priscillianus, his Galla: and our Jesuits have their painted Ladies (not dead, but living) both for objects, and instruments. When they saw they could not blow up religion with French powder into heaven, they now try, by this Moabitish plot, to sink it down to hell. Those silly women, which are laden with sins and divers lusts, must now be the stales of their spiritual fornications.

But, for that these enterprises want not danger, that both parts may securely succeed, behold public liberty of dispensations; whether for dissembled religion, or not unprofitable filthiness. These means are, like the authors, dishonest and godless.

Add, if you please, hereto, those, which pretend more innocent policy: their common dependancies upon one commander; their intelligences given; their charges received; their rewards and honours, perhaps of the Calendar, perhaps of a Red Hat, duly conferred.

Neither may the least help be ascribed to the conference of studies; the conjoined labours of whole societies, directed to one end, and shrouded under the title of one author: to large maintenances, raised from the death-beds of some guilty benefactors: from whence flow both infinite numbers, and incomparable helps, of students. Under which head, for the time past, not a few are moved by the remembrance of the bounteous hospitality of the religious; who, having engrossed the world to themselves, seemed liberal in giving something; like unto some vain-glorious thieves, which, having robbed wealthy merchants, bestow some pence upon beggars.

Further, the smothering if not composing of their frequent strifes, and confining of brawls within their own thresholds, with the nice managing of their known oppositions, hath won many ignorant friends.

Lastly, the excellent correspondence of their doctrines unto nature, hath been their best solicitor. We have examined particulars in a former Epistle *: wherein we have made it evident, that Popery affects nothing, but to make nature either proud or wanton: it offers difficulties; but carnal, and such as the greatest lover of himself would easily embrace for an advantage.

That we may therefore sum up all; I need not accuse our carelessness, indifferency, idleness, loose carriage; in all which, would God we had not aided them, and wronged ourselves: nor yet their zeal and forwardness. Worse means are guilty of their gain. In short, the fair outside, which they set upon religion, which sure is the best they have, if not all; their pretended miracles, wilful untruths, strait prohibitions, bloody and secret inquisitions; depravations of ancient witnesses, expurgation of their own; gay and garish sights, glorious titles; crafty changes of names, shapes, habits, conditions; insinuations to the great, oppugnation of the weaker sex; falsehood of answers and oaths, dispensations for sins, uniting of forces, concealing of differences, largeness of contribu-

* See Decade iii. Epistle 3. EDITOR.

tions, multitude of actors and means, accordances to men's natural dispositions: where we, on the contrary, care not to seem, but to be; disclaim miracles; dare not save the life of religion with a lie; give free scope to all pens, to all tongues, to all eyes; shed no blood for religion; suffer all writers to speak like themselves; shew nothing but poor simplicity in our devotions; go ever, and look, as we are; teach the truth right-down, in an honest plainness; take no vantage of imbecility; swear true, though we die; give no hope of indulgence for evil; study, each retired to himself, and the muses; publish our quarrels, and aggravate them; anger nature, and conquer it. Such gain shall be gravel in their throats: such losses to us, in our not daring to sin, shall be happy and victorious; in all other regards are both blame-worthy and recoverable.

What dulness is this! Have we such a King, as in these lists of controversy, may dare to grapple with that great infallible vicar, for his triple crown; such Bishops, as may justly challenge the whole Consistory of Rome; so many learned Doctors and Divines, as no nation under heaven, more; so flourishing Universities, as Christendom hath none; such blessed opportunities, such encouragement? and now, when we want nothing else, shall we be wanting to ourselves? Yea, above all these, the God of Heaven favours us; and do we languish? The cause is his; and, in spite of the gates of hell, shall succeed, though we were not: our neglect may slacken the pace of truth, cannot stay the passage. Why are we not as busy as subtle, more resolute? Such spirits, and such hands as yours, Reverend Lord, must put life into the cold breasts of this frozen generation; and raise them up to such thoughts and endeavours, as may make the emulation of our adversaries equal to their enmity.

EPISTLE II.

TO MY LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Shewing the Difference of the Present Church from the Apostolical; and Needlessness of our Conformity thereto in all things.

I FEAR not to say, those men are but superstitiously curious, Right Reverend and Honourable, which would call back all circumstances to their first patterns. The Spouse of Christ hath been ever clothed with her own rites: and, as apparel, so religion hath her fashions; variable, according to ages and places. To reduce us to the same observations which were in apostolical use, were no better than to tie us to the sandals of the disciples, or seamless coat of our Saviour. In these cases, they did what what we need not; and we may, what they did not. God meant us no bondage in their example.

Their Canons bind us, whether for manners or doctrine; not their Ceremonies.

Neither Christ nor his Apostles did all things for imitation. I speak not of miraculous acts. We need not be silent before a judge; as Christ was: we need not take a towel, and gird ourselves, and wash our servants' feet; as Christ did: we need not make tents for our living, as Paul; nor go armed, as Peter; nor carry about our wives, as he and the other apostles.

I acknowledge the ground, not only of Separation, but Anabaptism; and wonder that these conceits do not answer themselves. Who can chuse but see a manifest difference betwixt those laws, which Christ and his great ambassadors made for eternal use; and those ritual matters, which were confined to place and time? Every nation, every person sins, that observes not those: these, for the most part, are not kept of the most; and are as well left without sin by us, as used without prescription or necessity by the authors.

Some of them we cannot do: others, we need not.

Which of us can cast out devils by command? Who can cure the sick by ointment, and imposition of hands? The disciples did it. All those acts, which proceeded from supernatural privilege, ceased with their cause: who now dare undertake to continue them? unless perhaps some bold Papists, who have brought in gross magic, instead of miraculous authority; and daub very carcasses, instead of healing diseases.

There be more yet, which we need not do. What need we to chuse Ministers by lot? What need we to disclaim all peculiarity in goods? What need we to Christen in rivers; or to meet upon their banks? What need we to receive God's Supper after our own? what, to lean in each others' bosom, while we receive it? what, to abhor leaven in that holy bread? what, to celebrate love-feasts upon the receipt? what, to abstain from all strangled and blood? what, to depend upon a maintenance, arbitrary and uncertain? what, to spend our days in a perpetual penerration; as not only the Apostles, but the Prophets and Evangelists, some ages after Christ? Whosoever would impose all these on us, he should surely make us, not the sons, but the slaves of the Apostles. God's Church never held herself in such servile terms.

Yea Christ himself gave, at first, some precepts of this nature, which he reversed, ere long. When he sent the disciples to preach, he charges; Take not gold, nor silver, nor money in your girdles: afterwards, Judas carried the bag. He charges, not to take so much as a staff: yet, after, behold two swords. Should the disciples have held their Master to his own rule? Is it necessary, that what he once commanded, should be observed always?

The very next age to these Christian Patriarchs, neither would nor durst have so much varied her rites, or augmented them; if it had found itself tied, either to number or kind. As yet, it was pure, chaste, and, which was ground of all, persecuted. The Church of Rome distributed the sacramental bread; the Church

of Alexandria permitted the people to take it. The Churches of Afric and Rome mixed their holy wine with water: other colder regions drank it pure. Some kneeled in their prayers: others fell prostrate; and some lifted up eyes, hands, feet towards heaven. Some kept their Easter according to the Jewish use, the fourteenth of March: the French, as Nicephorus, the eighth of the calends of April, in a set solemnity: the Church of Rome, the Sunday after the fourteenth moon; which yet, as Socrates truly writes, was never restrained by any Gospel, by any Apostle. That Romish Victor overcame the other world in this point, with too much rigour; whose censure therefore of the Asian Churches was justly censured by Irenæus.

What should I speak of their difference of fasts? there can scarce be more variety in days or meats.

It hath ever been thus seen, according to our Anselm's rule, That the multitude of different ceremonies in all Churches, hath justly commended their unity in faith. The French Divines preach covered: upon the same rule, which required the Corinthians to be uncovered; we, bare. The Dutch sit at the sacrament: we kneel. Genoa useth wafers; we, leavened bread: they, common vestures, in divine service; we, peculiar. Each is free: no one doth either blame or overrule others.

I cannot but commend those very Novatian Bishops, though it is a wonder any precedent of peace should fall from schismatics, who, meeting in Council together, enacted that Canon of Indifferency, when the Church was distracted with the differences of her Paschal solemnities: concluding, how insufficient this cause was to disquiet the Church of Christ.

Their own issue, our Separatists, will needs be unlike them in good; and strive to a further distance from peace: while, in a conceit not less idle then scrupulous, they press us to an uniform conformity in our fashions to the Apostles. Their own practice condemns them: they call for some, and yet keep not all: yet the same reason enforces all, that pleads for some; and that, which warrants the forbearance of some, holds for all.

Those tools, which serve for the foundation, are not of use for the roof. Yea, the great Master-Builder chose those workmen for the first stones, which he meant not to employ in the walls. Do we not see all Christ's first agents extraordinary; Apostles, Evangelists, Prophets, Prophetesses? See we not fiery and cloven tongues descending? What Church ever since boasted of such founders, of such means? Why would God begin with those, which he meant not to continue; but to shew us, we may not always look for one face of things? The nurse feeds and tends her child, at first: afterward, he is undertaken by the discipline of a tutor: must he be always under the spoon and ferule, because he began so? If he have good breeding, it matters not by whose hands.

Who can deny, that we have the substance of all those royal laws, which Christ and his Apostles left to his Church? What do

we now, thus importunately catching at shadows? If there had been a necessity of having what we want, or wanting what we have, let us not so far wrong the wisdom and perfection of the Lawgiver, as to think he would not have enjoined that, and forbidden this. His silence in both argues his indifferency, and calls for ours: which while it is not peaceably entertained, there is clamour without profit; malice, without cause; and strife, without end.

EPISTLE III.

TO MY LADY MARY DENNY.

Containing the Description of a Christian; and his Differences from the Worldling.

MADAM:

It is true, that worldly eyes can see no difference betwixt a Christian and another man: the outside of both is made of one clay, and cast in one mould: both are inspired with one common breath: outward events distinguish them not: those God never made for evidences of love or hatred. So, the senses can perceive no difference, betwixt the reasonable soul, and that which informs the beast; yet the soul knows there is much more, than betwixt their bodies. The same holds in this: faith sees more inward difference, than the eye sees outward resemblance.

This point is not more high than material: which that it may appear, let me shew what it is to be a Christian. You, that have felt it, can second me with your experience; and supply the defects of my discourse.

He is the living temple of the Living God; where the Deity is both resident and worshipped. The highest thing in a man is his own spirit; but, in a Christian, the Spirit of God, which is the God of Spirits. No grace is wanting in him; and those, which there are, want not stirring up. Both his heart and his hands are clean: all his outward purity flows from within; neither doth he frame his soul to counterfeit good actions, but out of his holy disposition commands and produces them in the light of God.

Let us begin with his beginning; and fetch the Christian out of this nature, as another Abraham from his Chaldea: while the worldling lives and dies, in nature, out of God.

The true convert therefore, after his wild and secure courses, puts himself, through the motions of God's Spirit, to school unto the Law. There he learns, what he should have done; what he could not do; what he hath done; what he hath deserved. These lessons cost him many a stripe, and many a tear; and not more

grief, than terror: for this sharp master makes him feel what sin is, and what hell is; and, in regard of both, what himself is.

When he hath well smarted under the whip of this severe usher, and is made vile enough in himself, then is he led up into the higher school of Christ; and there taught the comfortable lessons of grace. There he learns what belongs to a Saviour; what one he is; what he hath done, and for whom; how he became ours, we his: and now, finding himself in a true state of danger, of humility, of need, of desire, of fitness for Christ, he brings home to himself all that he learns: and what he knows, he applies. His former tutor he feared; this, he loveth: that shewed him his wounds, yea, made them; this binds and heals them: that killed him; this shews him life, and leads him to it. Now, at once, he hates himself, defies Satan, trusts to Christ, makes account both of pardon and glory.

This is his most precious Faith, whereby he appropriates, yea, engrosses Christ Jesus to himself: whence he is justified from his sins, purified from his corruptions, established in his resolutions, comforted in his doubts, defended against temptations, overcomes all his enemies.

Which virtue, as it is most employed and most opposed, so carries the most care from the Christian heart, that it be sound, lively, growing.

Sound: not rotten: not hollow; not presumptuous. Sound in the act: not a superficial conceit; but a true, deep, and sensible apprehension: an apprehension, not of the brain, but of the heart; and of the heart, not approving or assenting, but trusting and reposing. Sound in the object; none but Christ: he knows, that no friendship in heaven can do him good, without this: the angels cannot, God will not: *Ye believe in the Father, believe also in me.*

Lively: for it cannot give life, unless it have life. The faith, that is not faithful, is dead. The fruits of faith are good works: whether inward, within the roof of the heart, as love, awe, sorrow, piety, zeal, joy, and the rest; or outward towards God, or our brethren: obedience and service, to the one; to the other, relief and beneficence. These he bears, in his time: sometimes, all; but, always, some.

Growing: true faith cannot stand still; but as it is fruitful in works, so it increaseth in degrees: from a little seed, it proves a large plant, reaching from earth to heaven, and from one heaven to another. Every shower and every sun adds something to it.

Neither is this grace ever solitary, but always attended royally: for he, that believes what a Saviour he hath, cannot but love him; and he, that loves him, cannot but hate whatsoever may displease him; cannot but rejoice in him, and hope to enjoy him, and desire to enjoy his hope, and contemn all those vanities which he once desired and enjoyed. His mind now scorneth to grovel upon earth, but soareth up to the things above, where Christ sits at the right hand of God; and, after it hath seen what is done in heaven, looks strangely upon all worldly things. He dare trust his faith

above his reason and sense; and hath learned to wean his appetite from craving much. He stands in awe of his own conscience; and dare no more offend it, than not displease himself. He fears not his enemies; yet neglects them not: equally avoiding security, and timorousness. He sees Him, that is invisible; and walks with him awfully, familiarly. He knows what he is born to; and therefore digests the miseries of his wardship, with patience. He finds more comfort in his afflictions, than any worlding in pleasures. And, as he hath these graces to comfort him within, so hath he the angels to attend him without: spirits, better than his own; more powerful, more glorious: these bear him in their arms; wake by his bed; keep his soul while he hath it, and receive it when it leaves him.

These are some present differences: the greatest are future; which could not be so great, if themselves were not witness: no less than betwixt heaven and hell, torment and glory, an incorruptible crown and fire unquenchable. Whether infidels believe these things or no, we know them: so shall they; but too late.

What remains, but that we applaud ourselves, in this happiness; and walk on cheerfully, in this heavenly profession? acknowledging that God could not do more for us; and that we cannot do enough for him. Let others boast, as your Ladyship might with others, of ancient and noble houses, large patrimonies or dowries, honourable commands; others, of famous names, high and envied honours, or the favours of the greatest; others, of valour or beauty; or some, perhaps, of eminent learning and wit: it shall be our pride, that we are Christians.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MY LADY HONORIA HAY.

Discoursing of the Necessity of Baptism; and the Estate of those which necessarily want it.

MADAM:

METHINKS children are like teeth, troublesome both in the breeding and losing; and, oftentimes painful, while they stand: yet such, as we neither would nor can well be without.

I go not about to comfort you, thus late, for your loss: I rather congratulate your wise moderation, and Christian care of these first spiritual privileges; desiring only to satisfy you, in what you heard as a witness; not in what you needed as a mother.

Children are the blessings of parents; and baptism is the blessing of children and parents: wherein there is not only use, but necessity; necessity, not in respect so much of the end, as of the

precept. God hath enjoined it, to the comfort of parents, and behoof of children: which therefore, as it may not be superstitiously hastened, so not negligently deferred.

That the contempt of baptism damneth, is past all doubt; but, that the constrained absence thereof should send infants to hell, is a cruel rashness. It is not their sin to die early: death is a punishment, not an offence; an effect of sin, not a cause of torment: they want nothing but time; which they could not command. Because they could not live a while longer, that therefore they should die everlastingly, is the hard sentence of a bloody religion.

I am only sorry, that so harsh an opinion should be graced with the name of a Father, so reverend, so divine: whose sentence yet let no man plead by halves. He, who held it impossible for a child to be saved unless the baptismal water were poured on his face, held it also as impossible, for the same infant, unless the sacramental bread were received into his mouth. There is the same ground for both; the same error in both; a weakness, fit for forgetfulness: see yet, how ignorant or ill-meaning posterity could single out the one half of the opinion for truth, and condemn the other of falsehood. In spite of whom, one part shall easily convince the other; yea, without all force: since both cannot stand, both will fall together for company. The same mouth, which said, *Unless ye be born again of water, and the Holy Ghost*, said also, *Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood:* an equal necessity of both. And, lest any should plead different interpretations, the same St. Austin avers this latter opinion also, concerning the necessary communicating of children, to have been once the common judgment of the Church of Rome: a sentence so displeasing, that you shall find the memory of it noted with a black coal, and wiped out in that infamous bill of Expurgations.

Had the ancient Church held this desperate sequel, what strange and yet wilful cruelty had it been in them, to defer baptism a whole year long: till Easter; or that Sunday, which hath his name, I think, from the white robes of the baptized! Yea, what an adventure was it in some, to adjourn it till their age, with Constantine: if, being unsure of their life, they had been sure the prevention of death would have inferred damnation!

Look unto that Legal Sacrament of Circumcision; which, contrary to the fancies of our Anabaptists, directly answers this Evangelical. Before the eighth day, they could not be circumcised: before the eighth day, they might die. If, dying the seventh day, they were necessarily condemned; either the want of a day is a sin, or God sometimes condemneth not for sin: neither of them possible; neither, according with the justice of the Lawgiver.

Or, if, from this parallel, you please to look either to reason or example, the case is clear.

Reason. No man, that hath faith, can be condemned; for Christ dwells in our hearts by faith: and he, in whom Christ dwells, cannot be a reprobate. Now it is possible a man may have a saving

faith, before baptism: Abraham first believed to justification: then, after, received the sign of circumcision, as a seal of the righteousness of that faith, which he had when he was uncircumcised: therefore, some, dying before their baptism, may, yea must be saved. Neither was Abraham's case singular: he was the father of all them also, which believe, not being circumcised: these, as they are his sons in faith, so in righteousness, so in salvation: uncircumcision cannot hinder, where faith admitteth: these, following his steps of belief before the sacrament, shall doubtless rest in his bosom, without the sacrament; without it, as fatally absent, not as willingly neglected. It is not the water, but the faith: *not the putting away the filth of the flesh*, saith St. Peter, *but the stipulation of a good conscience*; for, "Who takes baptism without a full faith," saith Jerome, "takes the water, takes not the Spirit." "Whence is this so great virtue of the water, that it should touch the body, and cleanse the heart," saith Austin; "unless by the power of the word; not spoken, but believed?" "Thou seest water," saith Ambrose; "every water heals not: that water only heals, which hath the grace of God annexed:" and, "if there be any grace in the water," saith Basil, "it is not of the nature of the water, but of the presence of the Spirit." Baptism is indeed, as St. Ambrose styles it, "the pawn and image of our resurrection;" yea, as Basil, "the power of God to resurrection:" but, as Ignatius expounds this phrase aright, believing in his death, we are by baptism made partakers of his resurrection. Baptism therefore, without faith, cannot save a man; and, by faith, doth save him: and faith, without baptism, where it cannot be had; not where it may be had, and is contemned, may save him. That Spirit, which works by means, will not be tied to means.

Examples. Cast your eyes upon that good thief; good in his death, though in his life abominable: he was never washed in Jordan, yet is received into Paradise: his soul was foul with rapines and injustice, yea bloody with murders; and yet, being scoured only with the blood of his Saviour, not with water of baptism, it is presented glorious to God. I say nothing of the souls of Trajan and Falconella; mere heathens; living and dying without Christ, without baptism: which yet their honest legend reports to be delivered from hell, transported to heaven, not so much as scorched in purgatory: the one, by the prayers of Gregory; the other, of Tecla. What partiality is this; to deny that to the children of Christians, which they grant to known Infidels! The promise is made to us, and our seed; not to those, that are without the pale of the Church. Those innocents, which were massacred for Christ, are by them canonized for Saints; and make one day in their Kalendar, each year, both holy and dismal; whereof yet scarce any lived to know water, none to know baptism. Yea, all martyrs are here privileged; who are Christened in their own blood, instead of water: but where hath God said, "All, that die without baptism, shall die for ever, except martyrs?" why not, "except believers?" It is faith, that gives life to martyrs; which if they

should want, their first death could not avoid the second. Ambrose doubted not to say, his Valentinian was baptized, because he desired it; not, because he had it: he knew the mind of God; who accounts us to have what we unfeignedly wish. Children cannot live to desire baptism: if their parents desire it for them, why may not the desire of others be theirs, as well as, according to Austin's opinion, the faith of others' believing, and the mouth of others' confessing? In these cases therefore, of any souls but our own, it is safe to suspend, and dangerous to pass judgment. Secret things to God. He, that made all souls, knows what to do with them: neither will make us of his counsel. But, if we define either way, the errors of charity are inoffensive. We must honour good means, and use them; and, in their necessary want, depend upon him, who can work, beyond, without, against means.

Thus have I endeavoured your Ladyship's satisfaction, in what you heard; not without some scruple. If any man shall blame my choice, in troubling you with a thorny and scholastical discourse, let him know, that I have learned this fashion of St. Jerome, the Oracle of Antiquity; who was wont to entertain his Paula and Eustochium, Marcella, Principia, Hedibia, and other devout ladies, with learned canvasses of the deep points of divinity. This is not so perplexed, that it need to offend: nor so unnecessary, that it may be unknown.

EPISTLE V.

TO SIR RICHARD LEA,

SINCE DECEASED.

Discoursing of the comfortable Remedies of all Afflictions.

WISE men seek remedies before their disease; sensible patients, when they begin to complain; fools, too late. Afflictions are the common maladies of Christians: these you feel; and, upon the first groans, seek for ease. Wherefore serves the tongue of the learned, but to speak words in season? I am a scholar of those, that can comfort you: if you shall, with me, take out my lessons, neither of us shall repent it.

You smart and complain: take heed lest too much. There is no affliction not grievous: the bone, that was disjointed, cannot be set right without pain. No potion can cure us, if it work not: it works not, except it make us sick: we are contented with that sickness, which is the way to health.

There is a vexation, without hurt. Such is this. We are afflicted;

not over-pressed: needy; not desperate: persecuted; not forsaken: cast down; but perish not. How should we, when all the evil in a city comes from the providence of a good God; which can neither be impotent, nor unmerciful? *It is the Lord: let him do what he will.* Woe were us, if evils could come by chance; or were let loose to alight where they list: now they are overruled, we are safe.

The destiny of our sorrows is written in heaven, by a wise and eternal decree. Behold, he, that hath ordained, moderates them: a faithful God, that gives an issue with the temptation; an issue, both of their end, and their success. He chides not always; much less striketh. Our light afflictions are but for a moment: not so long, in respect of our vacancy and rest. If we weep sometimes, our tears are precious. As they shall never be dry in his bottle, so they shall soon be dry upon our cheeks. He, that wrings them from us, shall wipe them off. How sweetly doth he interchange our sorrows and joys; that we may neither be vain nor miserable!

It is true; to be struck once in anger, is fearful: his displeasure is more than his blow: in both, *our God is a consuming fire.*

Fear not: these stripes are the tokens of his love: he is no son, that is not beaten; yea, till he smart, and cry; if not, till he bleed. No parent corrects another's child; and he is no good parent, that corrects not his own. O rod, worthy to be kissed, that assures us of his love, of our adoption!

What speak I of no hurt? short praises do but discommend: I say more; these evils are good. Look to their effects. What is good, if not patience? Affliction is the mother of it: *Tribulation bringeth forth patience.* What can earth or heaven yield, better than the assurance of God's Spirit? afflictions argue, yea seal this to us. Wherein stands perfect happiness, if not in our near resemblance of Christ? why was man created happy, but because in God's image? the glory of paradise, the beauty of his body, the duty of the creatures, could not give him felicity, without the likeness to his Creator.

Behold, what we lost in our height, we recover in our misery; a conformity to the image of the Son of God. He, that is not like his Elder Brother, shall never be coheir with him. Lo his side, temples, hands, feet, all bleeding; his face blubbered, ghastly, and spitted on; his skin all pearled with a bloody sweat; his head drooping, his soul heavy to the death. See you the worldling merry, soft, delicate, perfumed, never wrinkled with sorrow, never humbled with afflictions? What resemblance is here! yea, what contrariety! Ease slayeth the fool: it hath made him resty, and leaves him miserable. Be not deceived: no man can follow Christ, without his Cross; much less, reach him. And, if none shall reign with Christ, but those that suffer with him; what shall become of these jolly ones?

Go now, thou Dainty Worldling; and please thyself in thy happiness. Laugh always; and be ever applauded: it is a woeful fe-

licity that thou shalt find, in opposition to thy Redeemer. He hath said, *Woe to them that laugh:* believest thou, and dost not weep at thy laughter? and, with Solomon, condemn it of madness? And, again, with the same breath, *Blessed are ye that weep:* who can believe this, and not rejoice in his own tears; and not pity the faint smiles of the godless?

Why blessed? *for ye shall laugh:* behold, we, that weep on earth, shall laugh in heaven: we, that now weep with men, shall laugh with angels; while the fleering worldling shall be gnashing and howling with devils: we, that weep for a time, shall laugh for ever. Who would not be content to defer his joy a little, that it may be perpetual and infinite? What madman would purchase this crackling of thorns, such is the worldling's joy, with eternal shrieking and torment?

He, that is the door and the way, hath taught us, that through many afflictions we must enter into heaven. There is but one passage, and that a strait one: if, with much pressure, we can get through, and leave but our superfluous rags as torn from us in the crowd, we are happy. He, that made heaven, hath on purpose thus framed it: wide, when we are entered, and glorious: narrow and hard in the entrance; that, after our pain, our glory might be sweeter.

And if, beforehand, you can climb up thither in your thoughts; look about you, you shall see no more palms, than crosses: you shall see none crowned, but those, that have wrestled with crosses and sorrows, to sweat, yea to blood; and have overcome. All runs here to the overcomer; and overcoming implies both fighting and success. Gird up your loins, therefore; and strengthen your weak knees. Resolve to fight for heaven; to suffer, fighting; to persist, in suffering: so persisting, you shall overcome; and overcoming, you shall be crowned.

O reward, truly great, above desert; yea, above conceit! A crown, for a few groans: an eternal crown of life and glory, for a short and momentary suffering. How just is St. Paul's account, that the afflictions of this present life are not worthy of the glory, which shall be shewed unto us! O Lord, let me smart, that I may reign: uphold thou me in smarting, that thou mayest hold me worthy of reigning. It is no matter how vile I be, so I may be glorious.

What say you? would you not be afflicted? Whether would you rather mourn for a while, or for ever? One must be chosen: the election is easy. Whether would you rather rejoice for one fit, or always? you would do both. Pardon me, it is a fond covetousness, and idle singularity, to affect it. What! that you alone may fare better than all God's Saints! that God should strew carpets for your nice feet only, to walk into your heaven; and make that way smooth for you, which all Patriarchs, Prophets, Evangelists, Confessors, Christ himself, have found rugged and bloody! Away with this self-love; and come down, you ambitious sons of Zebedee: and, ere you think of sitting near the throne,

be content to be called unto the cup. Now is your trial. Let your Saviour see, how much of his bitter potion you can pledge: then shall you see, how much of his glory he can afford you. Be content to drink of his vinegar and gall; and you shall drink new wine with him in his kingdom.

EPISTLE VI.

TO M. PETER MOULIN,

PREACHER OF THE CHURCH AT PARIS.

Discoursing of the late French Occurrencies; and what Use, God expects to be made of them.

SINCE your travels here with us, we have not forgotten you: but since that, your witty and learned travels in the common affairs of religion, have made your memory both fresh and blessed.

Behold, while your hand was happily busy in the defence of our King, the heads and hands of traitors were busy in the massacring of your own. God doth no memorable and public act, which he would not have talked of, read, construed of all the world: how much more of neighbours, whom scarce a sea severeth from each other! how much yet more of brethren, whom neither land nor sea can sever! Your dangers, and fears, and griefs have been ours: all the salt water, that runs betwixt us, cannot wash off our interest in all your common causes. The deadly blow of that miscreant, whose name is justly sentenced to forgetfulness, pierced even our sides. Who hath not bled within himself, to think that he, which had so victoriously out-lived the swords of enemies, should fall by the knife of a villain? and that he should die in the peaceable streets, whom no fields could kill? that all those honourable and happy triumphs should end in so base a violence?

But, oh, our idleness and impiety, if we see not a divine hand from above, striking with this hand of disloyalty! Sparrows fall not to the ground without him; much less, Kings. One dies by a tile-sherd; another, by the splinters of a lance: one, by hee; another, by a fly: one, by poison; another, by a knife. What are all these, but the executioners of that great God, which hath said, *Ye are gods, but ye shall die like men?*

Perhaps, God saw (that we may guess modestly at the reasons of his acts) you reposed too much in this arm of flesh: or, perhaps, he saw this scourge would have been too early, to those enemies, whose sin, though great, yet was not full: or, perhaps, he saw, that if that great spirit had been deliberately yielded in his bed, you should not have slept in yours: or, perhaps, the ancient con-

nivance at those streams of blood, from your too common duels, was now called to reckoning; or, it may be, that weak revolt from the truth.

He, whose the rod was, knows why he struck: yet may it not pass without a note, that he fell by that religion, to which he fell. How many ages might that great Monarch have lived, whatsoever the ripe head of your more than mellow Cotton could imagine, ere his least finger should have bled, by the hand of a Huguenot! All religions may have some monsters: but, blessed be the God of Heaven, ours shall never yield that good Jesuit, either a Mariana to teach treason, or a Ravillac to act it.

But what is that we hear? It is no marvel: that holy society is a fit guardian for the hearts of kings: I dare say, none more loves to see them: none takes more care to purchase them. How happy were that chapel, think they, if it were full of such shrines! I hope all Christian Princes have long and well learned, so great is the courtesy of these good Fathers, that they shall never, by their wills, need be troubled with the charge of their own hearts. A heart of a King in a Jesuit's hand, is as proper, as a wafer in a Priest's. Justly was it written of old, under the picture of Ignatius Loyola, *Caveto vobis, Principes;* "Be wise, O ye Princes," and learn to be the keepers of your own hearts. Yea rather, O thou Keeper of Israel, that neither slumberest nor sleepest, keep thou the hearts of all Christian Kings, whether alive or dead, from the keeping of this traitorous generation; whose very religion is holy rebellion, and whose merits bloody.

Doubtless, that murderer hoped to have stabbed thousands with that blow; and to have let out the life of religion, at the side of her collapsed patron. God did, at once, laugh and frown at his project; and suffered him to live, to see himself no less a fool than a villain. Oh, the infinite goodness of the wise and holy Governor of the World! Who could have looked for such a calm, in the midst of a tempest? Who would have thought that violence could beget peace? Who durst have conceived that King Henry should die alone? and that religion should lose nothing but his person? *This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*

You have now paralielled us. Out of both our fears God hath fetched security. Oh, that out of our security we could as easily fetch fear: not so much of evil, as of the Author of Good; and yet trust him in our fear; and in both magnify him! Yea, you have by this act gained some converts, against the hope of the agents: neither can I, without many joyful congratulations, think of the estate of your Church; which every day honours with the access of new clients; whose tears and sad confessions make the Angels to rejoice in heaven, and the Saints on earth. We should give you example, if our peace were as plentiful of goodness as of pleasure. But how seldom hath the Church gained by ease, or lost by restraint! Bless you God for our prosperity; and we shall praise him for your progress.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MR. THOMAS SUTTON.

Exciting him, and, in him, all others, to early and cheerful Beneficence: shewing the Necessity and Benefit of Good Works.

SIR:

I TROUBLE you not with reasons of my writing, or with excuses. If I do ill, no plea can warrant me: if well, I cannot be discouraged with any censures. I crave not your pardon; but your acceptation. It is no presumption, to give good counsel; and presents of love fear not to be ill taken of strangers. My pen and your substance are both given us for one end, to do good: these are our talents: how happy are we, if we can improve them well! suffer me to do you good with the one, that with the other you may do good to many, and most to yourself.

You cannot but know, that your full hand and worthy purposes, have possessed the world with much expectation. What speak I of the world? whose honest and reasonable claims yet, cannot be contemned with honour, nor disappointed without dishonour. The God of Heaven, which hath lent you this abundance, and given you these gracious thoughts of charity, of piety, looks long for the issue of both; and will easily complain, either of too little, or too late.

Your wealth and your will are both good; but the first is only made good by the second: for, if your hand were full and your heart empty, we, who now applaud you, should justly pity you. You might have riches; not goods; not blessings. Your burthen should be greater than your estate; and you should be richer in sorrows, than in metals.

For, if we look to no other world, what gain is it, to be the keeper of the best earth? That, which is the common coffer of all the rich mines, we do but tread upon; and account it vile, because it doth but hold and hide those treasures: whereas the skilful metallist, that findeth and refineth those precious veins for public use, is rewarded, is honoured. The very basest element yields gold: the savage Indian gets it: the servile prentice works it: the very Midianitish camel may wear it: the miserable worldling admires it: the covetous Jew swallows it: the unthrifty ruffian spends it: what are all these the better for it? Only good use gives praise to earthly possessions.

Herein, therefore, you owe more to God, that he hath given you a heart to do good; a will to be as rich in good works, as great in riches. To be a friend to this mammon, is to be an enemy to

God: but, to make friends with it, is royal and Christian. His enemies may be wealthy: none, but his friends, can either be good, or do good. *Da et accipe*, saith the Wise Man. The Christian, which must imitate the high pattern of his Creator, knows his best riches to be bounty: God, that hath all, gives all; reserves nothing: and, for himself, he well considers, that God hath not made him an owner, but a servant; and, of servants, a servant, not of his goods, but of the Giver; not a treasurer, but a steward: whose praise is more to lay out well, than to have received much. The greatest gain, therefore, that he affects, is an even reckoning, a clear discharge: which since it is obtained by disposing, not by keeping, he counts reservation loss, and just expence his trade and joy. He knows, that *Well done, faithful servant*, is a thousand times more sweet a note, than *Soul, take thine ease*: for that is the voice of the Master recompensing; this, of the carnal heart presuming: and what follows to the one, but his Master's joy? what to the other, but the loss of his soul? Blessed be that God, which hath given you a heart to fore-think this; and, in this dry and dead age, a will to honour him with his own; and to credit his Gospel, with your beneficence. Lo, we are upbraided with barrenness: your name hath been publicly opposed to these challenges; as in whom it shall be seen, that the truth hath friends that can give.

I neither distrust nor persuade you; whose resolutions are happily fixed on purposes of good: only give me leave to hasten your pace a little; and to excite your Christian forwardness, to begin speedily, what you have long and constantly vowed. You would not but do good: why not now? I speak boldly: The more speed, the more comfort. Neither the times are in our disposing, nor ourselves: if God had set us a day, and made our wealth inseparable, there were no danger in delaying: now, our uncertainty either must quicken us, or may deceive us. How many have meant well, and done nothing; and lost their crown, with lingering! whose destinies have prevented their desires, and have made their good motions the wards of their executors, not without miserable success: to whom, that they would have done good, is not so great a praise, as it is dishonour that they might have done it. Their wrecks are our warnings: we are equally mortal, equally fickle. Why have you this respite of living, but to prevent the imperious necessity of death? It is a woeful and remediless complaint, that the end of our days hath over-run the beginning of our good works. Early beneficence hath no danger, many joys: for, the conscience of good done, the prayers and blessings of the relieved, the gratulation of the Saints, are as so many perpetual comforters, which can make our life pleasant, and our death happy; our evil days good, and our good better. All these are lost with delay: few and cold are the prayers for him, that may give: and, in lieu, our good purposes fore-slowed are become our tormentors upon our death-bed.

Little difference is betwixt good deferred, and evil done. Good was meant: who hindered it? will our conscience say: there was time enough, means enough, need enough, what hindered? Did

fear of envy, distrust of want? Alas, what bugs are these to fright men from heaven! As if the envy of keeping, were less than of bestowing. As if God were not as good a debtor, as a giver: *He, that gives to the poor, lends to God;* saith wise Solomon. If he freely give us what we may lend, and grace to give; will he not much more pay us what we have lent; and give us, because we have given? That is his bounty; this, his justice.

Oh, happy is that man, that may be a creditor to his Maker! Heaven and earth shall be empty, before he shall want a royal payment. If we dare not trust God while we live, how dare we trust men when we are dead? men, that are still deceitful, and light upon the balance; light of truth, heavy of self-love. How many executors have proved the executioners of honest Wills! how many have our eyes seen, that, after most careful choice of trusty guardians, have had their children and goods so disposed, as, if the parent's soul could return to see it, I doubt whether it could be happy! How rare is that man, that prefers not himself to his dear friend! profit; to truth! that will take no vantage of the impossibility of account! Whatever, therefore, men either shew or promise, happy is that man, that may be his own auditor, supervisor, executor.

As you love God and yourself, be not afraid of being happy too soon. I am not worthy to give so bold advice: let the wise man of Sirach speak for me: "Do good before thou die; and, according to thine ability, stretch out thy hands, and give: Defraud not thyself of thy good day; and let not the portion of thy good desires overpass thee: shalt thou not leave thy travails to another, and thy labours to them that will divide thine heritage?" Or, let a wiser than he, Solomon: *Say not, To morrow, I will give, if now thou have it: for thou knowest not what a day will bring forth.*

It hath been an old rule of liberality, He gives twice, that gives quickly; whereas slow benefits argue uncheerfulness, and lose their worth. Who lingers his receipts, is condemned as unthrifty. He, that knoweth both, saith, *It is better to give, than to receive.* If we be of the same spirit, why are we hasty in the worse, and slack in the better?

Suffer you yourself, therefore, good Sir, for God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the Church's sake, for your soul's sake, to be stirred up by these poor lines, to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intentions: and take this as a loving invitation sent from heaven, by an unworthy messenger. You cannot deliberate ong of fit objects for your beneficence; except it be more for multitude, than want: the streets, yea the world is full. How doth Lazarus lie at every door! How many sons of the Prophets, in their meanly-provided Colleges, may say, not, *Mors in olla*, but *fames!* How many Churches may justly plead that, which our Saviour bade his disciples, *The Lord hath need!* And, if this infinite store hath made your choice doubtful, how easy were it to shew you, wherein you might oblige the whole Church of God to you, and make your memorial both eternal and blessed; or, if you would rather, the whole Commonwealth?

But now I find myself too bold and too busy, in thus looking to particularities. God shall direct you; and, if you follow him, shall crown you. Howsoever, if good be done, and that betimes; he hath what he desired, and your soul shall have more than you can desire. The success of my weak, yet hearty counsel, shall make me as rich, as God hath made you, with all your abundance. That God bless it to you, and make both our reckonings cheerful in the day of our common audit.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO E. B.

DEDICATED TO SIR GEORGE GORING.

Remedies against Dulness and Heartlessness in our Callings; and Encouragements to Cheerfulness in Labour.

It falls out not seldom, if we may measure all by one, that the mind, overlaid with work, grows dull and heavy; and now doth nothing, because it hath done too much. Over-lavish expence of spirits hath left it heartless: as the best vessel, with much motion and vent, becomes flat and dreggish.

And not fewer, of more weak temper, discourage themselves with the difficulty of what they must do. Some travellers have more shrunk at the map, than at the way.

Betwixt both, how many sit still with their hands folded, and wish they knew how to be rid of time! If this evil be not cured, we become miserable losers, both of good hours and of good parts.

In these mental diseases, empyrics are the best physicians. I prescribe you nothing, but out of feeling.

If you will avoid the first, moderate your own vehemency. Suffer not yourself to do all you could do. Rise ever from your desk, not without an appetite. The best horse will tire soonest, if the reins lie ever loose in his neck. Restraints, in these cases, are encouragements: obtain therefore of yourself to defer, and take new days. How much better is it, to refresh yourself with many competent meals, than to buy one day's gluttony, with the fast of many! And, if it be hard to call off the mind in the midst of a fair and likely fight, know, that all our ease and safety begins at the command of ourselves: he can never task himself well, that cannot favour himself. Persuade your heart, that perfection comes by leisure; and no excellent thing is done at once: the rising and setting of many suns, which you think slackens your work, in truth ripens it. That gourd, which came up in a night, withered in a day; whereas those plants, which abide age, rise slowly. Indeed, where the heart is

unwilling, prorogation hinders: what I list not to do this day, I loath the next; but where is no want of desire, delay doth but sharpen the stomach. That, which we do unwillingly leave, we long to undertake: and the more our affection is, the greater our intention, and the better our performance. To take occasion by the foretop, is no small point of wisdom; but, to make time, which is wild and fugitive, tame and pliable to our purposes, is the greatest improvement of a man. All times serve him, which hath the rule of himself.

If the second, think seriously of the condition of your being. It is that, we were made for: the bird, to fly; and man, to labour. What do we here, if we repine at our work? We had not been, but that we might be still busy: if not in this task we dislike; yet, in some other, of no less toil. There is no act, that hath not his labour; which varies in measure, according to the will of the doer. This, which you complain of, hath been undertaken by others, not with facility only, but with pleasure; and what you choose for ease, hath been abhorred of others, as tedious. All difficulty is not so much in the work, as in the agent. To set the mind on the rack of a long meditation, you say, is a torment: to follow the swift foot of your hound all day long, hath no weariness: what would you say of him, that finds better game in his study, than you in the field; and would account your disport, his punishment? Such there are, though you doubt and wonder. Never think to detract from your business, but add to your will. It is the policy of our great enemy, to drive us with these fears, from that he foresees would grow profitable: like as some inhospitable savages make fearful delusions by sorcery upon the shore, to frighten strangers from landing. Where you find, therefore, motions of resistance, awaken your courage the more; and know, there is some good that appears not. Vain endeavours find no opposition. All crosses imply a secret commodity: resolve then to will, because you begin not to will; and either oppose yourself, as Satan opposes you, or else you do nothing. We pay no price to God for any good thing, but labour: if we higgle in that, we are worthy to lose our bargain. It is an invaluable gain, that we may make in this traffic: for God is bountiful, as well as just; and, when he sees true endeavour, doth not only sell, but give; whereas idleness neither gets nor saves: nothing is either more fruitless of good, or more fruitful of evil; for we do ill while we do nothing, and lose while we gain not. The sluggard is senseless; and so much more desperate, because he cannot complain. But, though he feel it not, nothing is more precious than time, or that shall abide a reckoning more strict and fearful: yea, this is the measure of all our actions, which if it were not abused, our accounts could not be but even with God: so God esteems it, whatever our price be, that he plagues the loss of a short time, with a revenge beyond all times. Hours have wings, and every moment fly up to the Author of Time, and carry news of our usage: all our prayers cannot entreat one of them, either to return, or slacken his pace: the mis-spence of every minute is a new record against us in hea-

ven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better reports; and not suffer them, either to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it, that every hour should convey up, not only the message, but the fruits of good; and stay with the Ancient of Days, to speak for us before his glorious throne! Know this, and I shall take no care for your pains, nor you for pastime. None of our profitable labours shall be transient; but, even when we have forgotten them, shall welcome us, into joy: we think we have left them behind us; but they are forwarder than our souls, and expect us where we should be. And, if there were no crown for these toils; yet, without future respects, there is a tediousness in doing nothing. To man especially, motion is natural: there is neither mind, nor eye, nor joint which moveth not; and, as company makes a way short, hours never go away so merrily, as in the fellowship of work. How did that industrious heathen draw out water by night, and knowledge by day; and thought both short: ever labouring, only that he might labour! Certainly, if idleness were enacted by authority, there would not want some, which would pay their mulct, that they might work: and those spirits are likest to heaven, which move always; and the freest from those corruptions, which are incident to nature. The running stream cleanseth itself; whereas, standing ponds breed weeds and mud. These meditations must hearten us to that we must do. While we are cheerful, our labours shall strive, whether to yield us more comfort, or others more profit.

EPISTLE IX.

TO SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

DISCUSSING THIS QUESTION:

Whether a Man and Wife, after some Years mutual and loving fruition of each other, may, upon consent, whether for secular or religious causes, vow and perform a perpetual separation from each other's bed, and absolutely renounce all carnal knowledge of each other for ever.

I WISH not myself any other advocate, nor you any other adversary, than St. Paul; who never gave, I speak boldly, a direct precept, if not in this.

His express charge, whereupon I insisted, is, *Defraud not one another: except with consent, for a time, that you may give yourselves to fasting and prayer: and then again come together, that Satan tempt you not for your incontinency.* Every word, if you weigh it well, opposes your part, and pleads for mine. By consent of all

divines, ancient and modern, *defrauding* is refraining from matrimonial conversation: see what a word the Spirit of God hath chosen for this abstinence; never but taken in ill part. "But there is no fraud in consent; as Chrysostom, Athanasius, Theophylact, expound it:" true; therefore St. Paul adds, *unless with consent*, that I may omit to say, that, in saying *unless with consent*, he implies, both that there may be a defrauding without it, and with consent a defrauding but not unlawful. But see what he adds, *for a time*: consent cannot make this defrauding lawful, except it be temporary: no defrauding, without consent; no consent, for a perpetuity. "How long then, and wherefore?" not for every cause; not for any length of time: but only for a while, and for devotion, *ut vacetis*, &c. Not that you may pray only, as Chrysostom notes justly; but that you might *give yourselves to prayer*. In our marriage society, saith he against that paradox of Jerome, we may pray; and woe to us, if we do not: but we cannot *vacare orationi*. "But we are bidden to pray continually:" yet not, I hope, ever to fast and pray. Mark how the Apostle adds, *that you may give yourselves to fasting and prayer*. It is solemn exercise, which the Apostle here intends: such as is joined with fasting and external humiliation; wherein all earthly comforts must be forborne. "But what if a man list to task himself continually, and will be always painfully devout; may he then ever abstain?" No: *Let them meet together again*, saith the Apostle; not as a toleration, but as a charge. "But what if they both can live safely, thus severed?" This is more than they can undertake: there is danger, saith our Apostle, in this abstinence, *lest Satan tempt you for your incontinency*. What can be more plain? Neither may the married refrain this conversation, without consent; neither may they, with consent, refrain it for ever.

What can you now urge us with, but the examples and sentences of some ancients?

Let this stand evicted for the true and necessary sense of the Apostle; and what is this, but to lay men in the balance with God? I see and confess, how much some of the Fathers admired Virginity; so far, that there wanted not some, which both detested marriage as vicious, and would force a single life upon marriage, as commendable: whose authority should move me, if I saw not some of them opposite to others, and others no less to St. Paul himself. How oft doth St. Austin redouble that rule, and importunately urge it to his Ecdicia, in that serious Epistle; That, without consent, the continence of the married cannot be warrantable! teaching her, (from these words of St. Paul, which he charges her, in the contrary practice, not to have read, heard, or marked) that if her husband should contain, and she would not, he were bound to pay her the debt of marriage benevolence; and that God would impute it to him for continence notwithstanding. Hence is that of Chrysostom *, that the wife is both the servant and the mistress of

* Hom. in 1 Cor. vii.

her husband: a servant, to yield her body; a mistress, to have power of his. Who also, in the same place, determines it forbidden fraud, for the husband or wife to contain alone, according to that of the Paraphrast, "Let either both contain, or neither." Jerome, contrarily, defines thus: "But if one of the two," saith he, "considering the reward of chastity, will contain, he ought not to assent to the other which contains not, &c. because lust ought rather to come to continency, than continency decline to lust:" concluding, that a brother or a sister is not subject in such a case; and that God hath not called us to uncleanness, but to holiness. A strange gloss to fall from the pen of a Father! which yet I durst not say, if it were more boldness for me to dissent from him, than for him to dissent from all others. He, that censures St. Paul to argue grossly to his Galatians, may as well tax him with an unfit direction to his Corinthians. It shall be no presumption, to say, that, in this point, all his writings betray more zeal than truth: whether the conscience of his former slip caused him to abhor that sex; or his admiration of virginity transported him to a contempt of marriage. Antiquity will afford you many examples of holy men voluntarily sequestered from their wives. Precepts must be our guides, and not patterns. You may tell me of Sozomen's Ammon, that famous monk; who, having persuaded his bride the first day to continuance of virginity, lived with her eighteen years in a several bed; and, in a several habitation, upon the mountain Nitria, twenty two years: you may tell me of Jerome's Malchus, Austin's Eedicia, and ten thousand others: I care not for their number, and suspect their example. Do but reconcile their practice with St. Paul's rule, I shall both magnify and imitate them. I profess before God and men, nothing should hinder me but this law of the Apostle: whereto consider, I beseech you, what can be more opposite than this opinion, than this course of life.

The Apostle says, *Refrain not, but with consent, for a time*: your words, and their practice saith, "Refrain, with consent, for ever." He saith, *meet together again:* you say, "never more." He saith, *meet, lest you be tempted:* you say, "meet not, though you be tempted." I willingly grant, with Athanasius, that, for some set time; especially, as Anselm interprets it, for some holy time; we may, and, in this latter case, we must forbear all matrimonial acts and thoughts: not for that they are sinful, but unseasonable. As marriage must be always used chastely and moderately; so, sometimes, it must be forgotten. How many are drunk with their own vines, and surfeit of their own fruits! either immodesty or immoderation in man or wife, is adulterous. If yet I shall further yield, that they may conditionally agree, to refrain from each other, so long till they be perplexed with temptations on either part, I shall go as far as the reach of my warrant, at least; perhaps, beyond it: since the Apostle chargeth, *Meet again, lest you be tempted;* not, "meet, when you are tempted." But, to say absolutely and for ever renounce, by consent, the conversation of each other, what tempta-

tion so ever assault you, is directly, not beyond, but against Paul's divinity, no less than my assertion is against yours.

The ground of all these errors, in this head of matrimony, is an unworthy conceit of some unchristian filthiness in the marriage-bed. Every man will not utter, but too many hold that conclusion of Jerome: "*It is good for a man not to touch a woman*; therefore, to touch her, is evil:" whom, I doubt not, but St. Austin meant to oppose, while he writes *, *Bonum, inquam, sunt nuptiæ; et contra omnes calumnias possunt, sanâ ratione, defendi:* "Marriage, I say, is a good thing; and may, by sound proof, be defended against all slanders." Well may man say, that it is good, which God saith is honourable; and both good and honourable must that needs be, which was instituted by the honourable Author of Goodness, in the state of man's perfect goodness. Let us take heed of casting shame upon the ordinance of our Maker. "But there was no carnal knowledge in Paradise:" but, again, in paradise God said, *Increase and multiply:* there should have been, if there were not. Those, that were naked without shame, should have been conjoined without shame; because, without sin. "Meats and drinks, and acts of marriage," saith Austin †, for these he compares both in lawfulness and necessity, "are, as they are used; either lawful, venial, or damnable." Meats are for the preservation of man; marriage acts, for the preservation of mankind: neither of them, without some carnal delight; which yet, if by the bridle of temperance it be held to the proper and natural use, cannot be termed lust. There is no ordinance of God, which either is of more excellent use, or hath suffered more abuse in all times: the fault is in men, not in marriage: let them rectify themselves, their bed shall be blessed. Here needs no separation from each other, but rather a separation of brutishness and close corruption from the soul; which whosoever hath learned to remove, shall find the crown of matrimonial chastity, no less glorious than that of single continence.

EPISTLE X.

TO MR. WILLIAM KNIGHT.

Encouraging him to persist in the Holy Calling of the Ministry; which, upon conceit of his Insufficiency, and want of Affection, he seemed inclining to forsake and change.

I AM not more glad to hear from you, than sorry to hear of your discontentment: whereof, as the cause is from yourself, so must the remedy. We scholars are the aptest of all others to make our-

* De bono Conjug. cap. xvi. † De bono Conjug. cap. ix. &c. xvi.

selves miserable: you might be your own best counsellor, were you but indifferent to yourself. If I could but cure your prejudice, your thoughts would heal you: and, indeed, the same hand, that wounded you, were fittest for this service.

I need not tell you, that your calling is honourable: if you did not think so, you had not complained. It is your unworthiness that troubles you. Let me boldly tell you, I know you, in this case, better than yourself: you are never the more unsufficient, because you think so. If we will be rigorous, Paul's question, τίς ἱκανός, will appose us all: but, according to the gracious indulgence of him that calls things which are not as if they were, we are that we are; yea, that we ought; and must be thankful for our any thing. There are none more fearful, than the able; none more bold, than the unworthy. How many have you seen and heard, of weaker graces, (your own heart shall be the judge) which have sat, without paleness or trembling, in that holy chair; and spoken, as if the words had been their own; satisfying themselves, if not the hearers! And do you, whose gifts many have envied, stand quaking upon the lowest stair? Hath God given you that unusual variety of tongues; style of arts, a style worth emulation; and, which is worth all, a faithful and honest heart; and do you now shrink back, and say, *Send him, by whom thou shouldest send?* Give God but what you have: he expects no more: this is enough, to honour him, and crown you. Take heed, while you complain of want, lest pride shroud itself under the skirts of modesty. How many are thankful for less! You have more than the most; yet this contents you not: it is nothing, unless you may equal the best, if not exceed: yea, I fear how this may satisfy you, unless you may think yourself such as you would be. What is this, but to grudge at the Bestower of Graces? I tell you, without flattery, God hath great gains by fewer talents: set your heart to employ these, and your advantage shall be more than your masters.' Neither do now repent you of the unadvisedness of your entrance: God called you to it, upon an eternal deliberation; and meant to make use of your suddenness, as a means to fetch you into this work, whom more leisure would have found refractory. Full little, did the one Saul think of a kingdom, when he went to seek his father's strays, in the land of Shalishah; or the other Saul of an apostleship, when he went with his commission to Damascus: God thought of both; and effected what they meant not. Thus hath he done to you: acknowledge his hand, and follow it. He found and gave both faculty and opportunity to enter: find you but a will to proceed; I dare promise you abundance of comfort. How many of the Ancients, after a forcible ordination, became not profitable only, but famous in the Church!

But, as if you sought shifts to discourage yourself, when you see you cannot maintain this hold of insufficiency, you fly to Alienation of Affection: in the truth whereof, none can control you, but your own heart; in the justice of it, we both may and must. This plea is not for Christians: we must affect what we ought, in spite

of ourselves: wherefore serves religion, if not to make us lords of our own affections? If we must be ruled by our slaves, what good should we do? Can you more dislike your station, than we all naturally distaste goodness? Shall we neglect the pursuit of virtue, because it pleases not; or rather displease and neglect ourselves, till it may please us? Let me not ask, whether your affections be estranged, but wherefore? Divinity is a mistress worthy your service: all other arts are but drudges to her alone: fools may contemn her, who cannot judge of true intellectual beauty; but, if they had our eyes, they could not but be ravished with admiration: you have learned, I hope, to contemn their contempt, and to pity injurious ignorance: she hath chosen you as a worthy client, yea, a favourite; and hath honoured you with her commands, and her acceptations: who, but you, would plead strangeness of affection? How many thousands sue to her; and cannot be looked upon! You are happy in her favours, and yet complain; yea so far, as that you have not stuck to think of a change.

No word could have fallen from you more unwelcome. This is Satan's policy, to make us out of love with our callings, that our labours may be unprofitable, and our standing tedious. He knows, that all changes are fruitless; and that while we affect to be other, we must needs be weary of what we are: that there is no success in any endeavour, without pleasure: that there can be no pleasure, where the mind longs after alterations. If you espy not this craft of the common enemy, you are not acquainted with yourself. Under what form soever it come, repel it; and abhor the first motion of it, as you love your peace, as you hope for your reward. It is the misery of most men, that they cannot see when they are happy; and, while they see but the outside of others' conditions, prefer that, which their experience teaches them afterwards to condemn, not without loss and tears: far be this unstableness from you, which have been so long taught of God. All vocations have their inconveniences; which, if they cannot be avoided, must be digested. The more difficulties, the greater glory. Stand fast therefore; and resolve, that this calling is the best, both in itself and for you: and know, that it cannot stand with your Christian courage, to run away from these incident evils, but to encounter them. Your hand is at the plough: if you meet with some tough clods, that will not easily yield to the share, lay on more strength rather: seek not remedy in your feet, by flight; but, in your hands, by a constant endeavour. Away with this weak timorousness, and wrongful humility. Be cheerful and courageous, in this great work of God: the end shall be glorious, yourself happy, and many in you.

THE SIXTH DECADE.

EPISTLE I.

TO MY LORD DENNY.

A particular Account how our Days are, or should be spent, both common and holy.

EVERY day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is, that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, To number, not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those, that dare mis-spend it, desperate.

We can best teach others by ourselves: let me tell your Lordship, how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred; that you, or whosoever others over-hearing me, may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors. To whom is the account of my hours, either more due, or more known?

All days are his, who gave time a beginning and continuance: yet some he hath made ours; not to command, but to use. In none may we forget him: in some we must forget all, besides him.

First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours; not when I will, but when I must: pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health: neither do I consult so much with the sun, as mine own necessity; whether of body, or, in that, of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep: but now, it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable.

Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God. My first thoughts are for him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travel; and, as he gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savour of him all day after.

While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect; my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task; bethinking what is to be done, and in what order; and marshalling, as it may, my hours with my work.

That done, after some while meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and, sitting down amongst them,

with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven; and craved favour of him, to whom all my studies are daly referred: without whom, I can neither profit, nor labour. After this, out of no over-great variety, I call forth those, which may best fit my occasions; wherein, I am not too scrupulous of age: sometimes, I put myself to school, to one of those ancients, whóm the Church hath honoured with the name of Fathers; whose volumes, I confess not to open, without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity: sometimes, to those latter Doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical: always, to God's Book. That day is lost, whereof some hours are not improved in those Divine Monuments: others, I turn over, out of choice; these, out of duty.

Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions: not without some short preparation.

These heartily performed, send me up, with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me, by intermission and variety.

Now therefore can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while, mine eyes are busied; another while, my hand; and, sometimes, my mind takes the burden from them both: wherein, I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures. One hour is spent in textual divinity; another, in controversy: histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake her own: sometimes, it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes, it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, ofter for others. Neither know I, whether it works or plays, in these thoughts: I am sure no sport hath more pleasure; no work more use: only the decay of a weak body, makes me think these delights insensibly laborious.

Thus could I, all day, as ringers use, make myself music, with changes; and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both: while my body and mind are joined together in these unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker.

Before my meals therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldly mind. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome.

These prepare me for a diet; not gluttonous, but medicinal: the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that, for its own sake. Neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect, in themselves; but in their use, in their end: so far, as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish

to tempt my palate, I fear a Serpent in that Apple; and would please myself, in a wilful denial.

I rise capable of more; not desirous: not now immediately from my trencher, to my book; but, after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

After my latter meal, my thoughts are slight: only my memory may be charged with her task, of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth and all other senses, of that day's behaviour.

And, now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. Thus do we rather drive away the time before us, than follow it.

I grant, neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour. Sweat is the destiny of all trades; whether of the brows, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time, as if it were given them, and not lent! as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for! as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning; "Item, spent upon my pleasures, forty years." These men shall once find, that no blood can privilege idleness; and that nothing is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away, Time.

Such are my common days. But God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it: yet, because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it; therefore, justly do we sing, with the Psalmist, *This is the day, which the Lord hath made.* Now, I forget the world; and, in a sort, myself: and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, at some times of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day; which I dare not bestow on any work or pleasure, but heavenly. I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other: but I find it hard to offend, in too much devotion; easy, in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and, according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest.

I shew your Lordship what I would do, and what I ought: I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak; my actions, to the censures of the wise and holy; my weaknesses, to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.

EPISTLE II.

TO MR. T. S.

DEDICATED TO SIR FULKE GREVILL.

Discoursing how we may Use the World without Danger.

How to live out of the danger of the world, is both a great and good care, and that which troubles too few. Some, that the world may not hurt them, run from it; and banish themselves to the tops of solitary mountains: changing the cities for deserts, houses for caves, and the society of men for beasts; and, lest their enemy might insinuate himself into their secrecy, have abridged themselves of diet, clothing, lodging, harbour, fit for reasonable creatures; seeming to have left off themselves, no less than companions. As if the World were not every where: as if we could hide ourselves from the Devil: as if solitariness were privileged from temptations: as if we did not more violently affect restrained delights: as if these Jeromes did not find Rome, in their heart; when they had nothing but rocks and trees, in their eye. Hence, these places of retiredness, founded at first upon necessity mixed with devotion, have proved infamously unclean; cells of lust, not of piety.

This course is preposterous. If I were worthy to teach you a better way, learn to be a hermit at home. Begin with your own heart: estrange and wean it from the love, not from the use of the world. Christianity hath taught us nothing, if we have not learned this distinction.

It is a great weakness, not to see, but we must be enamoured. Elisha saw the secret state of the Syrian Court; yet, as an enemy: the blessed angels see our earthly affairs; but, as strangers: Moses his body was in the Court of Pharaoh, amongst the delicate Egyptians; his heart was suffering with the afflicted Israelites: Lot took part of the fair meadows of Sodom; not of their sins: our Blessed Saviour saw the glory of all kingdoms; and contemned them: and cannot the world look upon us Christians, but we are bewitched? We see the sun daily, and warm us at his beams; yet make not an idol of it: doth any man hide his face, lest he should adore it?

All our safety or danger, therefore, is from within. In vain is the body an Anchorite, if the heart be a Ruffian: and, if that be retired in affections, the body is but a cypher. Lo, then the eyes will look carelessly and strangely, on what they see; and the tongue will sometimes answer to that was not asked. We eat and recreate, because we must, not because we would; and, when we are pleased, we are suspicious. Lawful delights, we neither refuse nor dote upon; and all contentments go and come like strangers.

That all this may be done, take up your heart with better thoughts. Be sure, it will not be empty: if heaven have foot-stalled all the rooms, the world is disappointed; and either dares not offer, or is repulsed. Fix yourself upon the glory of that eternity, which abides you after this short pilgrimage. You cannot but contemn what you find, in comparison of what you expect. Leave not, till you attain to this, That you are willing to live, because you cannot as yet be dissolved. Be but one half upon earth: let your better part converse above, whence it is; and enjoy that, whereto it was ordained. Think, how little the world can do for you; and what it doth, how deceitfully: what stings there are with this honey; what Farewell succeeds this Welcome. When this Jael brings you milk in the one hand, know she hath a nail in the other. Ask your heart, what it is the better, what the merrier, for all those pleasures, wherewith it hath befriended you: let your own trial teach you contempt. Think, how sincere, how glorious those joys are, which abide you elsewhere; and a thousand times more certain, though future, than present.

And let not these thoughts be flying, but fixed. In vain do we meditate, if we resolve not. When your heart is once thus settled, it shall command all things to advantage. The world shall not betray, but serve it; and that shall be fulfilled, which God promises by his Solomon; *When the ways of a man please the Lord, he will make his enemies also at peace with him.*

Sir, this advice my poverty afforded long since to a weak friend. I write it not to you, any otherwise, than as scholars are wont to say their part to their masters. The world hath long and justly both noted and honoured you, for eminence in wisdom and learning; and I, above the most. I am ready, with the awe of a learner, to embrace all precepts from you: you shall expect nothing from me, but testimonies of respect and thankfulness.

EPISTLE III.

TO SIR GEORGE FLEETWOOD.

Of the Remedies of Sin, and Motives to Avoid it.

THERE is none, either more common or more troublesome guest, than Sin: troublesome, both in the solicitation of it, and in the remorse. Before the act, it wearies with a wicked importunity: after the act, it torments us with fears, and the painful gnawings of an accusing conscience.

Neither is it more irksome to men, than odious to God; who, indeed, never hated any thing but it; and, for it, any thing.

How happy were we, if we could be rid of it! This must be our desire, but cannot be our hope, so long as we carry this body of sin and death about us: yet, which is our comfort, it shall not carry us, though we carry it: it will dwell with us, but with no command; yea, with no peace: we grudge to give it house-room; but we hate to give it service. This our Hagar will abide many strokes, ere she be turned out of doors: she shall go, at last; and the seed of promise shall inherit alone.

There is no unquietness good, but this; and, in this case, quietness cannot stand with safety: neither did ever war more truly beget peace, than in this strife of the soul. Resistance is the way to victory; and that, to an eternal peace and happiness.

It is a blessed care then, how to resist sin, how to avoid it; and such, as I am glad to teach and learn.

As there are two grounds of all sin, so of the avoidance of sin; Love and Fear: these, if they be placed amiss, cause us to offend; if right, are the remedies of evil. The love must be of God; fear, of judgment.

As he Loves much, to whom much is forgiven; so he, that loves much, will not dare to do that, which may need forgiveness. The heart, that hath felt the sweetness of God's mercies, will not abide the bitter relish of sin. This is both a stronger motive than fear, and more noble. None, but a good heart, is capable of this grace; which whoso hath received, thus powerfully repels temptations. "Have I found my God so gracious to me, that he hath denied me nothing, either in earth or heaven; and shall not I so much as deny my own will for his sake? Hath my dear Saviour bought my soul, at such a price; and shall he not have it? Was he crucified for my sins; and shall I, by my sins, crucify him again? Am I his, in so many bonds; and shall I serve the Devil? O God! is this the fruit of thy beneficence to me, that I should wilfully dishonour thee? Was thy blood so little worth, that I should tread it under my feet? Doth this become him, that shall be once glorious with thee? Hast thou prepared heaven for me, and do I thus prepare myself for heaven? Shall I thus recompense thy love; in doing that, which thou hatest?" Satan hath no dart, I speak confidently, that can pierce this shield. Christians are, indeed, too oft surprised, ere they can hold it out: there is no small policy in the suddenness of temptation: but, if they have once settled it before their breast, they are safe, and their enemy hopeless. Under this head, therefore, there is sure remedy against sin, by looking upwards, backwards, into ourselves, forwards: Upwards, at the glorious majesty and infinite goodness of that God, whom our sin would offend, and in whose face we sin; whose mercies, and whose holiness is such, that if there were no hell, we would not offend: Backwards, at the manifold favours, whereby we are obliged to obedience: Into ourselves, at that honourable vocation, wherewith he hath graced us; that holy profession we have made, of his calling and grace; that solemn vow and covenant, whereby we have confirmed our profession; the gracious

beginnings of that Spirit in us, which is grieved by our sins, yea, quenched: Forwards, at the joy, which will follow upon our forbearance; that peace of conscience, that happy expectation of glory, compared with the momentary and unpleasing delight of a present sin. All these, out of love.

Fear is a retentive, as necessary, not so ingenuous. It is better to be won, than to be frighted from sin; to be allured, than drawn: both are little enough, in our proneness to evil. Evil is the only object of fear. Herein, therefore, we must terrify our stubbornness, with both evils; of Loss, and of Sense; that, if it be possible, the horror of the event may countervail the pleasure of the temptation: of Loss; remembering, that now we are about to lose a God; to cast away all the comforts and hopes of another world; to rob ourselves of all those sweet mercies we enjoyed; to thrust his Spirit out of doors, which cannot abide to dwell within the noisome stench of sin; to shut the doors of heaven against ourselves: of Sense; that thus we give Satan a right in us, power over us, advantage against us; that we make God to frown upon us, in heaven; that we arm all his good creatures against us, on earth; that we do, as it were, take God's hand in ours, and scourge ourselves with all temporal plagues, and force his curses upon us and ours; that we wound our own consciences with sins, that they may wound us with everlasting torments; that we do both make a hell in our breasts beforehand, and open the gates of that bottomless pit to receive us afterwards; that we do now cast brimstone into the fire; and, lest we should fail of tortures, make ourselves our own fiends. These, and whatever other terrors of this kind, must be laid to the soul; which if they be thoroughly urged to a heart, not altogether incredulous, well may a man ask himself, how he dare sin.

But, if neither this sun of mercies, nor the tempestuous winds of judgment, can make him cast off Peter's *cloak of wickedness*; he must be *clad with confusion, as with a cloak*, according to the Psalmist.

I tremble to think, how many live; as if they were neither beholden to God, nor afraid of him; neither in his debt, nor danger: as if their heaven and hell were both upon earth: sinning, not only without shame, but not without malice. It is their least ill, to do evil: behold, they speak for it, joy in it, boast of it, enforce to it; as if they would send challenges into heaven, and make love to destruction. Their lewdness calls for our sorrow and zealous obedience; that our God may have as true servants, as enemies. And, as we see natural qualities increased with the resistance of their contraries; so must our grace with others' sins: we shall redeem somewhat of God's dishonour by sin, if we shall thence grow holy.

EPISTLE IV.

TO DOCTOR MILBURNE.

Discoursing how far, and wherein, Popery destroyeth the Foundation.

THE mean in all things is not more safe than hard, whether to find or keep. And, as in all other morality, it lieth in a narrow room; so most in the matter of our censure, especially concerning religion: wherein we are wont to be either careless, or too peremptory.

How far and wherein, Popery razeth the foundation, is worth our enquiry. I need not stay upon words. By foundation, we mean the necessary grounds of Christian faith.

This foundation Papistry defaces, by laying a new; by casting down the old.

In these cases, addition destroys: he, that obtrudes a new Word, no less overthrows the Scripture; than he, that denies the old. Yea, this very obtrusion denies: he, that sets up a new Christ, rejects Christ. Two foundations cannot stand at once; the Ark, and Dagon: now, Papistry lays a double new foundation: the one, a new rule of faith, that is, a new Word; the other, a new author, or guide of faith, that is, a new head besides Christ. God never laid other foundation, than in the Prophets and Apostles: upon their divine writings, he meant to build his Church; which he therefore inspired, that they might be, like himself, perfect and eternal. Popery builds upon an unwritten word; the voice of old, but doubtful, traditions; the voice of the present Church, that is, as they interpret it, theirs; with no less confidence and presumption of certainty, than any thing ever written by the finger of God. If this be not a new foundation, the old was none. God never taught this holy Spouse, to know any other Husband, than Christ; to acknowledge any other Head, to follow any other Shepherd, to obey any other King: he alone may be enjoyed, without jealousy; submitted to, without danger; without error, believed; served, without scruple. Popery offers to impose on God's Church a King, Shepherd, Head, Husband, besides her own: a man; a man of sin. He must know all things, can err in nothing; direct, inform, animate, command, both in earth and purgatory; expound Scriptures, canonize Saints, forgive sins, create new Articles of Faith; and, in all these, is absolute and infallible as his Maker. Who sees not, that if to attribute these things to the Son of God, be to make him the foundation of the Church; then, to ascribe them to another, is to contradict him that said, *Other foundation can no*

man lay, than that, which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. To lay a new foundation, doth necessarily subvert the old: yet see this further actually done in particulars; wherein yet this distinction may clear the way.

The foundation is overthrown two ways: either in flat terms, when a main principle of faith is absolutely denied; as the deity and consubstantiality of the Son, by Arius; the trinity of persons, by Sabellius and Servetus; the resurrection of the body, by Hymeneus and Philetus; the last judgment, by St. Peter's mockers: or, secondly, by consequent, when any opinion is maintained, which by just sequel overturneth the truth of that principle, which the defendant professes to hold; yet so, as he will not grant the necessity of that deduction; so the ancient Minæi, of whom Jerome speaketh, while they urged circumcision, by consequent, according to Paul's rule, rejected Christ; so the Pelagians, while they defended a full perfection of our righteousness in ourselves, overthrew Christ's justification, and, in effect, said, "I believe in Christ, and in myself;" so some ubiquitaries, while they hold the possibility of conversion and salvation of reprobates, overthrow the doctrine of God's eternal decree and immutability.

Popery comes in this latter rank; and may justly be termed Heresy, by direct consequent: though not in their grant, yet in necessary proof and inference.

Thus, it overthrows the truth of Christ's Humanity; while it holds his whole human body locally circumscribed in heaven, and, at once, the same instant, wholly present in ten thousand places on earth, without circumscription; that whole Christ is in the forms of bread, with all his dimensions, every part having his own place and figure, and yet so, as that he is wholly in every part of the bread: our justification; while it ascribes it to our own works: the all-sufficiency of Christ's own sacrifice; while they reiterate it daily, by the hands of a priest: of his satisfaction; while they hold a payment of our utmost farthings, in a devised purgatory: of his mediation: while they implore others to aid them, not only by their intercession, but their merits: suing, not only for their prayers, but their gifts: the value of the Scriptures; while they hold them insufficient, obscure, in points essential to salvation, and bind them to an uncertain dependance upon the Church.

Besides hundreds of this kind, there are heresies in actions; contrary to those fundamental practices, which God requires of his: as prohibitions of Scriptures to the laity; prescriptions of devotion in unknown tongues; tying the effect of sacraments and prayers to the external work; adoration of angels, saints, bread, relics, crosses, images: all which, are so many real underminings of the sacred foundation; which is no less active, than vocal.

By this, the simplest may see, what we must hold of Papists; neither as no heretics, nor yet so palpable as the worst. If any man ask for their conviction: in the simpler sort, I grant this excuse fair and tolerable; poor souls, they cannot be any otherwise informed, much less persuaded. While, in truth of heart, they

hold the main principles which they know; doubtless, the mercy of God may pass over their ignorant weakness, in what they cannot know. For the other, I fear not to say, that many of their errors are wilful: the light of truth hath shined out of heaven to them, and they love darkness more than light.

In this state of the Church, he shall speak and hope idly, that shall call for a public and universal eviction. How can that be, when they pretend to be judges in their own cause? Unless they will not be adversaries to themselves, or judge of us, this course is but impossible. As the Devil, so Antichrist, will not yield: both shall be subdued: neither will treat of peace. What remains, but that *the Lord shall consume that wicked man* which is now clearly revealed, *with the breath of his mouth, and abolish him with the brightness of his coming? Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

This, briefly, is my conceit of Popery; which I willingly refer to your clear and deep judgment: being not more desirous to teach the ignorant what I know, than to learn of you what I should teach, and know not. The Lord direct all our thoughts to his glory, and the behoof of his Church.

EPISTLE V.

WRITTEN LONG SINCE TO MR. J. W.

Dissuading from Separation; and shortly oppugning the Grounds of that Error.

In my former Epistle *, I confess, I touched the late separation with a light hand: only setting down the injury of it, at the best; not discussing the grounds in common. Now, your danger draws me on to this discourse. It is not much less thankworthy, to prevent a disease, than to cure it.

You confess that you doubt: I mislike it not: doubting is not more the way to error, than to satisfaction: lay down first all pride and prejudice, and I cannot fear you. I never yet knew any man of this way, which hath not bewrayed himself far gone with overweening; and, therefore, it hath been just with God, to punish their self-love with error. An humble spirit is a fit subject for truth: prepare you your heart, and let me then answer, or rather God for me.

You doubt whether the notorious sin of one unreformed, uncensured, defile not the whole congregation; so as we may not, without sin, communicate therewith. And why not the whole Church? Woe were us, if we should thus live in the danger of all men: have we not sins enough of our own, but we must borrow of others? *Each man shall bear his own burden:* is ours so light, that we call for more weight; and undertake, what God never imposed? It

* See Decade III. Epistle I. Editor.

was enough for Him, that is God and Man, to bear others' iniquities: it is no task for us, which shrink under the least of our own.

But it is made ours, you say, though another's, by our toleration and connivance. Indeed, if we consent to them, encourage them, imitate or accompany them, in the same excess of riot; yet more, the public person that forbears a known sin, sinneth: but, if each man's known sin be every man's, what difference is betwixt the root and the branches? Adam's sin spread itself to us, because we were in him; stood or fell, in him: our case is not such. Do but see how God scorneth that unjust proverb of the Jews, That *The Fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.* How much less are strangers'! Is any bond so near, as this of blood? Shall not the child smart for the parent? and shall we, even spiritually, for others?

You object Achan's stealth, and Israel's punishment: an unlike case, and extraordinary: for see how direct God's charge is; *Be ye ware of the execrable thing, lest ye make yourselves execrable; and, in taking of the execrable thing, make also the host of Israel execrable, and trouble it.* Now, every man is made a party, by a peculiar injunction: and not only all Israel is as one man, but every Israelite is a public person in this act. You cannot shew the like, in every one; no, not in any: it was a law for the present, not intended for perpetuity: you may as well challenge the trumpets of rams' horns, and seven days, walk, unto every siege.

Look elsewhere. The Church of Thyatira suffers the woman Jezebel to teach and deceive: a great sin: *Yet to you,* saith the Spirit, *the rest of Thyatira, as many as have not this learning, I will put upon you none other burden; but that, which you have, hold fast:* he saith not, "Leave your Church;" but, *Hold fast your own.* Look into the practice of the Prophets: ransack their Burdens; and see if you find this there. Yea, behold our best pattern, the Son of God: the Jewish Rulers in Christ's time were notoriously covetous, proud, oppressing, cruel, superstitious: our Saviour feared not polluting, in joining with them; and was so far from separating himself, that he called and sent others to them.

"But, *a little leaven leavens the whole lump.*" It is true; by the infection of it, sin, where it is unpunished, spreadeth: it soureth all those, whose hands are in it; not others. If we dislike it, detest, desist, reprove, and mourn for it, we cannot be tainted. The Corinthian love-feasts had gross and sinful disorder: yet you hear not Paul say, "Abstain from the sacrament, till these be reformed:" rather, he enjoins the act, and controls the abuse. God hath bidden you hear and receive: shew me, where he hath said, except others be sinful. Their uncleanness can no more defile you, than your holiness can excuse them.

"But, while I communicate," you say, "I consent." God forbid. It is sin, not to cast out the deserving; but not yours: who made you a ruler and a judge? The unclean must be separated; not by the people. Would you have no distinction, betwixt private and public persons? What strange confusion is this? And

what other than the old note of Korah and his company; *Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation is holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them: wherefore then lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord?* What is, if this be not, to make a monster of Christ's body? He is the head: his Church the body; consisting of divers limbs. All have their several faculties and employments; not every one, all. Who would imagine any man so absurd, as to say, that this body should be all tongue, or all hands; every man a teacher, every man a ruler? as though Christ had said to every man, *Go teach, and whose sins ye remit*, &c. How senseless are these two extremes; of the Papists, that one man hath the keys; of the Brownists, that every man hath them!

"But these privileges and charges are given to the Church." True; to be executed by her governors. The faculty of speech is given to the whole man; but the use of it, to the proper instrument. Man speaketh, but by his tongue: if a voice should be heard from his hand, ear, foot, it were unnatural. Now, if the tongue speak not when it ought, shall we be so foolish as to blame the hand?

"But you say; if the tongue speak not, or speak ill, the whole man smarteth; the man sinneth." I grant it; but you shall set the natural body on too hard a rack, if you strain it in all things, to the likeness of the spiritual or civil. The members of that, being quickened by the same soul, have charge of each other; and, therefore, either stand or fall together. It is not so in these.

If then, notwithstanding unpunished sins, we may join with the True Church, whether is ours such? You doubt; and your solicitors deny: surely, if we have many enormities, yet none worse than rash and cruel judgment; let them make this a colour to depart from themselves: there is no less woe to them, that call good evil. To judge one man is bold and dangerous: judge then what it is to condemn a whole Church; God knows, as much without cause, as without shame. Vain men may libel against the Spouse of Christ: her husband never divorced her: no, his love is still above their hatred; his blessings above their censures. Do but ask them, Were we ever the true Church of God? If they deny it; who then were so? Had God never Church upon earth, since the apostles' time, till Barrow and Greenwood arose? and, even then, scarce a number? Nay, when or where was ever any man in the world, except in the Schools perhaps of Donatus or Novatus, that taught their doctrine; and now still hath he none, but in a blind lane at Amsterdam? Can you think this probable? If they affirm it, when ceased we? Are not the points controverted still the same? the same government, the same doctrine? Their minds are changed; not our estate. Who hath admonished, evinced, excommunicated us; and when? All these must be done. Will it not be a shame to say; that Francis Johnson, as he took power to excommunicate his brother and father, so had power to excommunicate his Mother, the Church? How base and idle are these con-

ceits! Are we then heretics, condemned in ourselves? Wherein overthrow we the foundation? what other God, Saviour, Scriptures, justification, sacraments, heaven, do they teach, besides us? Can all the Masters of Separation, Yea can all the Churches in Christendom, set forth a more exquisite and worthy Confession of Faith, than is contained in the Articles of the Church of England? Who can hold these, and be heretical? or, from which of these are we revolted? But to make this good, they have taught you to say, that every truth in Scripture is fundamental: so fruitful is error of absurdities; whereof still one breeds another more deformed than itself. That Trophimus was left at Miletum, sick; that Paul's cloak was left at Troas; that Gaius, Paul's host, saluted the Romans; that Nabal was drunk; or, that Tamar baked cakes; and a thousand of this nature, are fundamental! how large is the Separatist's Creed, that hath all these Articles! If they say, all Scripture is of the same Author, of the same authority: so say we; but not of the same use. Is it as necessary for a Christian to know, that Peter hosted with one Simon, a tanner, in Joppa; as that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was born of the Virgin Mary? What a monster is this of an opinion, that all truths are equal! that this spiritual house should be all foundation; no walls, no roof! Can no man be saved, but he, that knows every thing in Scripture? then, both they and we are excluded: heaven would not have so many, as their parlour at Amsterdam. Can any man be saved, that knows nothing in Scripture? It is far from them, to be so overcharitable to affirm it. You see then, that both all truths must not of necessity be known, and some must; and these we justly call fundamental: which whoso holdeth, all his hay and stubble, through the mercy of God, condemn him not: still he hath right to the Church on earth, and hope in heaven. "But, whether every truth be fundamental, or necessary; discipline," you say, "is so:" indeed necessary to the well-being of a Church; no more: it may be true without it; not perfect. Christ compares his Spouse to *an army with banners:* as order is to an army, so is discipline to the Church: if the troops be not well marshalled in their several ranks, and move not forward according to the discipline of war, it is an army still: confusion may hinder their success; it cannot bereave them of their name. It is, as beautiful proportion, to the body; a hedge, to a vineyard; a wall, to a city; a hem, to a garment; ceiling, to a house: it may be a body, vineyard, city, garment, house, without them; it cannot be well and perfect. Yet, which of our adversaries will say we have no discipline? Some they grant; but not the right: as if they said; "Your city hath a brick wall indeed; but it should have one of hewn stone: your vineyard is hedged; but it should be paled and ditched." While they cavil at what we want, we thank God for what we have; and so much we have, in spite of all detraction, as makes us both a true Church; and a worthy one.

But the main quarrel is against our Ministry, and Form of Worship: let these be examined.

This is the circle of their censure. "No Church; therefore no Ministry: and no Ministry; therefore no Church:" unnatural sons, that spit in the face of those spiritual fathers, that begot them; and the mother, that bore them! What would they have? Have we not competent gifts from above, for so great a function? Are we all unlearned, unsufficient? not a man, that knows to divide the word aright? As Paul to the Corinths, *Is it so, that there is not one wise man amongst us?* No man will affirm it: some of them have censured our excess in some knowledge; none, our defect in all. What then? Have we not a true desire to do faithful service to God and his Church? no zeal for God's glory? Who hath been in our hearts to see this? who dare usurp upon God, and condemn our thoughts? Yea, we appeal to that only Judge of Hearts, whether he hath not given us a sincere longing for the good of his Sion: he shall make the thoughts of all hearts manifest; *and then shall every man have praise of God.* If, then, we have both ability and will to public good; our inward calling, which is the main point, is good and perfect. For the outward, what want we? are we not first, after good trial, presented and approved by the learned, in our Colleges; examined by our Church-governors; ordained by imposition of hands of the Eldership; allowed by the Congregations we are set over? do we not labour in word and doctrine? do we not carefully administer the Sacraments of the Lord Jesus? have we not, by our public means, won many souls to God? what should we have and do more? all this, and yet no true Ministers? we pass very little to be judged of them, or of man's day. But our Ordainers, you say, are antichristian: surely our censurers are unchristian. Though we should grant it, some of us were baptized by heretics, is the Sacrament annihilated, and must it be redoubled? how much less Ordination, which is but an outward admission to preach the Gospel! God forbid, that we should thus condemn the innocent: more hands were laid upon us, than one; and, of them, for the principal, except but their perpetual honour and some few immaterial rites, let an enemy say what they differ from Superintendents: and can their double honour make them no Elders? If they have any personal faults, why is their calling scourged? Look into our Saviour's times: what corruptions were in the very Priesthood! It was now made annual; which was, before, fixed and singular. Christ saw these abuses, and was silent: here was much dislike, and no clamour: we, for less, exclaim and separate: even personal offences are fetched into the condemnation of lawful courses. God give both pardon and redress, to this foul uncharitableness. Alas, how ready are we to toss the forepart of our wallet, while our own faults are ready to break our necks behind us: all the world sees and condemns their Ordination to be faulty, yea none at all; yet they cry out first on us; craftily, I think, lest we should complain. That Church-governors should ordain Ministers, hath been the constant practice of the Church, from Christ's time to this hour. I except only, in an extreme desolation, merely for-

the first course. That the people should make their Ministers, was unheard of in all ages and Churches, till Bolton, Brown, and Barrow; and hath neither colour nor example. Doth not this comparison seem strange and harsh? their tradesmen may make true Ministers; our Ministers cannot: who, but they, would not be ashamed of such a position? or, who, but you, would not think the time mis-spent in answering it?

No less frivolous are those exceptions, that are taken against our Worship of God; condemned, for false and idolatrous: whereof volumes of Apologies are written by others. We meet together, pray, read, hear, preach, sing, administer and receive Sacraments: wherein offend we? How many gods do we pray to? or to whom, but the true God? in what words, but holy? whom do we preach, but the same Christ with them? what point of faith, not theirs? what Sacraments, but those they dare not but allow? where lies our idolatry, that we may let it out?

"In the manner of performing: in set prayers, antichristian ceremonies of crossing, kneeling, &c."

For the former: what sin is this? The original and truth of prayer is in the heart: the voice is but as accidental. If the heart may often conceive the same thought, the tongue her servant may often utter it, in the same words; and, if daily to repeat the same speeches be amiss, then to entertain the same spiritual desires is sinful. To speak once, without the heart, is hypocritical; but to speak often the same request, with the heart, never offendeth. What intolerable boldness is this; to condemn that in us, which is recorded to have been the continual practice of God's Church, in all succession! of the Jews; in the time of Moses, David, Solomon, Jehosaphat, Hezekiah, Jeremiah: of the ancient Christian assemblies, both Greek and Latin; and now, at this day, of all Reformed Churches in Christendom: yea, which our Saviour himself so directly allowed; and, in a manner, prescribed: and the blessed Apostles, Paul and Peter, in all their formal salutations, which were no other than set prayers, so commonly practised.

For the other, lest I exceed a Letter, though we yield them such as you imagine, worse they cannot be, they are but ceremonious appendances: the body, and substance, is sound. Blessed be God, that we can have his true Sacraments at so easy a rate; at the payment, if they were such, of a few circumstantial inconveniences. How many dear children of God, in all ages, even near the golden times of the Apostles, have gladly purchased them much dearer, and not complained! But see how our Church imposes them: not as to bind the conscience, otherwise than by the common bond of obedience; not as actions, wherein God's worship essentially consisteth; but as themselves, Ceremonies: comely or convenient, not necessary. Whatsoever: is this a sufficient ground of separation? How many moderate and wiser spirits have we, that cannot approve the Ceremonies, yet dare not forsake the Church; and that hold your departure far more evil, than the cause! You are

invited to a feast: if but a napkin or trencher be misplaced, or a dish ill carved; do you run from the table, and not stay to thank the host? Either be less curious, or more charitable. Would God both you and all other, which either favour the Separation or profess it, could but read over the ancient stories of the Church, to see the true state of things and times; the beginnings, proceedings, increases, encounters, yieldings, restorations of the Gospel; what the holy Fathers of those first times were glad to swallow for peace; what they held, practised, found, left. Whosoever knows but these things, cannot separate; and shall not be contented only, but thankful. God shall give you still more light: in the mean time, upon the peril of my soul, stay, and take the blessed offers of your God, in peace. And, since Christ saith by my hand, *Will you also go away?* Answer him, with that worthy disciple, *Master, whither shall I go from thee? thou hast the words of eternal life.*

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. I. B.

A Complaint of the Mis-education of our Gentry.

I CONFESS, I cannot honour blood without good qualities; nor spare it, with ill. There is nothing, that I more desire to be taught, than what is true nobility.

What thank is it to you, that you are born well? If you could have lost this privilege of nature, I fear you had not been thus far noble. That you may not plead desert, you had this before you were, long ere you could either know or prevent it. You are deceived, if you think this any other than the body of gentility: the life and soul of it is, in noble and virtuous disposition; in gallantness of spirit, without haughtiness, without insolence, without scornful overliness; shortly, in generous qualities, carriage, actions. See your error; and know, that this demeanor doth not answer an honest birth. If you can follow all fashions, drink all healths, wear favours and good clothes, consort with ruffianly companions, swear the biggest oaths, quarrel easily, fight desperately, game in every inordinate ordinary, spend your patrimony ere it fall, look on every man betwixt scorn and anger, use gracefully some gestures of apish compliment, talk irreligiously, dally with a mistress, or, which term is plainer, hunt after harlots, take smoke at a playhouse, and live as if you were made all for sport, you think you have done enough, to merit, both of your blood and others' opinions.

Certainly, the world hath no baseness, if this be generosity: welfare the honest and civil rudeness of the obscure sons of the earth, if such be the graces of the eminent: the shame whereof, methinks,

is not so proper to the wildness of youth, as to the carelessness or vanity of parents.

I speak it boldly; our land hath no blemish, comparable to the mis-education of our gentry. Infancy and youth are the seed-times of all hopes: if those pass unseasonably, no fruit can be expected from our age, but shame and sorrow: who should improve these, but they, which may command them?

I cannot altogether complain of our first years. How like are we to children, in the training up of our children! Give a child some painted babe: he joys in it, at first sight; and, for some days, will not abide it out of his hand or bosom; but, when he hath sated himself with the new pleasure of that guest, he now, after a while, casts it into corners, forgets it, and can look upon it with no care. Thus do we by ours. Their first times find us not more fond, than careful: we do not more follow them with our love, than ply them with instruction: when this delight begins to grow stale, we begin to grow negligent.

Nothing, that I know, can be faulted in the ordering of childhood, but indulgence. Foolish mothers admit of tutors; but debar rods. These, while they desire their children may learn, but not smart, as is said of apes, kill their young ones with love; for what can work upon that age, but fear? and what fear, without correction?

Now, at last, with what measure of learning their own will would vouchsafe to receive, they are too early sent to the common Nurseries of Knowledge. There, unless they fall under careful tuition, they study in jest, and play in earnest. In such universal means of learning, all cannot fall beside them. What their company, what their recreation would either instil or permit, they bring home to their glad parents.

Thence are they transplanted to the Collegiate Inns of our Common Laws: and there, too many learn to be lawless, and to forget their former little. Paul's is their Westminster; their Study, an Ordinary, or Playhouse, or Dancing-school; and some Lambert, their Ploydon.

And now, after they have, not without much expence, learned fashions and licentiousness, they return home, full of welcomes and gratulations.

By this time, some blossoms of youth, appearing in their face, admonish their parents to seek them some seasonable match: wherein, the father enquires for wealth; the son, for beauty; perhaps the mother, for parentage; scarce any, for virtue, for religion.

Thus settled, what is their care, their discourse, yea, their trade; but either a hound, or a hawk? and it is well, if no worse. And now, they so live, as if they had forgotten that there were books. Learning is for priests and pedants; for gentlemen, pleasure. Oh, that either wealth or wit should be cast away thus basely! that ever reason should grow so debauched, as to think any thing more worthy than knowledge!

With what shame and emulation, may we look upon other na-

tions, whose apish fashions we can take up in the channels, neglecting their imitable examples: and, with what scorn, do they look upon us! They have their solemn academies, for all those qualities, which may accomplish gentility; from which they return richly furnished, both for action and speculation. They account knowledge and ability of discourse, as essential to greatness, as blood: neither are they more above the vulgar in birth, than in understanding. They travel with judgment, and return with experience: so do they follow the exercises of the body, that they neglect not the culture of the mind. From hence grows civility, and power to manage affairs; either of justice, or state: from hence, encouragement to learning, and reverence from inferiors. For those only can esteem knowledge, which have it; and the common sort frame either observance or contempt, out of the example of their leaders. Amongst them, the sons of nobles scorn not either merchandise, or learned professions; and hate nothing so much, as to do nothing: I shame and hate to think, that our Gallants hold, there can be no disparagement, but in honest callings.

Thus, perhaps, I have abated the envy of this reproof, by communicating it to more; which I had not done, but that the generality of evil importunes redress. I well see, that either good or evil descends. In vain shall we hope for the reformation of the many, while the better are disordered. Whom to solicit herein, I know not, but all. How glad should I be to spend my light to the snuff, for the effecting of this! I can but persuade and pray: these I will not fail of: the rest to Him, that both can amend and punish.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MR. JONAS REIGESBERGIUS,

IN ZEALAND.

Written somewhile since, concerning some New Opinions then broached in the Churches of Holland, and under the name of Arminius, then living: persuading all great wits to a study and care of the common peace of the Church; dissuading from all affectation of singularity.

I RECEIVED, lately, a short relation of some new paradoxes from your Leyden. You would know what we think. I fear not to be censured, as meddling: your truth is ours: the sea cannot divide those Churches, whom one faith unites.

I know not how it comes to pass, that most men, while they too much affect civility, turn flatterers; and plain truth is, most-where, counted rudeness. He, that tells a sick friend he looks ill, or terms

an angry tumour the gout, or a waterish swelling dropsy, is thought unmannerly.

For my part, I am glad that I was not born to feed humours. However you take your own evils, I must tell you, we pity you; and think you have just cause of dejection, and we for you: not for any private cares; but, which touch a Christian nearest, the Commonwealth of God.

Behold, after all those hills of carcases and streams of blood, your civil sword is sheathed; wherein we neither congratulate, nor fear your peace: lo now, instead of that, another while, the spiritual sword is drawn and shaken; and it is well, if no more. Now the politic State sits still, the Church quarrels.

Oh, the insatiable hostility of our great enemy! with what change of mischiefs, doth he afflict miserable man! No sooner did the Christian world begin to breathe from persecution, but it was more punished with Arianism: when the red dragon cannot devour the child, he tries to drown the mother; and when the waters fail, he raises war.

Your famous Junius had nothing more admirable than his love of peace: when our busy Separatists appealed him, with what a sweet calmness, did he reject them; and, with a grave importunity, called them to moderation! How it would have vexed his holy soul, now out of the danger of passions, to have foreseen his chair troublesome! God forbid, that the Church should find a challenger, instead of a champion.

Who would think, but you should have been taught the benefit of peace, by the long want? But, if your temporal state, besides either hope or belief, hath grown wealthy with war; like those fowls, which fatten with hard weather: yet be you sure, that these spiritual broils cannot but impoverish the Church; yea, affamish it. It were pity, that your Holland should be still the amphitheatre of the world; on whose scaffolds all other nations should sit, and see variety of bloody shews, not without pity and horror.

If I might challenge ought in that your acute and learned Arminius; I would thus solicit and conjure him: "Alas! that so wise a man should not know the worth of peace; that so noble a son of the Church should not be brought to light, without ripping the womb of his mother! What mean these subtle novelties? if they make thee famous, and the Church miserable, who shall gain by them? Is singularity so precious, that it should cost no less, than the safety and quiet of our common Mother? If it be truth thou affectest; what, alone? Could never any eyes, till thine, be blessed with this object? Where hath that sacred verity hid herself, thus long, from all her careful inquisitors, that she now first shews her head to thee unsought? Hath the Gospel shined thus long and bright, and left some corners unseen? Away with all new truths: fair and plausible they may be; sound, they cannot: some may admire thee for them; none shall bless thee. But grant, that some of these are no less true, than nice points: what do these unseasonable crotchets and quavers trouble the harmonious plain-songs of

our peace? Some quiet error may be better, than some unruly truth. Who binds us to speak all we think? So the Church may be still, would God thou wert wise alone. Did not our adversaries quarrel enough before, at our quarrels? were they not rich enough with our spoils? By the dear name of our common parents, what meanest thou, Arminius? Whither tend these new-raised dissensions? Who shall thrive by them, but they, which insult upon us; and rise, by the fall of truth? who shall be undone, but thy brethren? By that most precious and bloody ransom of our Saviour, and by that awful appearance we shall once make before the glorious Tribunal of the Son of God, remember thyself, and the poor distracted limbs of the Church. Let not those excellent parts, wherewith God hath furnished thee, lie in the narrow way; and cause any weak one, either to fall, or stumble, or err. For God's sake, either say nothing, or the same. How many great wits have sought no by-paths, and now are happy with their fellows! Let it be no disparagement to go with many to heaven."

What could he reply, to so plain a charge? No distinction can avoid the power of simple truth. I know he hears not this of me, first: neither that learned and worthy Fran. Gomarus, nor your other grave fraternity of reverend divines, have been silent in so main a cause. I fear rather too much noise, in any of these tumults: there may too many contend; not entreat. Multitude of suitors is commonly powerful: how much more in just motions!

But, if either he or you shall turn me home, and bid me spend my little moisture upon our own brands; I grant there is both the same cause, and the same need. This counsel is no whit further from us, because it is directed to you. Any reader can change the person. I lament to see, that, every where, peace hath not many clients; but fewer lovers: yea, even many of those, that praise her, follow her not. Of old, the very Novatian men, women, children brought stones and mortar, with the orthodox, to the building of the Church of the Resurrection; and joined lovingly with them, against the Arians: lesser quarrels divide us; and every division ends in blows, and every blow is returned; and none of all lights beside the Church.

"Even the best Apostles dissented: neither knowledge nor holiness can redress all differences." True; but wisdom and charity could teach us to avoid their prejudice. If we had but these two virtues, quarrels should not hurt us, nor the Church by us. But, alas, self-love is too strong for both these. This alone opens the flood-gates of dissension; and drowns the sweet, but low valley of the Church. Men esteem of opinions, because their own; and will have truth serve, not govern. What they have undertaken, must be true: victory is sought for, not satisfaction; victory of the author, not of the cause: he is a rare man, that knows to yield, as well as to argue.

What should we do then, but bestow ourselves upon that, which

too many neglect, public peace: first, in prayers, that we may prevail; then, in tears, that we prevail not?

Thus have I been bold to chat with you, of our greatest and common cares. Your old love, and late hospital entertainment in that your island, called for this remembrance; the rather to keep your English tongue in breath, which was wont not to be the least of your desires. Would God you could make us happy with news; not of truce, but sincere amity and union; not of provinces, but spirits. The God of Spirits effect it, both here and there, to the glory of his Name and Church!

EPISTLE VIII.

TO W. J.

CONDEMNED FOR MURDER.

Effectually preparing him, and, under his name, whatsoever Malefactor, for his Death.

It is a bad cause, that robbeth us of all the comfort of friends; yea, that turns their remembrance into sorrow. None can do so, but those, that proceed from ourselves: for outward evils, which come from the infliction of others, make us cleave faster to our helpers: and cause us to seek and find ease, in the very commiseration of those that love us: whereas, those griefs, which arise from the just displeasure of conscience, will not abide so much as the memory of others' affection; or, if it do, makes it so much the greater corrosive, as our case is more uncapable of their comfort. Such is yours. You have made the mention of our names tedious to yourself, and yours to us. This is the beginning of your pain, that you had friends. If you may now smart soundly from us, for your good, it must be the only joy you must expect, and the final duty we owe to you.

It is both vain and comfortless, to hear what might have been: neither would I send you back to what is past, but purposely to increase your sorrow; who have caused all our comfort, to stand in your tears. If, therefore, our former counsels had prevailed, neither had your hands shed innocent blood, nor justice yours. Now, to your great sin, you have done the one; and the other must be done, to your pain: and we, your well-willers, with sorrow and shame live to be witnesses of both.

Your sin is gone before; the revenge of justice will follow: seeing you are guilty, let God be just. Other sins speak: this crieth; and will never be silent, till it be answered with itself. For your

life; the case is hopeless: feed not yourself with vain presumptions; but settle yourself to expiate another's blood, with your own. Would God your desert had been such, that we might, with any comfort, have desired you might live: but now, alas, your fact is so heinous, that your life can neither be craved without injustice, nor be protracted without inward torment. And, if your private affection should make us deaf to the shouts of blood, and partiality should teach us to forget all care of public right; yet resolve, there is no place for hope.

Since, then, you could not live guiltless, there remains nothing, but that you labour to die penitent; and, since your body cannot be saved alive, to endeavour that your soul may be saved in death. Wherein, how happy shall it be for you, if you shall yet give ear to my last advice! too late indeed for your recompence to the world; not too late for yourself.

You have deserved death, and expect it: take heed, lest you so fasten your eyes upon the first death of the body, that you should not look beyond it to the second; which alone is worthy of trembling, worthy of tears. For, this, though terrible to nature, yet is common to us, with you. You must die: what do we else? And what differs our end from yours, but in haste and violence? And who knows whether in that? it may be, a sickness, as sharp, as sudden, shall fetch us hence: it may be, the same death, or a worse, for a better cause. Or, if not so, there is much more misery in lingering: he dies easily, that dies soon: but the other is the utmost vengeance, that God hath reserved for his enemies. This is a matter of long fear, and short pain: a few pangs let the soul out of prison; but the torment of that other is everlasting: after ten thousand years scorching in that flame, the pain is never the nearer to his ending: no time gives it hope of abating; yea, time hath nothing to do with this eternity: you, that shall feel the pain of one minute's dying, think what pain it is, to be dying for ever and ever. This, although it be attended with a sharp pain, yet is such as some strong spirits have endured without shew of yieldance: I have heard of an Irish traitor, that, when he lay pining upon the wheel with his bones broke, asked his friend if he changed his countenance at all; caring less for the pain, than the shew of fear: few men have died of greater pains, than others have sustained and live: but that other overwhèlms both body and soul; and leaves no room for any comfort, in the possibility of mitigation. Here, men are executioners, or diseases; there, fiends: those devils, that were ready to tempt the graceless unto sin, are as ready to follow the damned with tortures. Whatsoever become of your carcase, save your soul from the flames; and so manage this short time you have to live, that you may die but once.

This is not your first sin: yea, God hath now punished your former sins, with this: a fearful punishment in itself, if it deserved no more. Your conscience, which now begins to tell truth, cannot but assure you, that there is no sin more worthy of hell, than mur-

der; yea, more proper to it. Turn over those holy leaves, which you have too much neglected, and now smart for neglecting: you shall find murderers among those, that are shut out from the presence of God: you shall find the prince of that darkness, in the highest style of his mischief, termed a *man-slayer*. Alas, how fearful a case is this, that you have herein resembled him, for whom Topheth was prepared of old; and, imitating him in his action, have endangered yourself to partake of his torment!

Oh, that you could but see, what you have done, what you have deserved; that your heart could bleed enough within you, for the blood your hands have shed! that, as you have followed Satan, our common enemy, in sinning; so you could defy him, in repenting! that your tears could disappoint his hopes of your damnation! What a happy unhappiness shall this be to your sad friends, that your better part yet liveth! that, from an ignominious place, your soul is received to glory! Nothing can effect this, but your repentance: and that can do it. Fear not to look into that horror, which should attend your sin: and be now as severe to yourself, as you have been cruel to another.

Think not to extenuate your offence, with the vain titles of manhood: what praise is this, that you were a valiant murderer? Strike your own breast, as Moses did his Rock; and bring down rivers of tears, to wash away your bloodshed. Do not so much fear your judgment, as abhor your sin; yea, yourself for it: and, with strong cries, lift up your guilty hands to that God, whom you offended; and say, *Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord.*

Let me tell you: as, without repentance, there is no hope; so, with it, there is no condemnation. True penitence is strong, and can grapple with the greatest sin; yea, with all the powers of hell. What if your hands be red with blood? behold, the blood of your Saviour shall wash away yours. If you can bathe yourself in that, your scarlet soul shall be as white as snow. This course alone shall make your cross the way to the paradise of God. This plaister can heal all the sores of the soul, if never so desperate. Only, take heed that your heart be deep enough pierced, ere you lay it on; else, under a seeming skin of dissimulation, your soul shall fester to death. Yet joy us with your true sorrow, whom you have grieved with your offence; and, at once, comfort your friends, and save your soul.

EPISTLE IX.

TO MR. JOHN MOLE,

OF A LONG TIME NOW PRISONER UNDER THE INQUISITION AT ROME.

Exciting him to his wonted Constancy; and encouraging him to Martyrdom.

WHAT passage can these lines hope to find, into that your strait and curious thraldom? Yet, who would not adventure the loss of this pains for him, which is ready to lose himself for Christ? What do we not owe to you, which have thus given yourself for the common faith? Blessed be the Name of that God, who hath singled you out for his champion, and made you invincible. How famous are your bonds! how glorious your constancy! Oh, that out of your close obscurity, you could but see the honour of your suffering; the affections of God's Saints; and, in some, a holy envy at your distressed happiness.

Those walls cannot hide you. No man is attended with so many eyes, from earth and heaven. The Church, your Mother, beholds you; not with more compassion, than joy: neither can it be said, how she, at once, pities your misery, and rejoices in your patience. The blessed Angels look upon you with gratulation and applause: the Adversaries, with an angry sorrow, to see themselves overcome by their captive; their obstinate cruelty overmatched, with humble resolution, and faithful perseverance. Your Saviour sees you, from above; not as a mere spectator, but as a patient with you, in you, for you: yea, as an agent in your endurance and victory; giving new courage with the one hand, and holding out a crown with the other. Whom would not these sights encourage?

Who now can pity your solitariness? The hearts of all good men are with you. Neither can that place be but full of angels, which is the continual object of so many prayers: yea, the God of Heaven was never so near you, as now you are removed from men. Let me speak a bold, but true word: It is as possible for him to be absent from his heaven, as from the prisons of his Saints. The glorified spirits, above, sing to him: the persecuted souls, below, suffer for him, and cry to him: he is magnified, in both; present, with both; the faith of the one, is as pleasing to him, as the triumph of the other.

Nothing obligeth us men so much, as smarting for us. Words of defence are worthy of thanks; but pain is esteemed above recompence. How do we kiss the wounds, which are taken for our sakes; and profess that we would hate ourselves, if we did not

love those, that dare bleed for us! How much more shall the God of Mercies be sensible of your sorrows, and crown your patience! to whom, you may truly sing that ditty of the Prophet, *Surely, for thy sake am I slain continually, and am counted as a sheep for the slaughter.*

What need I to stir up your constancy, which hath already amazed and wearied your persecutors? No suspicion shall drive me hereto; but rather the thirst of your praise. He, that exhorts to persist in well-doing, while he persuades, commendeth. Whither should I rather send you, than to the sight of your own Christian fortitude? which neither prayers nor threats have been able to shake. Here stand, on the one hand, liberty, promotion, pleasure, life, and, which easily exceeds all these, the dear respect of wife and children, whom your only resolution shall make widow and orphans; these, with smiles and vows and tears, seem to importune you: on the other hand, bondage, solitude, horror, death, and the most lingering of all miseries, ruin of posterity; these, with frowns and menaces, labour to affright you: betwixt both, you have stood unmoved; fixing your eyes either right forward upon the cause of your suffering, or upwards upon the crown of your reward.

It is a happy thing, when our own actions may be either examples, or arguments of good. These blessed proceedings call you on to your perfection: the reward of good beginnings prosecuted, is doubled; neglected, is lost. How vain are those temptations, which would make you a loser of all this praise, this recompence! Go on, therefore, happily: keep your eyes where they are; and your heart cannot be, but where it is, and where it ought.

Look, still, for what you suffer; and for whom: for the truth; for Christ.

What can be so precious as truth? Not life itself. All earthly things are not so vile to life, as life, to truth: life is momentary; truth, eternal: life is ours; the truth, God's: O happy purchase, to give our life for the truth!

What can we suffer too much for Christ? He hath given our life to us: he hath given his own life for us. What great thing is it, if he require what he hath given us; if ours, for his? yea, rather, if he call for what he hath lent us? yet not to bereave, but to change it; giving us gold for clay, glory for our corruption. Behold that Saviour of yours weeping, and bleeding, and dying for you: alas! our souls are too strait for his sorrows: we can be made but pain for him; he was made sin for us: we sustain, for him, but the impotent anger of men; he struggled with the infinite wrath of his Father, for us. Oh, who can endure enough for him, that hath passed through death and hell for his soul? Think this, and you shall resolve, with David, *I will be yet more vile for the Lord.*

The worst of the despight of men, is but death; and that, if they inflict not, a disease will; or, if not that, age. Here is no

imposition of that, which would not be; but a hastening of that, which will be; a hastening, to your gain.

For, behold, their violence shall turn your necessity into virtue and profit. Nature hath made you mortal: none but an enemy can make you a martyr. You must die, though they will not: you cannot die for Christ, but by them. How could they else devise to make you happy? since the giver of both lives hath said, *He, that shall lose his life for my sake, shall save it.* Lo, this alone is lost with keeping, and gained by loss.

Say, you were freed, upon the safest conditions; and returning: as how welcome should that news be; more to yours, than to yourself! Perhaps, death may meet you in the way; perhaps, overtake you at home: neither place nor time can promise immunity, from the common destiny of men. Those, that may abridge your hours, cannot lengthen them; and, while they last, cannot secure them from vexation: yea, themselves shall follow you into their dust, and cannot avoid what they can inflict: death shall equally tyrannize by them, and over them. So, their favours are but fruitless, their malice gainful: for it shall change your prison into heaven, your fetters into a crown, your jailers to angels, your misery into glory.

Look up to your future estate, and rejoice in the present. Behold, the tree of life, the hidden manna, the sceptre of power, the morning-star, the white garment, the new name, the crown and throne of heaven, are addressed for you. Overcome, and enjoy them. O glorious condition of martyrs! whom conformity in death hath made like their Saviour in blessedness; whose honour is to attend him for ever, whom they have joyed to imitate. *What are these, which are arrayed in long white robes; and whence came they? These are,* says that heavenly Elder, *they, which came out of great tribulation; and washed their long robes; and have made their robes white, in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore, they are in the presence of the throne of God; and serve him, day and night, in his temple: and he, that sitteth on the throne, will dwell among them; and govern them; and lead them unto the lively fountains of waters; and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.*

All the elect have seals in their foreheads; but martyrs have palms in their hands. All the elect have white robes: martyrs, both white and long; white, for their glory; long, for the largeness of their glory: once, red with their own blood; now, white with the blood of the Lamb: there is nothing in our blood, but weak obedience; nothing, but merit, in the Lamb's blood. Behold, his merit makes our obedience glorious. You do but sprinkle his feet with your blood: lo, he washes your long white robes, with his. Every drop of your blood is answered with a stream of his: and every drop of his is worth rivers of ours.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints: precious, in prevention; precious, in acceptation; precious, in remuneration. Oh, give willingly that, which you cannot keep; that you may receive, what you cannot lose. The way is steep; but

now you breathe, towards the top. Let not the want of some few steps lose you an eternal rest. Put to the strength of your own faith. The prayers of God's Saints shall further your pace; and that gracious hand, that sustains heaven and earth, shall uphold, and sweetly draw you up to your glory. Go on to credit the Gospel with your perseverance; and shew the false-hearted clients of that Roman-Court, that the Truth yields real and hearty professors; such as dare no less smart, than speak for her.

Without the walls of your restraint, where can you look beside encouragements of suffering? Behold, in this, how much you are happier, than your many predecessors: those have found friends, or wives, or children, the most dangerous of all tempters: suggestions of weakness, when they come masked with love, are more powerful to hurt: But you, all your many friends, in the valour of their Christian love, wish rather a blessed Martyr, than a living and prosperous Revolter. Yea, your dear wife, worthy of this honour to be the wife of a Martyr, prefers your faith, to her affection; and, in a courage beyond her sex, contemns the worst misery of your loss: professing she would redeem your life with hers; but that she would not redeem it with your yieldance: and, while she looks upon those many pawns of your chaste love, your hopeful children, wishes rather to see them fatherless, than their father unfaithful. The greatest part of your sufferings are hers: she bears them, with a cheerful resolution: she divides with you, in your sorrows, in your patience; she shall not be divided, in your glory. For us, we shall accompany you, with our prayers; and follow you, with our thankful commemorations: vowing to write your name in red letters, in the Kalendars of our hearts; and to register it, in the monuments of perpetual records, as an example to all posterity. *The memorial of the just shall be blessed.*

EPISTLE X.

TO ALL READERS.

Containing Rules of good Advice for our Christian and Civil Carriage.

I GRANT, brevity, where it is neither obscure nor defective, is very pleasing; even to the daintiest judgments. No marvel, therefore, if most men desire much good counsel in a narrow room: as some affect to have great personages drawn in little tablets: or, as we see worlds of countries described in the compass of small maps. Neither do I unwillingly yield to follow them: for, both the powers of good advice are the stronger, when they are thus united; and brevity makes counsel more portable for memory, and readier

for use. Take these, therefore, for more; which as I would fain practise, so am I willing to commend.

Let us begin with Him, who is the First and Last. Inform yourself aright concerning God; without whom, in vain do we know all things. Be acquainted with that Saviour of yours, which paid so much for you on earth, and now sues for you in heaven; without whom, we have nothing to do with God, nor he with us: adore him, in your thoughts; trust him with yourself: renew your sight of him every day, and his of you. Overlook these earthly things; and, when you do at any time cast your eyes upon heaven, think, There, dwells my Saviour: there, I shall be. Call yourself to often reckonings: cast up your debts, payments, graces, wants, expences, employments: yield not to think your set devotions troublesome. Take not easy denials from yourself; yea, give peremptory denials to yourself: he can never be good, that flatters himself: hold nature to her allowance; and let your will stand at courtesy: happy is that man, which hath obtained to be the master of his own heart. Think all God's outward favours and provisions the best for you; your own ability and actions, the meanest. Suffer not your mind to be either a drudge, or a wanton: exercise it, ever; but over-lay it not. In all your businesses, look through the world, at God: whatsoever is your level, let him be your scope. Every day, take a view of your last; and think, Either it is this, or may be. Offer not yourself either to honour or labour: let them both seek you: care you only to be worthy, and you cannot hide you from God. So frame yourself to the time and company, that you may neither serve it, nor sullenly neglect it; and yield so far, as you may neither betray goodness, nor countenance evil. Let your words be few, and digested: it is a shame for the tongue to cry the heart mercy; much more, to cast itself upon the uncertain pardon of others' ears. There are but two things, which a Christian is charged to buy, and not to sell, Time and Truth; both so precious, that we must purchase them at any rate. So use your friends, as those, which should be perpetual, may be changeable. While you are within yourself, there is no danger; but thoughts, once uttered, must stand to hazard. Do not hear from yourself, what you would be loth to hear from others. In all good things, give the eye and ear the full of scope; for they let into the mind: restrain the tongue; for it is a spender: few men have repented them of silence. In all serious matters, take counsel of days, and nights, and friends; and let leisure ripen your purposes: neither hope to gain ought by suddenness: the first thoughts may be confident; the second are wiser. Serve honesty ever, though without apparent wages: she will pay sure, if slow. As in apparel, so in actions, know not what is good, but what becomes you: how many warrantable acts have misshapen the authors! Excuse not your own ill: aggravate not others': and, if you love peace, avoid censures, comparisons, contradictions. Out of good men, chuse acquaintance; of acquaintance, friends; of friends, familiars: after probation, admit them; and, after ad-

mittance, change them not: age commendeth friendship. Do not always your best: it is neither wise nor safe, for a man ever to stand upon the top of his strength. If you would be above the expectation of others, be ever below yourself. Expend after your purse; not after your mind. Take not, where you may deny; except upon conscience of desert, or hope to requite. Either frequent suits, or complaints, are wearisome to a friend: rather smother your griefs and wants, as you may; than be either querulous or importunate. Let not your face belie your heart; nor always tell tales out of it: he is fit to live amongst friends or enemies, that can be ingenuously close. Give freely; sell thriftily. Change seldom your place; never, your state. Either amend inconveniences, or swallow them, rather than you should run from yourself to avoid them. In all your reckonings for the world, cast up some crosses that appear not: either those will come, or may. Let your suspicions be charitable; your trust, fearful; your censures, sure. Give way to the anger of the great: the thunder and cannon will abide no fence. As in throngs, we are afraid of loss; so, while the world comes upon you, look well to your soul: there is more danger in good, than in evil.

I fear the number of these my rules: for precepts are wont, as nails, to drive out one another; but these, I intended to scatter amongst many: and I was loth that any guest should complain of a niggardly hand. Dainty dishes are wont to be sparingly served out: homely ones supply, in their bigness, what they want in their worth.

A

CONSOLATORY LETTER,

TO

ONE UNDER CENSURE.

SIR:

It is not for me, to examine the grounds of your affliction: which, as they shall come to be scanned by greater judgments; so, in the mean time, have doubtless received both a verdict and sentence from your own heart. And, if this act were in my power, I can much better suffer with my friend, than judge him. But, however either partial or rigorous the conceits of others may be, be sure, I beseech you, that you receive from your own bosom a free and just doom on all your actions: after all the censures of others, thence must proceed either your peace or torment.

But what do I undertake to teach him, that is already in the school of God; and, under that divine ferule, hath learned more than by all the theorical counsels of prosperity? Surely, I cannot but profess, that I know not, whether I were more sorry for the desert of your durance, or glad of such fruit thereof as mine eyes and ears witnessed from you.

But one sabbath is past, since my meditations were occasioned to fix themselves upon the gain, which God's children make of their sins: the practice whereof I rejoiced to see concur in you with my speculation.

And, indeed, it is one of the wonders of God's mercy and providence, that those wounds, wherewith Satan hopes to kill the soul, through the wise and gracious ordination of God, serve to heal it. We, faint soldiers, should never fight so valiantly, if it were not for the indignation at our foil. There are corruptions, that may lurk secretly in a corner of the soul, unknown, unseen; till the shame of a notorious evil send us to search and ransack. If but a spot light upon our cloak, we regard it not; but if, through our neglect or the violence of a blast, it fall into the mire, then we wash and scour it.

As we use, therefore, to say, there cannot be better physic to a choleric body, than a seasonable ague; so may I say safely, there can be nothing so advantageous to a secure heart, as to be sin-sick:

for, hereby, he, who before fell in overpleasing himself, begins to displease himself at his fall. Fire never ascends so high, as when it is beaten back with a cool blast. Water, that runs in a smooth level with an insensible declination, though a heavy body; yet, if it fall low, it rises high again. Much forgiven causeth much love: neither had the penitent made an ewer of her eyes, and a towel of her hair for Christ's feet, if she had not found herself more faulty than her neighbours. Had not Peter thrice denied, he had not been graced with that threefold question of his Saviour's love.

It is a harsh, but a true word, God's children have cause to bless him for nothing, more than for their sins. If that all-wise providence have thought good to raise up even your forgotten sins, in your face, to shame you before men, there cannot be a greater argument of his mercy. This blushing shall avoid eternal confusion. Envy not at the felicity of the closely or gloriously guilty; who have, at once, firm foreheads and foul bosoms: vaunting therefore of their innocence, because they can have no accusers; like wicked harlots, who, because they were delivered without a midwife, and have made away their stolen birth, go current still for maids. Nothing can be more miserable, than a sinner's prosperity: this argues him bound over, in God's just decree, to an everlasting vengeance: *Woe be to them, that laugh here; for they shall weep and gnash:* Happy is that shame, that shall end in glory.

And, if the wisdom of that Just Judge of the World shall think fit to strip you of your worldly wealth and outward estate, acknowledge his mercy, and your gain in this loss. He saw this camel's bunch kept you out of the needle's eye. He saw these bells too heavy for that high flight, to which he intended you. Now shall you begin to be truly rich, when you can enjoy the Possessor of Heaven and Earth: when these base rivals are shut out of doors, God shall have your whole heart; who were not himself, if he were not all-sufficient.

Neither let it lie too heavy upon your heart, that your hopeful sons shall inherit nothing from you, but shame and dishonour. Why are you injurious to yourself, and those you love: your repentance shall feoff upon them, more blessings than your sin hath lost. Let posterity say they were the sons of a penitent father; this stain is washed off with your tears and their virtue. And, for their provision, if the worst fall, *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof*, imagine them born to nothing. We, that are more rich in children than estate, hope well of those vessels, whom we can put forth well rigged and well ballasted, though not wealthily laden. How sensibly do you now find, that wealth doth not consist in getting much, but well; and that contentment doth not lie in the coffer, but in the breast; lastly, that all treasures are dross, to a good conscience!

For yourself; if you be pent up within four walls, and barred both of sun and men; make God yours, and you cannot com-

plain of restraint or solitude. No prison is too strait for his presence. Heaven itself would be a prison without him. Your serious repentance may win that society, which makes the very angels blessed. This is the way to make Him your comforter, your companion, in whose presence is the fulness of joy.

Shortly, let your thoughts be altogether such as may beseem a man, not unwillingly weaned from this world; and careful only, to speed happily in another. We, your poor friends, can answer the kind respects of your prosperity, no otherwise, than with our prayers, for the best use of your affliction; which shall not be wanting, from your true and sorrowful well-willer,

JOSEPH HALL.

A

LETTER OF ANSWER

TO AN

UNKNOWN COMPLAINANT,

CONCERNING THE

FREQUENT INJECTING OF TEMPTATIONS.

THE case, whereof you complain, is not more worthy of secrecy, than of pity: and yet, in true judgment, not so heinous as you conceive it. Evil motions are cast into you, which yet you entertain not with consent. Let me assure you, these are not your sins; but his, that injects them. You may be, as you are, troubled with their importunity; but you are not tainted with their evil, while you dislike and hate them, and are grieved with their suggestion. That bold and subtle enemy of ours durst cast temptations into the Son of God himself; in whom yet he could find nothing. It were woe with us, if lewd motions, though repelled, should be imputed unto us: it is only our consent, that brings them home to us, and makes them our sins. Were then these thoughts, as you suppose them, blasphemies; yet, while your heart goes not with them, but abhors them and strives against them, they may afflict you, they cannot hurt you. As Luther said, in the like case, birds may fly over our heads, whether we will or no; but they cannot nestle in our hair, unless we permit them. Take heart, therefore, to yourself; and be not too much dejected, with the wicked solicitations of a known enemy: for the redress whereof, as I have not been unacquainted with the like causes of complaints, let me prescribe you a double remedy; Resolution and Prayer.

In the first place, take up strong Resolutions, not to give heed or ear to these unreasonable motions. Resolve, rather, to scorn and contemn them, upon their first intimation; as not worthy of a particular answer: for, certainly, holding chat with them and sad agitations, and arguing of them as thoughts meet to receive a satisfaction, draws on their more troublesome importunity; whereas, if they were slighted and disdainfully turned off upon their first glimpse, they would go away ashamed. Whensoever, therefore, any such suggestions offer themselves unto you, think with yourself: "I know whence this comes: it is Satan's: let him take it, whose it is; I will not meddle with it." Say but, in your Saviour's

words, *Avoid, Satan;* and divert your thoughts to some holy and profitable subject; and these temptations will, by God's grace, soon vanish.

In the second place, apply yourself to the remedy of that Chosen Vessel, who, when he was buffeted by the messenger of Satan, had recourse to the Throne of Grace; and besought God thrice, that is frequently, that he might depart away from him. Whensoever you shall be thus troubled, do you, by a sudden ejaculation, raise up your heart to God; and beseech him to rebuke that Evil One: and do not so much care to answer the temptation, as to implore the aid of him, who can take off the tempter at pleasure; who hath a hook in the nostrils of that leviathan. Certainly, those evil thoughts cannot be more swift-winged, than our prayers may be; nor so prevalent to our vexation, as our prayers shall be for our rescue. Be, therefore, fervent and assiduous in them; and, my soul for yours, the enemy shall have no power to harm you.

As for your doubt of receiving the blessed sacrament, because of these misconceived blasphemies, it falls alone by what I have already said. The blasphemies, if they were such, are Satan's, not yours: why should you not do yourself good, because he would do you a mischief? In God's name, go on to defy that Evil One; and let him take his wickedness to himself; and do you go, with cheerfulness and good courage, to that Holy Table: as there and thence expecting to receive new strength against all his assaults. Neither doubt I, but that our good God will so bless unto you this institution of his own, together with your prayers and resolutions, that you shall be soon and fully freed from these hateful guests, and comfortably enjoy him and yourself; which I shall also gladly second with my prayers for you, though unknown, as who am

Your truly compassionate,
and well-wishing friend in Christ,

Exon, April 14, 1630.

JOS. EXON.

RESOLUTIONS FOR RELIGION.

WHEREAS there are many loud quarrels and brabbles about matters of religion, this is my firm and stedfast Resolution, wherein I find peace with God and my own soul; as being undoubtedly certain in itself, and holily charitable to others, and that in which I constantly purpose, God willing, as to live, so to die.

1. I do believe and know, that there is but one way to heaven, even the true and living way, Jesus Christ, God and Man, the Saviour of the World.

2. I believe and know, that this way, however it is a narrow and strait way, in respect of the world; yet hath much latitude in itself: so as those, that truly believe in this Son of God, their Saviour, though they may be mis-led into many by-paths of small errors; yet, by the mercy of God, are acknowledged not to be out of the main highway to eternal life.

3. I believe and know, that the Canonical Scriptures of God are the true and unfailing Rule of our Faith: so as, whatsoever is therein contained, is the infallible truth of God; and whatsoever is necessary to be believed to eternal salvation, is therein expressly, or, by clear and undoubted consequence, contained; and so set forth, as it neither needeth farther explication, nor admits of any probable contradiction.

4. I believe and know, that God hath, ever since the creation of mankind, had a Church upon earth; and so shall have, to the end of the world: which is a society or communion of faithful men, professing his Name; against which, the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail, for the failing thereof.

5. I believe and know, that the consenting voice of the successions, and present universality of faithful men in all times and places, is worthy of great authority; both for our confirmation in all truths, and for our direction in all the circumstantial points of God's service: so as it cannot be opposed, or severed from, without just offence to God.

6. I believe and know, that, besides those necessary truths contained in the Holy Scriptures and seconded by the consent and profession of all God's faithful ones, there may be and ever have been certain collateral and not-mainly importing verities, wherein it is not unlawful, for several particular Churches, to maintain their own tenets, and to dissent from other; and, the several members of those particular Churches are bound, so far to tender the common peace, as not to oppose such publicly received truths.

7. I do confidently believe, that if all the particular Churches, through the whole Christian world, should meet together, and determine these secondary and unimporting truths to be believed upon necessity of salvation, and shall enact damnation to all those which shall deny their assent thereunto, they should go beyond the commission which God hath given them, and do an act which God hath never undertaken to warrant; since there can be no new principles of Christian Religion, however there may be an application, of some formerly received divine truths to some emergent occasions, and a clearer explication of some obscure verities.

8. I do confidently believe, that God hath never confined the determination of his will, in all questions and matters pertaining to salvation, or whatsoever controversies of Religion, to the breast of any one man, or to a particular Church, or to a correspondence of some particular Churches; so as they shall not possibly err, in their definitions and decrees.

9. I do confidently believe, that the Church of Rome, comprehending both the head and those her adherents and dependants, being but particular Churches, have highly offended God, in arrogating to themselves the privilege of infallibility, which was never given them; and in ordaining new articles of faith; and excluding from the bosom of God's Church and the gates of heaven, all those, which differ from her in the refusal of her late-bred impositions, though otherwise holy men, and no less true Christians, than any of themselves.

10. I do confidently believe, that, though it be a thing very requisite to public peace and good order, that every several Christian should be ranged under some particular Church, and every particular assembly be subordinate to some higher government, which may oversee and overrule them, in the case of different opinions and matters of practice; yet, that God hath not required or commanded either of these, upon necessity of salvation: so as an Indian convert, in the remotest part of the world, believing in Christ, may, without relation to any Church whatsoever, be saved: and a particular Church, being orthodox in the main principles of religion, upon matter of litigious contestation, flying off from some more eminent Church under which it was ranked for order's sake, however it may be faulty, in an undue division, yet is not hereby excluded from the capacity of salvation; since such slight jars and unkindnesses in Churches, can no more shut them out from a common interest in Christ, than the like quarrels of a Paul and Barnabas, Acts xv. 39. could keep either of them out of heaven.

11. I do confidently believe, that all the particular National Churches, through the whole Christian World, are no other than Sisters; Daughters of the same Father, God; of the same Mother, the Spiritual Jerusalem which is from above: some of them are elder sisters; others, younger: some, more tall and large spread; others, of less stature: some, fairer, in respect of holiness of life and orthodoxy of judgment; others, fouler, in respect of corrup-

tions, both of doctrine and manners: still Sisters. And, if any of them shall usurp a mistress-ship over the rest, or make herself a queen over them, and make them subjects and slaves to her; or a motherhood to the rest, otherwise than in a priority and aid of conversion, and make them, but daughters and punies to her: she shall be guilty of a high arrogance and presumption, against Christ and his dear Spouse, the Church; since, with the just and holy God, there is no respect of persons or places, but in all nations those, that serve him best, are most accepted of him.

12. From hence will follow this double Corollary:

First: That, as there is a kind of natural equality in sisterhood, no particular National Church can, by right of any institution of God, challenge a commanding power over the rest; however some one may have a precedency to other, in respect, whether of more constant holiness and sincerity, or more speed of conversion, or of larger extent, or of the civil greatness and pre-eminence of that state or nation wherein it is settled; and, upon this occasion, may and must improve and exercise her eminence, to the defence and furtherance of the weaker and more distressed: but if any particular National Church, being less able to sustain itself, shall agree voluntarily to submit herself, for order's sake and for safety and protection, to the sway of one more famous and powerful, her engagement doth justly bind her, so far as lawfully it reacheth; viz. To acknowledge a priority of place, and to respect her directions in matters of form and outward administration, so long as they vary not from the rule, which God hath set in his Church: but if that more potent Church shall abuse that power, and begin to exercise tyranny over the weaker, by forcing upon her new and undue impositions of faith, or intolerable insolencies in government; there is no law of God, that binds that weaker Church, Issachar-like, to lie down between two burdens: she may challenge and resume the right of a sister, and shake off the yoke of a slave, without the violation of any command of God; and, not the injured, but the oppressor, is guilty of the breach of peace.

Secondly, It will hence follow, that the relation of this common sisterhood of all Christian Churches, justly ties all those, that profess the Name of Christ, to a charitable regard of each to other: so as, though there be in some of them gross errors in matters of doctrine, and foul corruptions in matters of practice; yet, while they hold and maintain all the articles of the same Christian Faith, and acknowledge the same Scriptures, the substance of the same Baptism, and of the institution of the Holy Eucharist, they cease not to continue sisters, notwithstanding their manifold enormities and depravations. These are enough to deform any Church; not enough to dis-church it. These are enough to impair the health; not to bereave the life. Howsoever, therefore, we must always hate and cry down their errors, which a wilful maintenance makes no less than damnable; yet we must pity and pray for their persons, and, by all good means, labour to bring them to an acknowledgment of the opposed truth. And, although I well know there

is ill use made of our charity this way, by those willing mistakers who turn it to our disadvantage; that we pass so favourable censures upon their Churches, while they pass so cruel and merciless censures upon ours: yet, my conscience bids me to say, that I cannot repent of this just sentence; wherein I know I shall find comfort in my appearance, before the dreadful Tribunal of God, when the uncharitableness and injustice of these bloody men, that send their charitable opposers to a remediless damnation, shall be adjudged to that hell, which they have presumptuously doomed unto others. As for them, let them see how they can answer it to that Just Judge of the World in that great day, that they have presumed to blot out of the book of life so many millions of faithful Christians, only for dissenting from them in such points, as God never gave them warrant to impose.

From the force then of this relation, it is easily subinferred, that it is not lawful for Christian Churches, upon differences about points not essential to the faith, either voluntarily to forsake the communion of each other, or forcibly to abdicate and thrust out each other from their communion: there being the same reason in this behalf, of a Church, and a several Christian: as, therefore, one Christian may not abandon another for differences of opinion, in matters not necessary to be believed; so neither may one Church, upon such ground, either leave or expel another; but, if any such act be done, it is to be enquired, both where the fault is, and what may be the remedy.

In a mere simple dereliction of a Church thus differing, and supposed so to err, the faults must needs be in the Church forsaking: but, where the departure is accompanied with such circumstances, as may be supposed to be incident in such cases, there the state of the business may be altered, and the blame of either part, either taken off or aggravated. To instance in the prosecution of this relation which we have in hand: two sisters are appointed by their mother to look to her house: the charge is given equally to both: the mother is no sooner out of sight, than the elder begins to domineer over the younger; and requires her to do something in the family, which she conceives may tend to the prejudice of the common profit, and cross the mother's intention: the younger, finding herself grieved with this carriage, and disliking the task enjoined, both forbears to do it, and seriously expostulates with her sister; laying before her the inconveniences, which will follow upon such an act: the elder, impatient of a contradiction, not only gives sharp language, but thrusts her sister out of doors; neither will admit her to come in again, except she submit herself to her authority, and perform that chare which she formerly refused: the younger holds off, as thinking she may not yield without wrong to herself, and to her mother's trust. The sisters are now thus parted: but, where is the blame? The younger is gone away from the elder; but she doth it upon the elder's violence: on the one side, she had not gone, if she had not been thrust out; on the other side, she had not been thrust out, if she had not refused to do the thing re-

quired: on the one side, the elder might not be so imperious, nor enjoin a thing unfit; on the other side, the younger might not upon such a command voluntarily forsake the elder: but, if the elder shall unjustly challenge such authority, and shall thereupon impose unmeet services, and shall put the younger out of doors for not performing them, it is clear where the fault rests.

I appeal to God, and the consciences of all just men, if this be not the state of the present differences, of the Romans and Reformed Churches. The remedy whereof must therefore begin from those parties, which have given cause of the breach. If they shall remit of their undue height and rigour; and be content with those moderate bounds, which God hath set them, both for doctrine and government; and yield themselves but capable of error; there may be possibility of reunion and peace: but, while they persist to challenge an infallibility of judgment and uncontrolableness of practice, they do wilfully block up the way to all reconciliation and concord; and stand guilty of all that grievous schism, under which the Church of God, thus long and miserably suffers.

And this, upon full deliberation, is my settled and final Resolution, concerning the main difference in religion: wherein my soul doth so confidently rest, that I dare therewith boldly appear before the face of that great Judge of the Quick and Dead, as knowing it infallibly warranted by his own UNDOUBTED WORD.

JOS. EXON.

JOSEPHI EXONIENSIS HENOCHISMUS:

SIVE,

TRACTATUS

DE MODO AMBULANDI CUM DEO.

ENOCH;

OR, A

TREATISE

ON THE

MANNER OF WALKING WITH GOD.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN LATIN

BY JOSEPH HALL, D.D.

SOMETIME LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

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VICAR OF NETHER-SWELL, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE:

AND THE TRANSLATION

REVISED AND ALTERED BY THE EDITOR.

DOCTO AC CELEBRI CLERO DIOCESEOS EXONIENSIS;

PACEM ET GRATIAM.

VACABAT mihi pridem, uti nostis, per menses aliquot, durante Reverendissimi Archipræsulis visitatione Metropolitică.

Non potui interea nihil agere. Meditatiunculas, igitur, meas vertendas non illibens suscepi: hunc etiam, præter alia quædam, meditatus insuper Henochismum; quo nihil cogitari potuit utilius, nihil salutarius.

Soluti nunc ferè sunt calami omnes in polemicas quasdam ζητήσεις, μωρὰς quidem illas, plærasque, καὶ ἀπαιδεύτες: et, ubi nihil est litium, cum Plautinis leguleïis, lites serunt. Friget, interim, pietas! sanctèque vivendi ratio, quasi ἀπροσδιόνυσον quiddam, vulgò negligitur!

Tædet me planè miseréque harum turbarum, quibus miserè agitatur orbis Christianus: utinam verò opis nostræ foret, illas, non dico, votis, suspiriis, lachrymis, sed quovis aut sudore aut sanguine, demum sedare!

Deus, Deus, qui solus potest, istoc accuret scilicet! Demus nos, interim, Fratres, quantum possumus, operam, ut ad verum practicæ pietatis studium, hominum animos, à vanis hisce vitilitigationibus, revocemus. Illud est, quod me istîc videtis moliri; quodque, quamdiu superstitaverit mihi Deus hanc provinciam, meditaturum deinceps sanctè spondeo. Vos, quæ olim suis commilitonibus Gideon, facile parîter, ac me fecisse cernitis.

Cælum est, quod quærimus: illò autem non disputando quidem, sed credendo et benè vivendo, pervenitur. Pauca sunt illa fidei capita, quæ Christiano cuique ad salutem creditu necessaria sunt; nec verò difficilia. O, si in illis haudiliter taciteque acquiescere disceret plebs Christiana; de reliquis haud nimis interim solicita: quodque superest temporis, pïis officiis, bonisque operibus, fœliciter impenderet!

Illud, Fratres Charissimi, strenuè navemus operam, ut fiat: curemusque sedulò, ut sanctissimis probæ vitæ exemplis ita populo præluceamus, ut, vel sic, nostros cum Deo ambulare doceamus, cum ipso, demum, unà æternùm regnaturos.

TO THE

LEARNED AND FAMOUS CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF EXETER;

GRACE AND PEACE.

YOU know very well, that I have had some leisure time upon my hands, for several months, during the Archbishop's Metropolitical Visitation.

This time I could not spend in idleness. I, therefore, very willingly set myself to translate my Occasional Meditations into Latin: and, besides some other things, I also composed this short treatise, which I entitle Enoch; than which subject nothing can be conceived that may be more useful, or more seasonable.

The pens of almost all writers are now employed on certain polemical questions, foolish *indeed, for the most part,* and unlearned. *and, where there is no cause for strife, they, like Plautus's lawyers, endeavour to gender strifes. In the mean time, piety starves! and a holy and religious course of life is generally contemned, as of no kind of importance or value!*

I am utterly weary of, and sorry for, those wranglings, by which the Christian world is miserably agitated: and I wish it could be possible to appease them by any means in my power, I say not by my prayers, sighs, or tears only, but by any labour or fatigue of mine, or even at last by my blood!

May God, may God, I say, who alone can, in his good time provide a remedy for these disorders! Let us, Brethren, in the mean time, use our utmost diligence, to draw off the minds of men from these vain wranglings and disputes, to the deep study of practical piety. This it is, which you see me labouring to accomplish; and I do solemnly promise, that I will never cease to direct my labours to this end, so long as it shall please God to continue me in this diocese. And, as Gideon formerly gave in command to his soldiers, do you, as you see I have done.

It is heaven, that we seek: but heaven will never be attained by contests and disputes, but by faith and a godly life. The articles of faith, which are necessary to be believed by every Christian in order to his salvation, are but few; nor are they difficult to be understood. Oh, that the whole congregation of Christian people would learn to acquiesce in them with all humility and quietness; and not be too solicitous about other points: and that they would employ the remainder of their time, in pious duties, and good works!

To accomplish this end, let us, my Dearest Brethren, strenuously exert ourselves: and let it be our constant care, so to walk before our people here, like burning and shining lights, by the most holy examples of an upright life, that, even so, we may teach them to walk with God here; and that we, together with them, may reign with him in eternal bliss and glory hereafter.

Tractatus iste

DOCET

REM, in quâ consistit ambulatio hæc: PRÆSENTIA cum Deo: ejus nempe
- *Apprehensio.*
- *Agnitio*; ex quâ
  - Timor quidam Sanctus, ac Reverentia.
  - Studium Approbationis Divinæ.

FAMILIARITAS: quæ in multis dispositionibus et officiis cernitur: qualia hæc sunt,
- *Appropriatio Dei, Fidei Actu.*
- *Colloquium cum Deo,*
  - Interjectione Bonarum Cogitationum.
  - Piæ Animæ Responsione.
- *Consultatio Dei in Dubiis quibusque.*
- *Petitio in Necessariis.*
- *Repositio in ipsius Providentiam.*
- *Recognitio Beneficiorum.*
- *Fruitio Dei in Bonis quibusque.*

MOTUS: cujus
- *Pars Externa:*
  - Praxis Obedientiæ Activæ
    - In immediatis Divini Cultûs Exercitiis.
    - In Vocationis nostræ Muniis.
  - Declinatio Mali cujusque.
- *Pars Interna:*
  - Relatio in Deum.
  - Deditio nostri in Dei Manus.
  - Plenioris Fruitionis Ambitio sancta.

INCITAT

ostendens quam MODUM ambulandi cum Deo; sc.
- UNICE.
- RECTA,
  - quoad Pedem.
  - quoad Viam.
- ALACRITER.
- CONSTANTER.

ostendens quam
- HONORIFICUM
- JUCUNDUM
- TUTUM
- UTILE

sit ita cum Deo ambulare.

This Treatise

TEACHETH

The THING, wherein walking with God consists: in which are contained,

PRESENCE with God: namely, of him
- *Apprehension.*
- *Acknowledgment*; whence
  - Holy Fear, and Reverence.
  - Desire of Divine Approbation.

FAMILIARITY: which is discovered in many dispositions and duties: such are,
- *Appropriation of God to ourselves, by an Act of Faith.*
- *Intercourse with God,*
  - By his Suggestion of Good Desires.
  - By the corresponding Answers of the Pious Soul.
- *Consultation of God in all Difficulties.*
- *Petition in Necessities.*
- *Repose on his Providence.*
- *Acknowledgment of Benefits.*
- *Enjoyment of God in all good things.*

MOTION: of which
- The *External*, includes
  - The Exercise of Active Obedience
    - In the immediate Offices of Divine Worship.
    - In the Duties of our Vocation.
  - Careful avoiding of every Sin.
- The *Internal*
  - Reference in all things to God.
  - Surrender of ourselves to Him.
  - Holy Desire of fuller Fruition of Him.

The MANNER of walking with God.
- WITH HIM ONLY.
- STRAIGHT FORWARD,
  - With respect to our Feet.
  - With respect to our Hands and Paths.
- CHEERFULLY.
- CONSTANTLY.

INCITETH

representing how
- HONOURABLE
- PLEASANT
- SAFE
- ADVANTAGEOUS

it is thus to walk with God.

HENOCHISMUS;

SIVE

TRACTATUS

DE MODO AMBULANDI CUM DEO.

QUID est, quod ambire debemus Christiani, nisi ut hìc sancti simus, alibi fœlices?

Ecce istíc utrunque nobis præit, nobile exemplar, Henochus: sanctus erat, ambulavit cum Deo; fœlix, abstulit eum ad se Deus: sanctitatem illius consummavit fœlicitas; fœlicitati viam stravit sanctimonia: finem non potest non assequi, quisquis ingreditur viam.

Non est quòd in virum inquiramus curiosiùs. Illud unum me-

ENOCH;

OR A

TREATISE

ON THE

MANNER OF WALKING WITH GOD.

WHAT is there, which we Christians ought more earnestly to strive after, than that we may be holy here, and happy hereafter?

And in both respects, Enoch precedes us, as a noble example: he was holy, for he walked with God; and he was happy, because God took him: his happiness perfected his holiness; and his holiness paved the way to his happiness: for every one must necessarily attain the end proposed, that regularly pursues the means which lead thereto.

We shall not enter into the more curious enquiries concerning

ditemur, quod et arguere sanctum potuit, et præstare fœlicem; ambulationem intelligo cum Deo; summam terrenæ sanctitatis, spiritualis rei fastigium.

I. 1. Agedum igitur: et directionis ergò et solatii, QUID SIT, ambulare cum Deo, seriò *DISQUIRAMUS*.

Ambulare verò cum Deo, quid aliud innuit, nisi PRÆSENTIAM, FAMILIARITATEM, MOTUM? Persona non variat modum: illud nempe suggerit nobis ratio, quisquis fuerit qui nobiscum ambulaverit, necesse fore ut præsto nobis sit, ut familiari quadam ratione sit præsens, ut vestigia nobiscum pariter commutet commetiaturque.

(1.) A PRÆSENTIA ordiamur.

Ambulavit Abrahamus coram Deo; cum Deo Henochus: præsentiam certissimam præsupponit utrunque.

Præsentem sanè nobis semper adesse Deum, dubitari non potest: ubique is est: nec quo loco exclusus, nec inclusus mundi ambitu, terram cœlumque infinitâ majestate implet ac complectitur.

De nostrà cum illo præsentiâ nunc agitur. Jubemur nos scilicet non semel appropinquare Deo; quasi ab ipso nimis, et mente et affectibus, elongati.

Ut nos igitur sanctè sistamus Deo, duo requiruntur: recta im-

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the man. This one thing alone we shall make the subject of our meditations, which at once evidenced his sanctity, and constituted his felicity; I mean his walking with God; which is the utmost perfection of holiness that can be arrived at here on earth, the greatest degree of spiritual mindedness to which we can possibly attain.

I. Let us then, both for our instruction and comfort, diligently and carefully *ENQUIRE*,

1. WHAT IT IS, to walk with God.

Now what else can walking with God intimate to us, but PRESENCE, FAMILIARITY, and MOTION? A difference in the person makes no difference in the nature of the thing: for even reason itself suggests thus much to us, that whosoever walks with us, must necessarily be present with us, familiarly converse with us, proceed on and go forward with us.

(1.) Let us begin then with his PRESENCE.

Abraham walked before God; and Enoch walked with God: each of these expressions supposes and implies his undoubted presence.

That God is always present with us, cannot possibly admit of any doubt: he is every where: neither excluded from any place, nor included within the circumference of the world, by his infinite majesty he fills and comprehends both heaven and earth.

But we are now speaking of our presence with him. And we are frequently exhorted to draw near to God; as if we were at too great a distance from him, both in heart and affections.

Now, in order to our appearing holily before God, two things

primis Divinæ Majestatis Apprehensio; ac, vera dein Præsentis Agnitio.

[1.] Et primo quidem in loco, illud expedit, ut animis nostris intimè imprimatur debita quædam, pro captûs nostri modulo, *immensissimæ Deitatis apprehendendæ ratio:* sine quâ, merum profectò imaginationis nostræ idolum pro vero Deo adorabimus. *Ubi evigilavero,* inquit Psaltes, *imagine tui satiabor;* Psalm xvii. 15.

Ecce, procul omni idololatriâ, imaginem Numinis Divini; sacram illam quidem, et, pro naturâ Dei, spiritualem; quæ nihil aliud est quàm simplicissima quædam Idea, et abstractissima animis nostris infigenda Divinæ Majestatis recognitio: puræ nempe oportet constanterque admirabundæ menti nostræ usque insideant de Deo cogitationes; quales tantam decent gloriæ immensitatem. Representemusque, non tam intellectui nostro quàm fidei, Infinitum Spiritum, Spirituum Deum; essentiâ unum, distinctum gloriosissimis personis; actum purissimum; lucem spiritualem; principium entitatis omnis æternum; vitæ motûsque authorem incomprehensibilem; omnipotentem Opificem Moderatoremque Universi; totum potentiam, totum sapientiam, totum justitiam, bonitatem totum;

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are requisite: first, a just and right Apprehension of the Divine Majesty; and, secondly, a true and certain Acknowledgment of his Presence.

[1.] And indeed it is, in the first place, expedient, that the *most true and proper notion of the immensity of the Deity,* that can possibly be framed or apprehended by persons of such shallow and finite capacities, be very deeply impressed on our minds: for, without some such impression or apprehension, we shall doubtless worship a mere idol of our own imaginations, instead of the true God. *I,* says the Psalmist, *shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness;* Psalm xvii. 15.

Behold then, free from every degree of idolatry, the likeness of the Divine Being; sacred indeed, and, agreeable to the nature of God, entirely spiritual; which is nothing but the most simple and uncompounded Idea, and the most abstracted conception of the Divine Majesty that can possibly be framed by our imaginations: for we should never entertain any other thoughts of God, than such as are pure and unmixed, and continually fill us with admiration; even such as become this immensity of glory. We should likewise represent, not so much to our understandings as to our faith, that Infinite Spirit, the God of Spirits; who is one in essence, but distinct in three most glorious persons; pure act; spiritual light; the eternal first principle of all being; the incomprehensible author of life and motion; the almighty Creator and Governor of the Universe; who alone is possessed of all power, wisdom, justice, and goodness; nay, he is the very essential and living good-

bonitatem verò, justitiam, sapientiam, potentiam, essentialem vivamque: à certâ lucidâque notione gloriosæ Humanitatis Divinissimi Mediatoris, assurgentes ad contemplationem Infinitæ Deitatis, cui illa sacro-sanctissima natura adunitur.

Nimirum hæc ipsissima basis est omnis veræ pietatis; neque tam dux viæ est, quàm ipse oculus quo dirigimur, ipsum solum cui insistimus: sine quo, ambulamus quidem; sed, quod dicitur ἐκτος ὁδὸς, ambulamus; sed cum phantasmate nostro, non cum Deo.

Vereor equidem, ne istinc nimis multi, qui magnos in re Christianâ se progressus fecisse autumant, vel constitisse planè, vel haud parum certè aberrasse tandem deprehendantur.

Unum, profectò, libere ausim accusare: memet ipse comperio vel justo hujusce apprehensionis modo nimis imparem, errori proclivem admodum: difficillimum quidem sentiens, cogitationes animi vel rectè collocare; vel, sic locatas, figere demum ac stabilire. Nunc, sanè, necesse habeo queri de nimiâ cordis angustiâ; quâ fit ut Deitatem Immensam, intrà quosdam quasi terminos impotenter coercere videar; nunc verò, de inerti quâdam animi vacuitate, tristique incogitatione: nunc, de nescientiæ tenebris; nunc, denique, de falsâ vani intellectûs luce, perperam mihi Deum refe-

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ness, justice, wisdom, and power itself: proceeding from a clear and lively notion of the glorious Humanity of the Divine Mediator, to a contemplation of that Infinite Godhead, to which that most sacred and holy nature is united.

This really is the very basis and groundwork of all true piety; and not so much the guide of our way, as the very eye by which we direct our steps, and the very ground on which we stand: without which, we may be said to walk indeed; not in the direct road, but in by-paths; not with God, but in the imaginations of our own hearts.

And indeed I fear, lest from hence too many, who think they have made a great progress in the Christian race, will be found at last either to have entirely stood still, or to have deviated not a little from the right course.

One, however, I may venture freely to accuse: for I find myself unable to attain to this just manner of apprehending him, being very much prone to error: feeling indeed, that it is a most difficult exertion, either to fix the thoughts and imaginations of the mind on a right object; or, when they are so fixed, to preserve them firm and immovable. For, sometimes, I find I have too much reason to complain of the narrowness of my conception, by which I seem impotently to restrain the Immense Deity within certain limits; sometimes, of an inert emptiness of mind, and gloomy incapacity of thought: sometimes, of the darkness of ignorance; and, sometimes, of the false light of a vain understanding, which rashly pictures to me the Deity. Of all which imper-

rente. Quæ omnia sedulò cavere debet, quisquis cum Deo ambulare studet.

Quòd, si quis, propriæ intellectionis lumine, salutares hasce notiones acquirere speraverit; næ, ille frustrà fuerit, operamque luserit miserrimè. E cœlo, à Patre Luminum, petenda expectandaque est divina hæc irradiatio. Qui pedes largitur, ut moveamus, et oculos largiatur oportet, quibus inaccessæ lucis habitatorem, quadamtenus, adspiciamus. Sine ipso, ut cum ipso ambulemus impossible est.

[2.] Apprehensionem quandam habitualem immotamque Deitatis necessariò comitatur *præsentis agnitio*: non minùs certa quidem illa et ocularis, quàm cujuspiam hominum, quîcum sensibili modo palam et apertè conversamur. Nempe, hoc est videre invisibilem illum; ipsumque, mentis acie, non minùs clarè adstantem intueri, quàm quodcunque visibile objectum, quàm cœlum terramve, corporeis oculis usurpamus.

Illud satis constat, è materiali spiritualique substantiâ, corpore et animo, conflatum esse quod nos hominem appellamus. Utrique partium sui sunt sensus, objecta sua. Nimiùm verò nobis decrimus, nisi, dum corpusculum hoc rebus corporeis, similibus sui, occupatur, et spiritus itidem nostri cum purissimis spiritibus, præsertim verò Spirituum Domino commercium exerceant: fœlicitatem nobis olim perficiet illud unum, videre ipsum uti est; videre eum ut is

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fections, he, who desires sedulously to walk with God, must beware.

But, if any one shall hope, merely by the light of his own understanding, to arrive at the knowledge of these saving truths; verily, he will find himself deceived, and that he has laboured to his own destruction. This divine illumination is to be sought and expected only from heaven, from the Father of Lights. He, that gives us feet wherewith to walk, must likewise give us eyes, whereby we may see, though but in a weak and imperfect manner, him, that dwelleth in that light, which no mortal can approach unto. For without his aid, it is impossible for us to walk with him.

[2.] The *acknowledgment of his presence* necessarily accompanies a habitual and constant apprehension of the Deity: whose presence is not less certain and ocular, than that of any man, with whom we openly converse in a visible manner. For, this is to see him that is invisible; namely, to view him standing by us, with the eye of our minds, as plainly and clearly, as we see any visible object, as the heavens or the earth, with our bodily organs.

It is sufficiently clear, that what we call man is composed of a material and spiritual substance, of body and soul. Each of these parts of the composition has its peculiar senses, and its peculiar objects. We shall, therefore, be greatly wanting to ourselves, unless, whilst the body is employed in corporeal concerns, in things like itself, our spirits converse with the purest spirits, but more especially with the Lord of Spirits: for this one thing alone will

nos videt, mutuâ quâdam fruitione nostri: debilis ergo fidei obtusâ acie præsentem contueri, non potest non fœlicitatem nobis, interea, suaviter inchoare. Visibilem quemque ipsæ cernunt bestiæ, quarum aliquæ longè sunt hominibus perspicaciores; Spiritum verò simplicissimum conspicari, nobis semper obversantem, oculi est illuminati divinitùs. Interno fit hoc et sensu et lumine; non hoc, quod nobis cum brutis animalibus commune est: etiam cæcus ille Didymus Alexandrinus hoc, suo tempore, fecisse non parum gestit; et, omni ævo, quo quis sanctior fuit, eo clariùs præsentem sibi Deum conspexisse perhibetur. Venditant nobis historicorum fabulæ quosdam, mirâ præditos spirituum videndorum facultate; sed et collyria quædam fingunt sibi aniculæ, quibus hoc posse fieri

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hereafter perfect our happiness, to see him as he is; to see him as he sees us, with a kind of reciprocal fruition and enjoyment of each other: to behold him, therefore, as present, though but with the dim eye of a weak faith, cannot but be an agreeable beginning of that happiness, even whilst we are here on earth. The brute part of the creation can discern every visible object, and some of them much more accurately than we can; but that most simple and uncompounded Spirit, which is always present with us, can be discerned by no eye, but that which is enlightened from above. This privilege is to be enjoyed only by our internal sense and light; and not by that which is common to us and the brutes: of which also the * blind Didymus of Alexandria, in his days, not a little rejoice, that he was partaker; for, indeed, in every age, the more holy any man was, the more clearly did he perceive that God was present with him. The fabulous writers boast of some, that were endowed with the wonderful faculty of seeing spirits; and some old wives pretend that they have an ointment, by which they dream

* The blind Didymus of Alexandria flourished about the year 370, lost his sight when he was very young (say Socrates, Sozomen, Theodorit, and Nicephorus; at four years of age, says Cardinal Fleury; from the age of five years, says Dupin) as he was just beginning to learn to read. Yet he notwithstanding made himself master of every branch of literature. He added prayer to study, incessantly beseeching God to enlighten his mind; insomuch that he became so learned in divinity, that the Christian school at Alexandria was committed to his care. He was looked upon as a kind of prodigy. Therefore he was visited by many, and esteemed by all as a person of the greatest sanctity. The great and pious St. Anthony waited upon him, and said to him, "Let not the loss of your bodily eyes trouble you. For you are indeed deprived of such eyes, as flies and gnats can see with. But rather rejoice that you have those eyes with which angels see, with which God himself is discerned, and his light is comprehended. And it is much better to see with the eyes of the understanding, than with those of the body." See Socrates's Eccl. Hist. b. iv. ch. 25. Sozomen's Eccl. Hist. b. iii. ch. 15. Theodorit's Ecclesiast. Hist. b. iv. ch. 29. St. Jerome to Castrutius Ep. 33. towards the end. Nicephorus's Eccl. Hist. b. ix. ch. 17. Cave's Hist. Liter. vol. I. p. 233. Dupin's Eccl. Hist. vol. II. p. 103. Fleury's Eccl. Hist. b. xvii. vol. II. p. 449, 450. TRANSLATOR.

somniant: ecce! quod superstitiosuli isti perperàm delirant, reapse certissimè indies facitatum: nemo non regenitorum Deum ipsum sibi præsentem, non minùs clarè certòque, quàm suam ipsius carnem, contuetur.

Neque verò præsentem modò nobiscum agnoscimus Deum, sed et in ipso vivere nos semper et movere persentiscimus. Verè suos Athenienses docuit Paulus, ὃ μακρὰν, non procul, ab unoquoque nostrûm abesse quem non cernimus, Deum. Imò, ne nos quidem ita nobis intimi sumus, ac nobis ipse: quis nostrûm vitam sibi indulsit; creator sui? quis sibi, vel tantillum, intra fauces continere animam potest? quis motricem indidit animæ facultatem? quis dedit exercere?

Aliter tamen homo ψυχικὸς Deum in se, se in Deo viventem motitantemque sentit, aliter regenitus. Renatus quidem vitam agnoscit motumque, spiritualem ac divinum; carnalis verò naturalem prorsùs, indolique suæ congruum. Qui duplicem ergo in Deo vitam motumque sortimur, et naturæ et gratiæ, quin ipsum in quo bis sumus, fideliter usque agnoscimus; et sine quo nec esse nec movere possumus, cum ipso constanter ambulamus?

(*a.*) Agnitam hanc Omnipotentis Dei præsentiam necessariò sequetur, primo in loco, Humilis quædam Reverentia et Sanctus Tremor: nec cui verò sistimur principi viro, quin venerabundo quodam

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that this can be effected: behold! what these superstitious wretches vainly imagine, is really done every day: every regenerate man as clearly and certainly perceives, that God is present with him, as he sees his own body.

We do not only acknowledge that God is present with us, but are also fully persuaded that in him we always live and move. Truly did Paul instruct the Athenians, that the God, whom we see not, is not far from every one of us. Nay, he is nearer to us, than we are to ourselves: which of us brought himself into being; his own creator? who can, by his own power, keep body and soul together, but for a moment? who endowed the soul with the faculty of motion? who gave it power to use that faculty?

The carnal man conceives very differently concerning God's living in him, and of his living and moving in God, from the regenerate man. The regenerate man acknowledges both his life and motion to be spiritual and divine; but the carnal man conceives them to be altogether natural, and congruous to his own disposition. Why then do not we, who have a twofold life and motion in God, both of nature and of grace, always faithfully acknowledge him, in whom we have a double existence; and constantly walk with him, without whom we can neither live nor move?

(*a.*) The presence of Almighty God being owned and acknowledged, Humble Reverence and Holy Fear, will, in the first place, necessarily succeed: for, as when we appear before the presence of

nos affici sentimus; quanto magis, ubi verendissimam Dei majestatem nobis præsentem cernimus!

Visâ cœlesti illâ angelorum scalâ, evigilans Patriarcha, *Quàm tremendus est*, inquit, *iste locus!* Ecce sanctum Jacobum, ad ipsius loci, in quo se Deus repræsentari voluit, conspectum, piè contremiscentem; vixque se continentem, quin solum ipsum, in quo machina illa angelica figi visa est, pronus adorârit. Quo demum stupore, divinæ illius gloriæ, quæ in summitate scalæ resplenduit, radiis, perculsum judicabimus! Certè, uti semper nobiscum Deus est, ita nunquam non aliter adest, quàm incomprehensibiliter gloriosissimus: neque agnosci à nobis unquam potest, nisi sacro quodam metu concussis, quasique adorabundâ tantæ majestatis admiratione planè absorptis.

Ego verò non parùm vereri mihi videor, ne hic affectus animi non ita, uti par est, apud Christianorum plerosque obtinere soleat. De magno illo et omnipotente Cœli Numine, et sentire et loqui assolent non pauci, stupido quodam neglectu, temerâque et incuriosâ familiaritate: haud unquam, nisi ubi tonuerit, ad potentiam ipsius pertrementes; nec quo metu Infinitæ Deitatis unquam confusi, nisi cùm insigni aliquo judiciorum suorum specimine sese terribilem exhibuerit. Ecce, seraphici illi spiritus faciem sibi absconany great personage, we find ourselves struck with an awful tremor; how much more must we be affected, when we apprehend ourselves to be in the presence of the most dreadful Majesty of Heaven!

When the Patriarch awoke, having seen that celestial ladder of the angels, he said, *How dreadful is this place!* See here holy Jacob affected with a pious tremor, at the sight of that place, in which God was pleased to represent himself unto him; and scarce able to contain himself, from falling down, and adoring that very spot of ground, on which the angelic machine seemed to be fixed. But with what amazement must we conceive him to be struck, by those rays of the divine glory, which shone forth at the top of the ladder! For, as God is always present with us, so certainly never otherwise, than incomprehensibly most glorious: nor can we be really sensible that he is present with us, but we shall be affected with a sacred fear, and almost confounded with an awful and reverential admiration of so great majesty.

I cannot, indeed, but greatly fear, that this state of mind does not prevail so much, as it ought to do, amongst the generality of Christians. Not a few are wont both to feel and to speak, of the great and almighty God of Heaven, with a certain stupid negligence, and a pert and careless familiarity: scarcely ever seeming to reverence his power, unless when he thunders; nor to be struck with any dread of his Infinite Majesty, unless when he renders himself terrible to them by some remarkable display of his judgments. Behold, the seraphic spirits cover their face with their wings; not

dunt alis; fulgorem Presentiæ Divinæ intueri parùm sustinentes: quorum tamen unusquisque, ita totus gloriâ ac majestate splendet, ut meritò quidem Manoah, horum uno semel conspecto, de vitâ suâ subinde desperaverit: nos verò, cinis ac pulvisculus, faciem gloriosissimam illius, qui horum Spirituum Deus est, audaci fronte, negligentibus oculis, securâ mente, intueri non dubitabimus? Difficile, profectò, judicatu est, pejusne fuerit, Deum præsentem non agnoscere, vel agniti præsentiâ parùm affici reverenter: quorum, illud, stupidæ cujusdam negligentiæ est; hoc, impii cujusdam stuporis; quædam certè in utroque atheismi species delitescit.

(b.) Secundo in loco, Sanctum Obedientiæ Studium, Divinæque Approbationis ambitiosa quædam Cura ac Solicitudo: enimvero, qui tam potentem Deum sibi perpetuò præsentem agnoverit, næ ille parùm ausus fuerit quicquam præstare, quod tanto Numini displiceat; quinimmo, dabit operam sedulò, ut à Summi Judicis misericordi manu fidelitatis suæ lauream reportare mereatur. Quicquid, verò, agendum susceperit, ex animo suo anxiè sciscitabitur clanculùm; "Quomodo hoc Deo meo arridebit?"

Mandavit olim Abrahamo Deus, *Ambula coram me, et rectus esto.* Præcepti pars una subinfert alteram: non potest non esse rectus, quisquis coram Deo ambulaverit. Gnaviter oportet sit im-

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being able to look upon the brightness of the Divine Presence: and yet each of those spirits shines with so much glory and majesty, that Manoah, on the sight of one of them, despaired, with some reason, of living any longer: and shall we, who are but dust and ashes, presume to look upon the most glorious face of him, who is the God of these Spirits, with an audacious forehead, careless eyes, and intrepid mind? It is, indeed, very difficult to determine, which is worst, not to acknowledge God's presence, or not to be affected with a becoming reverence of his acknowledged presence: of which, the one, is a kind of stupid negligence; the other, a sort of impious insensibility; and it is most certain that some seeds of atheism lie lurking under each of them.

(b.) In the second place, it is necessary that a Holy Pursuit of Obedience, and an anxious Care and Solicitude to obtain the Divine Approbation be implanted in us: for, he who is conscious that so powerful a God is always present with him, will not dare to attempt any thing, that may displease so great and glorious a Being; but, will rather use his utmost endeavours, worthily to obtain the reward of his fidelity from the merciful hand of the Supreme Judge. Whatsoever, therefore, he is about to perform, he will seriously, carefully, and privately ask himself; "How will this please my God?"

The Lord heretofore enjoined Abraham, *Walk before me, and be thou perfect.* One part of the precept implies the other: he cannot but be perfect, that walks before God. He must needs be an

pudens, qui coram viro, coram puerulo, peccare ausit: sed, ubi justissimus potentissimusque Vindex adstare cernitur, atque ἔκδικον in nos ὄμμα conjicere; quis non illud usurpet Josephi, *Quomodo faciam malum hoc grande, ut peccem contra Deum?* Gen. xxxix. 9.

(2.) Et de præsentiâ quidem hactenus. Altera sequitur ambulationis hujusce statio, FAMILIARITAS.

Præterire solemus ignotos: superiores à tergo insequimur: cum solis amicis ac familiaribus ambulamus. Henochus igitur, et quilibet verè Christianus, non post Deum modò, uti assecla; sed cum Deo, uti socius, honorificè coambulat. Amicus Dei salutatur Abrahamus: eodem planè titulo, excelso quidem illo et qui vix mortali cuiquam competere posse videretur, discipulos suos compellat Christus: *Talem honorem sortiuntur omnes sancti ejus.*

Ambulare igitur cum Deo quid aliud innuit, quàm cum ipso, velut amice cum intimo, blandâ tremulâque quâdam familiaritate conversari? Familiaris verò hæc cum Deo conversatio in multis quidem consistit piis dispositionibus ac officiis; quæ, in sacrosanctâ hâc ambulationis hujusce statione, totidem quasi stadia meritò dixerimus.

[1.] Quorum primum illud est *jus nostrum* (ut cum leguleiis loquar) *ad Deum*, in Deo firmiter nobismet stabilire. Quid enim, quæso, juverit apprehendisse Deum infinito planè essentialique modo sa-

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obdurate wretch, that durst commit sin in the presence of a man, or even of a child: but, when the most righteous and all powerful Judge of the World is known to stand before us, and to cast his avenging eye towards us; who will not take up the words of Joseph, *How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?* Gen. xxxix. 9.

(2.) Thus far have I spoken of our presence with God. The second particular contained in our walking with God, is our FAMILIAR INTERCOURSE with him.

We generally pass by and disregard those whom we know not: our superiors we follow at a distance: it is with our familiar friends and acquaintance only, that we walk. Enoch therefore, and every true Christian, does not walk after God at a distance, like a servant; but walks along with him honourably, like a friend and companion. Abraham is called the friend of God: with the same title, august as it is and such as may seem too great to be bestowed upon any mortal, our Saviour addresses his disciples: *Such honour have all his saints.*

What then can walking with God intimate, but our conversing with him, as with a most intimate friend, in a free, affable, undissembled, and sweet and reverential familiarity? But this familiar converse with God consists in many pious dispositions and duties; which, in this holy state of walking, we may with propriety call so many stages.

[1.] The first of which is firmly to establish to ourselves in God, *our right* (to speak in legal terms) *to God.* For what advantage, I pray you, can it to be us to apprehend that God is infinitely

pientem, potentem, justum, misericordem; quid, præsentem nobiscum agnovisse; nisi ipsum et nostrum insuper esse persenserimus? Certè, absque hoc omnia illa gloriosissima Dei attributa nihil aliud nisi terrorem nobis et incuterent et aggravarent: absque hoc, foret, ambularemus Deo à longè: cum Deo ambulare nec ausi quidem; a longè, ut alieno, ut inimico; non cum ipso, ut amico, ut Deo. Quid mihi demum profuerit alterius Deus? Væ mihi, nisi Deum habuero de proprio. Nihil mihi profectò vel tutamimis esse potest vel solatii, donec dicere possim cum Didymo illo, jam fœliciter restaurato, *Dominus meus, Deus meus;* et, cum Prophetâ, *Jehovah justitia mea.* Et hoc quidem fidei stadium est, latè sese porrigens; cùm ad apprehensionem illam agnitionemque Dei, quam modò pertransivimus; tum ad reliquas actiones dispositionesque sacras, quas deinceps sumus tractaturi.

[2.] Fidelem hanc Dei appropriationem sequitur *perpetua quædam mutui cum Deo colloquii familiaritas.* Neque verò existimare debemus, ambulationem hanc planè mutam prorsùsve taciturnam; sed suavissimis dialogismis plenam: piam animam alloquitur semper Deus, anima Deum. Deus animam, continuâ gratiæ excitatione, sanctarumque motionum injectione frequentissimâ; anima Deum, assiduâ meditatione, gratiæ acceptilatione, repromissione obedientiæ: suggerit Deus, *Quærite faciem meam;* regerit anima, *Faciem tuam quæremus, O Deus.* Ilicet hæc spirituum

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and essentially wise, powerful, just, and merciful; what, to acknowledge that he is present with us; unless we know likewise that he is our God? Certainly, without this all the most glorious attributes of the Almighty would only increase and aggravate our fears: without this, we shall walk at a distance from God: nor should we presume to walk with God; but far from him, as if he were a stranger, and an enemy; not with him, as our friend, and our God. For what advantage can another's God be to me? Woe be unto me, unless I have a God of my own! He can be of no service nor comfort to me, till I can say with Didymus, happily recovered from his incredulity, *My Lord and my God;* and, with the prophet, *The Lord our righteousness.* And this is that stage of faith, which extends itself both far and wide; as well to that apprehension and knowledge of God, of which we have already spoken; as to those holy actions and dispositions, of which we shall hereafter treat.

[2.] After this faithful appropriating of God to ourselves follows *a perpetual familiarity of mutual intercourse with him.* For we must not imagine, that this walking is entirely dumb and silent; but full of the most delightful discourse: God is continually addressing the pious soul, and the soul God. God addresses the soul, by the continual incitements of his grace, and the incessant infusion of holy desires; and the soul makes its return to God, by assiduous meditation, a grateful acknowledgment of grace bestowed, and renewed promises of obedience: God suggests, *Seek ye my face;* the soul answers, *Thy face, Lord, will we seek.*

lingua est. Sic se solent illi, gratiosis divinisque rejaculationibus, mutuò excipere: et hoc illud est Bernardi dulce susurrium cum Deo; quo posito, impossibile planè est ut fidelis quisquam vel solus sit vel otiosus. Et hoc quidem stadium secundum esto.

[3.] Familiaris hujusce collocutionis gratiam ultrò sequetur certissima *libertas, et consulendi Deum in dubiis, et rogandi in necessariis.* Quicquid occurrerit, ad Ephodis oraculum recurrisse semper Davidem constat: sed et pius ille Jehosaphatus, ubi de re modò militari, expugnandâ Ramothe, questio incidisset, non tam belli duces, quam sanctos Dei prophetas, censet adeundos. Teraphim suos percontatur Laban: Endorem petit illico, pythonissam consulturus, impius quispiam Saulus: cordatus quisque ac bonus unum scitatur Deum; et is nobis adstat, et verbum illius nobis ad manus est. Non est quod enthusiasmos fanaticasque revelationes cogitemus. Æternùm præsens est consiliarius Davidis, pariter et nostri: *Testimonia tua,* אנשי עצתי, *viri consilii mei;* Ps. cxix. 24. Quicunque demum casus, quem appellant, conscientiæ, necessarius ad Christiani hominis salutem obtigerit, is, Spiritu suo, per vocem verbi sui nobis respondente ac definiente, clarè certòque determinat.

[4.] Consulendi facultatem comitatur *liberrima quædam supplicandi licentia, praxisque assidua.* Illud est, quod, Apostoli manu,

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This is the language of spirits. Thus they mutually entertain each other, with gracious and divine communications: and this is that private intercourse with God, mentioned by Bernard; to which if he constantly apply himself, it is absolutely impossible any faithful person should ever either be alone or idle. This is the second stage of our walking with God.

[3.] The most undoubted *liberty, both of consulting God in difficulties, and of petitioning him in necessities,* is a sure attendant on this grace of a familiar intercourse with him. In every situation of life, David constantly had recourse to his oracle, the Ephod: and the pious Jehosaphat, when he was at a loss what to do, even in a military affair, the attacking of Ramoth, did not think it so adviseable to consult with the generals of his army, as with the holy prophets of God. Laban consults his Teraphim: and wicked Saul had recourse to the witch of Endor: but every sincere and good man will enquire of God alone; who is always present with us, and whose word is nigh unto us. We are not to expect enthusiastical and fanatical revelations. David's counsellor is ever present with us also: *Thy testimonies are my counsellors;* Ps. cxix. 24. Whatsoever case of conscience, as it is called, shall happen, necessary for the salvation of any Christian, he certainly and clearly determines it, by his Spirit, answering and dictating to us by means of his written word.

[4.] *An uninterrupted freedom of supplication, with a diligent performance of this duty,* accompany the liberty of consulting God. This is that, which God commands, by the mouth of the Apostle;

jubet Deus; *Orare semper.* Non ita cordi fuisset Deo Propheta ille Regius, nisi hoc fecisset perpetim: *Vento*, inquit, *ante te in ipso crepusculo, ut vociferer*; Ps. cxix. 147: *Sed et elevatio manuum mearum ut munus vespertinum*; Ps. cxli. 2. Quid ego mane loquor ac vesperam? septies hoc factitatum in die; Ps. cxix. 164. Sed quid adhuc vices numero? *Invoco te*, inquit, *Jehova, totum diem*; Ps. lxxxviii. 9. *Gratiam fac mihi, Domine, quia te inclamo toto die*; Ps. lxxxvi. 3. Breviculum adhuc est lucis spatiolum; *O Jehova, Deus salutis meæ, interdiu clamo et noctu coram te.* Ps. lxxxviii. 3. Scilicet sic factum oportuit. Quo demum stylo alio compellârit mendicus regem? mendicus miserrimus, rerumque omnium egentissimus; regem munificentissimum ditissimumque, qui rogari largirique cupit maximè, qui quod donat possidet interea, et cui quanto plus decesserit nihil suppetit minus. Eximium verò est hoc ambulantis cum Deo privilegium; posse se, in quibuscunque periculis ac angustiis, in sinum Dei liberè conjicere; ab ipsoque, et opem expectare et solatium.

[5.] Huic igitur rogandi libertati proximè adjacet *fiduciæ nostræ exercitium*, quâ, pro nobis nostrisque in Dei providentiam, parùm anxiè, recumbimus. Hoc se, ab ipsis matris suæ uberibus, usque fecisse profitetur charus Deo Psaltes. Quàm illustre erat illud

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Pray without ceasing. The Royal Prophet had never been so well pleasing to God, if he had not performed this duty incessantly: *Early in the morning*, says he, *do I cry unto thee*; Ps. cxix. 147: *And the lifting up of my hands is as an evening sacrifice*; Ps. cxli. 2. But why do I mention evening and morning? this was done seven times a day; Ps. cxix. 164. And why do I still insist upon times; *Lord*, says he, *I call daily upon thee*; Ps. lxxxviii. 9: *Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I call upon thee continually*; Ps. lxxxvi. 3. There is yet but a little space of light: *O Lord God of my salvation, I cry day and night before thee*; Ps. lxxxviii. 3. And as this was, so it ought to have been his daily practice. For with what other language should a beggar address a king? a beggar, the most miserable wretch in being, and in want of every necessary; and a king, that aboundeth both in riches and munificence, whose greatest pleasure is to be entreated and to give liberally, who possesses even that which he bestows, and how much so ever he parts with does not enjoy one jot the less. But this is a singular privilege, of which they who walk with God are partakers; to be able, with whatsoever dangers and difficulties they are encompassed, freely to cast themselves into the bosom of God; and expect from him both assistance and consolation.

[5.] Near akin to this liberty of interceding with God, is that *exercise of our confidence*, by which, without any anxiety, we repose on the providence of God for the management of ourselves and all our affairs. This the man after God's own heart professes that he had always done, even from his *mother's breasts.* How illustrious and remarkable a proof was that, of his holy confidence in

sanctæ confidentiæ specimen! Ziklagum et spoliârat hostis, et absumpserat incendio; uxores cum supellectile totâ, prædæ loco, abduxerat; magnumque ducem Israelis non minùs nudum reliquerat, quàm, cum pedo instructus et baculo, paternis olim ovibus invigilaverat. Quid verò ad hæc vir sanctissimus? *At David roboravit se in Domino Deo suo;* 1 Sam. xxx. 6. Illud est quod suadet Apostolus, *sollicitudinem nostram omnem in Deum conjicere, cui curæ sumus.* Et sanè, frustrà cum Deo ambulare simulaverit, qui se totum Deo concredere, sicque fidei vitam degere detrectaverit. Apage nostram sive diffidentiam, sive *αὐτοτιμωρίαν*, dum nos crudeliter torquemus curarum illarum eculeis, à quibus Miserationum Deus liberos esse voluit. Quin reponimus nos alacres in *εὐδοκίαν* boni Dei; quovis eventu probè contenti; eodem vultu manuque eàdem, et bonum et malum ab ipso recipere paratissimi. *Dominus est: faciat quicquid ipsi visum;* vox erat digna sancto sene. Quàm lubenter placidèque, jubente Deo, montem ascendit mitissimus piissimusque Moses, ibidem moriturus! Non alio profectò animo, nec pede alio, conscenderat ille priùs montem sacrum, legem à Deo recepturus, quàm modò mortem. Par illi visum est utrumque, vocante, quîcum ambulaverat, Domino.

God! The enemy had both spoiled Ziklag, and burnt it with fire; had taken the women captives, and carried them away, with all that appertained to them; and had left the great general of Israel as destitute as he was, when, being armed only with a scrip and staff, he kept his father's sheep. But what did this holy man in his distress? *David encouraged himself in the Lord his God;* 1 Sam. xxx. 6. It is the Apostle's charge, to *cast all our care on God, who careth for us.* And truly, in vain does he pretend to walk with God, who refuses to trust himself and all his affairs in God's hands, and so to live a life of faith. Away then with all our distrust of God; and with that self-inflicted-torment which we endure, whilst we unmercifully goad ourselves with the stings of those cares, from which the God of all Mercies would have us free. Let us cheerfully rely on the good pleasure of our gracious God; perfectly contented with every event; ever prepared to receive both good and evil from him, with the same serenity of countenance and disposition of mind. *It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good;* was a saying worthy of good old Eli. How willingly and cheerfully did Moses, the meekest and most pious of men, at the command of God, ascend the mountain, though he knew he was to die there! He did not ascend the holy mountain before, when he was to receive the law from God, more willingly and cheerfully than he did now, when he knew he was to resign up his life there to him. Each of these actions was equally agreeable to him, since it was at the command of that God, with whom he had walked.

[6.] Fidelis verò in Deum repositionis certeque fiduciæ successum nemo Christianus senserit, quin illico *gratam beneficiorum Dei recognitionem* vovendam ipsi retribuendamque censuerit. Ex altari, igitur, puri cordis, meritò quidem offert Deo sanctus quisque juge sacrificium laudis. Recens quisque beneficentiæ sensus renovare nobis debet animi gratitudinem; elicereque novas gratiarum ejaculationes, secretasque læti cordis ad munificum in cœlis benefactorem elevationes. A somno, mane primo, expergiscimur? quin sublatis in cœlum animo, oculis, manibus, benedicimus Deo nostro; qui nobis et quietem indulsit, et reddidit lucem? Discumbimus mensæ, saturive assurgimus? quin laudamus magnum Mundi Patremfamilias; qui nobis et cibum et stomachum concesserit? Ubi jam advesperascit, lectulo decumbimus? quin celebramus summam Dei benignitatem; qui præteritum nobis diem faustum præstiterit? Eximus tantillum, prospicimusque vastum cœli fornicem nos à longè ambientem, immensumque pavimentum terræ pedibus nostris protensum? quin potentiam sapientiamque illius, qui molem tam stupendam fabricaverit, veneramur? Peregrinus profectò est, cùm Deo tum ipsi sibi, qui non omnem arripit ansam laudandi Creatoris sui Redemptorisque; parùmque senserit sibi animum novæ cujusque beneficentiæ radiis incalescere.

[7.] Denique: ubi omnia quæ percepimus beneficia divinæ

[6.] Never was any Christian sensible of the benefit resulting from this faithful reliance and sure confidence in God, but he immediately determined to vow and return *grateful acknowledgments for all God's mercies.* From the altar, therefore, of a pure heart, every saint worthily offers up unto God the continual sacrifice of praise. Every renewal of his beneficence should renovate the gratitude of our minds; and draw out from us new ejaculations of thanksgiving, and the secret elevations of a joyful heart to our munificent benefactor in heaven. Do we awake in the morning from sleep? and shall we not, with mind and eyes and hands raised to heaven, bless our God; who has both given us repose, and has restored us to the light again? Do we sit down to table, and rise up satisfied? and shall we not praise the great Householder of the World; who hath given us both food and appetite? When evening draws on, do we lie down in our beds? and shall we not extol the goodness of God; who hath made the past day happy? Do we take but a step abroad, and behold the vast vault of heaven encircling us afar, and the immense surface of the earth stretched out under our feet? and shall we not adore the power and wisdom of him, who formed a fabric so stupendous? He is an entire stranger, both to God and himself, who does not seize every occasion of praising his Creator and Redeemer; and who does not perceive his mind grow warm by the rays of every fresh act of his beneficence.

[7.] Lastly: when we have gratefully acknowledged all the

munificentiæ accepta lubenter retulerimus, illud unum restat ad sacram hanc familiaritatis stationem plenè perficiendam; ut *bonis quibusque receptis in Deo fruamur, Deoque in bonis vice versâ*; non autem bonis in se: quæ, dum in ipsis mens tota acquiescit, naturam suam mutant illico, bonitatemque priorem prorsùs abdicant. Ecce modò, quantum renatus homo Epicureum, quodque sensuum mancipium, præcellit: hic nempe, non ultra meram respiciens creaturam, uti totus est caro, rebus in se solis, non sine angustâ quâdamque incertâque voluptate, perfruitur: ideoque, ubi prosperè succedunt omnia, falsâ delectatione delinitur fortè nimis; verso demum fortunæ pollice, malis obruitur miser. Nimirum, qui potest ullam sibi certitudinem polliceri, qui rebus innititur incertis caducisque? Ille verò, qui mundo utitur fruiturque Deo, nec prosperis efferri, nec dejici adversis, unquam potest: siquidem Deus suus sibi semper similis sit, supraque modum transcendat illud, quicquid fuerit, quod creatura vel infligere potest vel imperare. Magnus proculdubio vir erat, suo ævo, Henochus;

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benefits which we have received from the divine munificence, there still remains one thing fully to perfect this holy state of our familiar intercourse with God; namely, *to enjoy all good things in God, and God in them;* but not to enjoy them as good in themselves: for, so long as the mind acquiesces exclusively in them, they immediately change their nature, and entirely lose their former goodness. Behold then, how much the regenerate man excels the Epicurean*, and every slave to sense: for this man, not looking beyond the mere creature, as he is entirely carnal, enjoys things only as they are in themselves, not without a small and uncertain degree of pleasure: and therefore, when all things succeed well, he is too much elated with a fallacious delight; but when the wheel turns round, the wretch is overwhelmed with misery. And indeed, how can that man promise himself any lasting satisfaction, who reposes on things uncertain and transitory? But he, who uses this world and enjoys God, can neither be elated with prosperity, nor dejected with adversity: because his God is always the same to him, and infinitely exceeds every thing, whatever it be, that the creature can either inflict or bestow. Enoch was, without doubt, in his age, a great personage; and was, as

* The Epicureans, a sect of philosophers so called from Epicurus their founder, maintained that God was a lazy, indolent, and inactive being, that concerned not himself either in the making or governing of the world; that he was happy in the enjoyment of himself alone, and that his happiness arose from his indolence and inactivity; that the world was made, and all things therein happen, by chance; that man is not designed for a future state, but will after this life be as though he had never been; that pleasure is his greatest good, or only happiness; and that He therefore acts the most wisely and prudently, who lives as gaily and as pleasantly as he can, either by gratifying and indulging his lusts and passions, or by any other means whatsoever.—TRANSLATOR.

et, prout tunc ferebant tempora, nobilis, dives, potens: sed et ille edebat, bibebat, dormiebat, relaxabat animum vicissim, conjugalique societate modestè usus erat, prout solebant alii: neque tamen efficere potuerunt hæc omnia, quò minùs ambularet Henochus cum Deo; nimirum, ita se ille rebus hujusce seculi commodavit, ut in illis interea Deo suo frueretur.

Ut paucis ergo rem contraham; si jus nostrum ad Deum, in Deo stabilierimus; si mutuis illum exceperimus alloquiis; si in dubiis omnibus consuluerimus; si solicitaverimus precibus assiduis; si in illum fidenter recubuerimus; si beneficia ipsius universa grato animo recoluerimus; si, denique, ipso in bonis quibuscunque fructi fuerimus; sanctâ quâdam Familiaritate Deo nostro conversabimur, atque ita cum ipso ambulabimus.

(3.) Ultima sequitur statio, quæ MOTU absolvitur: ambulare enim, quid, nisi moveri est? Neque verò dicitur Henochum Deo adstitisse, assedisseve; sed cum Deo ambulâsse: certè igitur, motu quodam continuo exercebatur Henochus. Sanè, verò, Peripatetici sunt fideles quique. Quæ ipsis via est? non alia quàm mandatorum Dei. Qui gressus? non alii quàm actus obedientiæ.

[1.] Ἔπος εἰπειν, *Externa* omnis cœlicæ hujus ambulationis *Motio* in

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times then were, both noble, rich, and powerful: but he, like others, eat, and drank, and slept, recreated occasionally his mind, and moderately enjoyed the pleasures of conjugal society: and yet all these things did not hinder his walking with God; for, he so accommodated himself to the concerns of this world, that he enjoyed his God, even in them.

In a word; if we have established in God our right to God; if we have entertained him with mutual conferences; if we have consulted him in all our difficulties; if we have solicited him in assiduous prayers; if we have confidently reposed on him; if we have reflected on all his benefits with a grateful mind; if, lastly, we have enjoyed him in all our good things; we shall then converse with our God with a holy Familiarity, and thus we shall walk with him.

(3.) I come now to the last state, which consists of a progressive MOTION: for what else can walking intimate to us, but moving forward? Nor is it said that Enoch stood still, or sat still with God; but that he walked with God: certainly therefore, Enoch was employed in a continually progressive motion. All the faithful are, indeed, Peripatetics*. And which is the way they go? none other than the commandments of God. And what is the progress they make? none other than acts of obedience.

[1.] In a word, all the *External Motion* of this heavenly walking

* Peripatetics is a Greek word, which signifies Walkers: and the disciples of Aristotle, a sect of Philosophers in former ages, were so called because they used to be continually walking, when they discoursed or disputed on philosophical subjects.—TRANSLATOR.

actione consistit. Quæ verò illa, nisi boni cujusque a Deo præcepti observatio sedula; malique omnis prohibiti solicita declinatio? *(a.)* Sed et Bonum hoc à Deo nobis Injunctum, et pietatis officia, et justitiæ insuper charitatisque, ac in vocationibus nostris diligentiæ, exercitia complectitur.

Scilicet agendum nobis Christianis est, non speculandum. Quæ hactenus percurrimus sancti hujusce ambulacri stadia, cognitio Deitatis, præsentiæ agnitio, offensæ metus, studium approbationis, appropriatio quædam Dei, colloquium, consultatio, petitio, fiducia, beneficiorum recognitio, ac Dei denique fruitio, ejusmodi sunt, quæ, quoniam et intimo profitentis sensu solo judicentur, et voce externâ facillimè exprimi ac venditari possint, non rarò nec verò difficulter simulari solent. Arrogant sibi vulgò pias hasce dispositiones hypocritæ illi, qui actionibus interea suis haud ægrè discerni sese patiuntur. *Ex fructibus cognoscetis eos*, inquit Christus: non ex cortice quidem professionis externæ: non ex verborum foliis; sed ex fructibus solis ferendum de arboribus hisce judicium; non nostrum modò, sed et Supremi illius Rerum Arbitri, pro tribunali novissimo. Coram hominibus et Deo silent verba, facta loquuntur, imò clamant. Justus ille Paterfamilias neminem ferre potest desidiosum et inertem. Iracunda erat illa olim expostulatio

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consists in action. And what can this action be, but a diligent observance of every good thing which God hath enjoined; and a solicitous abstaining from every evil thing which he hath forbidden? *(a.)* But the Good Enjoined on us by God, comprehends both the duties of piety, and also the practice of justice and charity, and of diligence in our particular callings.

The life of a Christian then is a life of action, not of speculation. All those stages of this holy walking, which we have already passed through, as the knowledge of God, acknowledgment of his presence, the fear of offence, the desire of being approved, the appropriating of God to ourselves, conference, consultation, petition, confidence, a grateful remembrance of benefits, and lastly the fruition of God, are of that kind, which, because they can only be judged of by the inward feeling of him that professeth to have them, and may easily be counterfeited by outward shew and done to gain the praise and esteem of men, may be and often are without much difficulty only pretended to. Those hypocrites, that do not permit themselves to be discovered by their actions, generally lay claim to these pious dispositions. *Ye shall know them by their fruits*, saith Christ: not by the outward rind of an external profession; not by the foliage of words; but by their fruits alone must judgment be passed on these trees; and not only ours, but that also of the Supreme Judge, at the last tribunal. Before God and men words are silent, while actions speak, nay cry aloud. That just and righteous Householder cannot bear any idle or slothful person. This question has already been proposed, in an angry

Quid statis toto die otiosi? Movendæ sunt manus, pedes movendi; nisi cum Deo nolumus ambulare.

Praxis verò hæc ambulatoria, non modò immediata, quibus Deum colimus, officia; sed et opera vocationum nostrarum complectitur. Etenim, ut bonarum illarum dispositionum, quas modo transegimus, ratione, semper conversamur Deo, neque unquam ab ipso nos abesse sinimus; ita, aliquando, quodam intimiore, ut ita loqui fas sit, modo, illi sistimur et cum ipso agimus: ubi propriis cultûs divini exercitiis toti occupamur; precatione nempe solenni, verbi sacrosancti auditione lectioneque, sacramentorum communicatione, ac jugi meditatione, denique; in quorum quidem singulis, quilibet verè Christianus et frequentissimè et devotissimè versari et solet et debet. Alibi semper, cœlum in nobis est; atqui, ista dum fiunt, nos in cœlo sumus. Nemo verò interea cogitet, dum necessaria quæque vocationis nostræ munia soliciti obimus, abesse nos tantillum à Deo, parùmque cum ipso, tunc temporis, ambulare: vana sunt hæc cerebrosorum hominum deliria. Apage imaginarias hasce inter nos et Deum inimicitias: non ita nobis profectò inter nos disconvenit, quin ut, eâdem operâ, utrisque vacare liceat. Si negotiis quibusque secularibus necessariò renunciandum illi fuerit, qui Deo servire voluerit; quin totus orbis unum fit monasterium? quin

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tone; *Why stand ye here all the day idle?* Both our hands and our feet must be employed; if we are desirous of walking with God.

But this practical progress, not only comprizes those duties, which more immediately relate to God; but also the duties of our several callings. For, as by means of those good dispositions, of which we have already treated, we are always conversant with God, and never willingly suffer ourselves to be absent from him; so we, sometimes, are present and treat with him in a more close, if I may so speak, and intimate manner: as when we are wholly occupied in the direct exercises of divine worship; such as are, solemn prayer, the hearing or reading God's holy word, the participation of the sacraments, and, lastly, intense meditation; in each of which, every true Christian is and ought to be very frequently and devoutly engaged. At all other times, heaven is in us; but, on these occasions, we are in heaven. Let not any one therefore vainly imagine, that whilst we are carefully attending upon the necessary business of our particular callings, we are at a distance from God, and cannot be said, during that time, to walk with him: these are the frantic ravings of brainsick men. Away then with these imaginary enmities betwixt God and us: there is no such discord between us, but that we may, with equal diligence, apply ourselves to both parts of our duty. If he, who is desirous of serving God, must necessarily renounce all secular employments; why is not the whole world turned into a monastery? why do we not all embrace the he-

in Euchitarum hæresin ruimus omnes boni? Dic mihi, sancte Paule, quid tibi cum consuendis tentoriis, si pellibus, unà, operam dare non potueris et Deo? Ubi estis, Monachi sanctiores prisci ævi, qui, labore manuum vultûsque sudore, victum comparâstis; cumque votis opera, suis vicibus, commutanda censuistis? Certè non est quod pietas nos faciat negligentes; aut verò frugalis diligentia, impios: debitus Deo cultus, vocationisque nostræ cura, ita non possunt non consistere, ut nisi horum utrique incubuerimus, cum Deo ambulare nequiverimus. Vix finita est illa farrago officiorum, quæ charitas et justitia à nobis exposcunt; nolo Decalogi analysin ullam instituere: à suis ista classibus petenda sunt: illud modò monuerim, omnia quæ in illâ Lege aspiam occurrunt virtutum exercitamenta, totidem esse in sacro hoc stadio, seu passus, seu vestigia; quæ, suo quidem tempore ac loco, metiri tenetur quisquis ambulat cum Deo.

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resy of the Euchites * ? Tell me, holy Paul, what hadst thou to do with making tents, if it were not possible, at once to attend to that employment and to wait on God? Where are ye, O ye holy Monks of the primitive age, who got your living, by the labour of your hands and by the sweat of your brow; and who thought that prayers and labour were regularly to succeed each other, at proper intervals? There is no tendency in piety to render us negligent; nor in prudent diligence to render us ungodly: the worship due to God, and a proper care of our temporal concerns, are so far from being inconsistent with each other, that unless we attend with all due diligence to both of them, we cannot walk with God. I have not run over the whole catalogue of duties, which charity and justice require from us; it not being my design to make a descant on the Decalogue: I refer all, who are desirous to see a more full and particular account of them, to the writers that have professedly treated of this subject: I would here only observe, that all the exercises of graces which any where occur in that Law, are so many steps, or progressive motions, in this holy course; at which every one, that walks with God, is obliged, at all opportunities, to endeavour to arrive.

* Those ancient Heretics, the Euchites, were so called from a Greek word, that signifies Praying: for they did nothing but pray; insomuch that the accounts of their close application to that duty seem to us incredible. For though of those passages, in which our Lord said, that *men ought always to pray, and not to faint*; Luke xviii. 1. and the Apostle, *pray without ceasing*; 1 Thess. v. 17. the true† meaning undoubtedly is, that we never should, any day, or on any occasion whatsoever, omit the fixed and stated hours of prayer; yet they so constantly performed this duty, as to come, at last, to be ranked amongst the Heretics.—Again, the Euchites are said to believe, that it is not lawful to do any work, even to procure the necessary supports of life; and so call themselves monks, that they may live in a state of idleness, without any work or labour. Vide St. Augustinum De Hæresibus. Ed. Louvain, Par. 1586. Tom. vi. pp. 11, 12, et Suicerum *in verbum* εὐχίται. TRANSLATOR.

† The Translator has no authority for limiting the injunction, in these passages, to stated hours of prayer. A heavenly mind, familiar with occasional and mental exercises of prayer, will know how to interpret these and similar passages, without falling into the error of the Euchites. EDITOR.

(*b.*) Universalem hanc sanctæ obedientiæ praxin assiduam, necessariò comitabitur solicita quædam, Mali omnis, quod tanto Numini displicere possit, Declinatio. Quisquis, ergo, cum Deo velit ambulare, fœdus secum facultatibusque suis omnibus et ineat oportet, et renovet jugiter, se nihil admissurum unquam, quod Deo suo offensam præbeat; cum mente quidem, nihil quicquam se cogitaturum mali; cum voluntate, se malo nulli assensurum unquam; cum sensibus, se nihil ullpiam mali animo intromissuros: breviter, omnes et animæ potentiæ et partes corporis, districtissimæ obedientiæ legibus unà coercendæ sunt. Quòd si demum, post vigilantissimam cordis viarumque nostrarum custodiam, obtigerit aliquando, nos, sive tentationis impetu, sive impotenti quâdam naturæ nostræ perfidiâ, in peccatum abreptum iri; sequetur illico irrequietum studium conatusque, redintegrandæ sanctitatis, Deique redipiscendi: neque unquam acquiescet animus, donec, verâ festinâque pœnitentiâ, suavissimum divini favoris sensum recuperaverit. Frustrà quidem sperabimus, sic ambulare cum Deo ut parùm peccemus. Resipiscentiæ nostræ fuerit, infecta quasi reddere quæ fecimus malè; offensasque nostras ita penitùs aboliere, ut non omnino fuisse videantur.

[2.] Atque hæc sancti hujusce motûs pars quasi exterior est. Est

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(*b.*) A careful Avoiding of every Sin, which may displease so great a Being, will necessarily accompany this universal and constant practice of holy obedience. Whoever, therefore, would walk with God, must covenant with himself and with all his powers and faculties, which he must also continually renew, that he will never commit any thing, that may give offence to his God; with his understanding, that he will never think any evil; with his will, that he will never assent to the commission of any known sin; with his senses, that they shall never be the channels of evil into his mind: in a word, all the faculties of the soul and every member of the body, must be entirely restrained under the laws of a rigid obedience. But if at length, even after all this most vigilant care of our hearts and ways, it should happen, that we, either through the violence of temptation, or the treachery of our weak nature, should be hurried into sin; a restless desire and endeavour, to recover this sanctity, and to regain the favour of God, will immediately follow: nor will the mind ever be at rest, till it has, by a true and speedy repentance, recovered its most delightful sense of the divine favour. In vain shall we hope, so to walk with God as to be altogether free from sin. It will follow, however, on our repentance, that our evil deeds will be accounted as though they had not been done at all; and our offences so wholly obliterated, that they may seem as if they had never been committed.

[2.] But this is as it were only the external part of this holy mo-

illi quiddam adhuc magis *Intrinsecum*, quodque, animæ loco, praxin hanc totam quasi actuat movetque.

(*a.*) Illud verò est divina quædam animæ dispositio, quæ efficit, ut, primo in loco, Nos Nostrasque Actiones quasi libet ad Deum sincerè Referamus; ad solam ipsius gloriam, simplici semper oculo, collimantes: quòd si nostra seu dignitas, seu utilitas, voluptasve sese aliquando interposuerit, operamque nostram flagitaverit; per hæc tamen omnia citraque, prospiciamus finem illum supremum, cui ista meritò subordinari gestiunt.

(*b.*) Secundò, ut Dedamus Nos totos Deo, nostraque universa; ad ipsius solius arbitrium, seu stare seu cadere paratissimi; susque

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tion. There is something yet more *Internal*, and which, like a soul, moves and actuates this whole practice.

(*a.*) And this is that divine disposition of mind, which causes us, in the first place, sincerely to Refer Ourselves and all our Actions to God: always aiming, with a single eye, at his glory only: and if either our honour, advantage, or pleasure should at any time interpose, and demand our attention; even in all these circumstances, to keep only that supreme end in view, to which they ought to be entirely subordinate.

(*b.*) Secondly, to Surrender up Ourselves, and all that we have, wholly to God; ever willing, either to stand or fall, according to his good pleasure alone; not * at all regarding man's judgment or

* This passage cost me a great deal of time and thought, before I could fix any consistent or even tolerable sense or meaning upon it; insomuch as my intention was to have omitted it entirely. At length, however, after several long applications to it, I hit upon that meaning contained in the latter clause of the words above, and with that meaning only it would undoubtedly have appeared in this translation had I not by accident been in company with some men of learning, who had read this Treatise, and knew that I had translated it; when one of them mentioned this passage as a difficulty, and desired to know how I had rendered it; and at the same time suggested, that he made no doubt, but that the Author had in his mind when he wrote it, this expression of St. Paul, *or of man's judgment*. 1 Cor. iv. 3. though he had not referred to it in the margin. I immediately had recourse to it, and strictly examined the original, and all the Latin and English versions of it that I had by me. And, from the Greek, which is ἢ ὑπὸ ἀνθρωπίνης ἡμέρας; the Vulgate, which reads, *aut ab humano die*; and the margin of our Bibles, both of the old and new translation, each of which in the text reads, *of man's judgment*, but the reference in the margin is, "Gr. *man's day*:" I concluded, there was good and sufficient reason to believe his observation to be just and right.

Now, had our author used any other version in this place, the allusion might have been more easily discerned, and the difficulty had not been so great.

But as there is some difficulty in this passage, even as it stands in St. Paul (as appears from the many different renderings of it) as well as in our Author, I consulted the commentators also; who, I find, do generally agree, that by *man's day*, is meant *man's judgment*; as our and several other translators have rendered it. (I have therefore accordingly taken it in this sense here, as may be seen in the first clause above.) But, finding in Eskius that Theodorit had long since fixed the same sense and meaning upon these words, as they stand in the Apostle, as I had first given them here, I have retained that also in the second clause; as I am supported by so great authority; and as they each of them bear a consistent sense in this place.

deque habentes humanum diem ; donec præstitutum mutationi nostræ tempus advenerit, patienter fideliterque expectantes.

(*c.*) Tertiò, ut Plenioremi Dei Fruitionem, perfectioremque cum ipso conjunctionem, vehementer usque sitiamus : neque verò possibile est, ut quis semel gustaverit quàm suavis sit Dominus, quin et flagrantissimo insuper proprioris cum ipso unitionis desiderio teneatur.

Atque hæc quidem summa sit eorum, in quibus consistit omnis nostra cum Deo ambulatio ; Præsentiæ, nimirum, Familiaritatis, Motûs.

2. Restat adhuc MODUS RATIOQUE sancti hujus itineris peragendi. Requiritur nempe, nisi frustrà pedes movere velle videamur, ut cum Deo nostro, *unicè*, *rectà*, *alacriter*, *constanterque* ambulemus.

(1.) UNICE, imprimis ; socium admittentes præterea neminem. Ingerit se quidem mundus satis importunè, comitatûsque istius honorem ambitiosè efflagitat : nequit verò tolerare hoc Deus. Licet quidem illi, bonà cum Dei venià, nos, uti à tergo sequatur, pro more servi : nobiscum ut sodalis instar obambulet, parùm licebit an-

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opinion concerning us, — nor what shall happen to us during the term of our short pilgrimage here ; but waiting with faith and patience till the appointed time of our change shall come.

(*c.*) Thirdly, always vehemently to thirst after a more Full Fruition of God, and a more perfect and complete conjunction with him: for it is impossible, that any one who has once tasted how sweet the Lord is, should not be inflamed with the most earnest desire of a nearer union with him.

Now this is the sum of all those duties, in which the whole of our walking with God consists ; namely, our Presence with him, Familiar Intercourse, and a progressive Motion.

2. There still remains the MANNER or METHOD of performing this holy journey. And to this it is required, unless we should be willing to move in vain, that we walk with our God, *only*, *straight forwards*, *cheerfully*, and *constantly*.

(1.) First, we must walk with God ONLY, admitting no other companion besides him. The world indeed presses itself on us with sufficient importunity, and ambitiously courts the honour of this society : but God will not endure this. It may indeed, with God's gracious permission, follow us, like a servant, at a distance : he will never suffer it to join company with us, like a companion. Our

See St. Jerome, Grotius, Cornelius à Lapide, Aretius, Calvin, Marlorate, Parceus, Crellius, Slichtingius, Prizpeovius, Brenius, and Poole's Synopsis ; but more particularly Estius, on the place.

I thought proper to make this remark here, lest, if any should compare this translation with the original, and not be aware of the allusion to the Apostle, they might be at a loss to know the reason why I have thus translated it. TRANSLATOR.

In p. 267 of this volume, the reader will find the same use of the phrase, which the Bishop has here employed: "we pass very little to be judged of them, or of man's day;" meaning, doubtless, of man's judgment. I have, however, retained both the double sense of the Translator, and his reasons for giving it. EDITOR.

quam. Fatuitas nostra fortasse non inutile judicaverit, utrunque sibi comitem adjungere, et Deum et seculum: dedignatur verò hoc meritò Deus; cui odio est mundi hujusce malignitas universa. Boni autem siquid mundo forsan inest, licebit nobis illo sic uti, ut non fruamur; imò, sic uti, quasi non utamur interim. Audite, igitur, quicunque seculi hujus sive clientes sive comites indivulsi et esse et vocari mavultis, reclamàstis interea Deo; qui mammonis societatem æquè fastidiosè respuit ac vestram.

(2.) RECTA; non pede claudicantes; non errantes de viâ: etenim, si æquos cum Deo passus metiri possemus, miserè interea claudicantes, quod tamen prorsùs impossibile est, ejusmodi certè comitatûs ignominiam Deus jure bono abominatur: indignabunda erat illa olim Eliæ cum Israelitis expostulatio; *Usquequò claudicatis vos in cogitationes duas?* 1 Reg. xviii. 21: absque honestâ probi cordis sinceritate, frustrà quis cum Deo ambulare speraverit. Neque verò cum ipso ambulare possumus, nisi et semitæ nostræ non minùs rectæ sint, quàm pedes: nullam sanè, nisi rectam viam, incedere potest Deus; nos si devia sectari malumus, ambulamus soli: omnes quidem justitiæ calles, rectâ quâdam lineâ, tendunt ad cœlum; ubi peccatorum semitæ curvæ sunt et anfractuosæ, perque mille cæcos viarum meandros ad mortis usque cubicula tandem deducunt: utriusque profectò viæ, ita sibi prorsùs adversæ, nunquam convenire nedum intersecare poterunt. Non potest non fieri, quin

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folly may perhaps judge it not inexpedient, to make both God and the world our companions: but this is justly an abomination to God; who hates the utter wickedness of this world. But if there should chance to be any good in this world, we may so use it, as not to enjoy it; nay, we must so use it, as if we used it not. Hear, therefore, all ye who desire both to be and to be called the dependants or companions of this world, ye have in this renounced God; who scornfully disdains to hold society either with mammon or with you.

(2.) We must walk with God STRAIGHT FORWARDS; not halting; not wandering out of the way: for, if we were even able to keep pace with God, while nevertheless we wretchedly halter, which however is absolutely impossible, God justly abhors the scandal of such company: that expostulation of Elias with the Israelites was full of indignation; *How long halt ye between two opinions?* 1 Kings xviii. 21: in vain shall any one hope to walk with God, without the real sincerity of an honest heart. Neither can we walk with him, unless our paths be straight also: God cannot walk in any way, but the right; if we choose to go out of the way, we must walk by ourselves: all the paths of righteousness tend, in a direct course, to heaven; whereas the paths of sinners are crooked and winding, and through a thousand dark meandrings lead at last to the chambers of death: and both these ways are so directly contrary to each other, that they never can either meet together or cross each other. It

ut optimi cujusque pedes dilabantur aliquando, declinentque tantillum à sacro hoc tramite; qui tamen illico recolligit sese, prioremque stationem recuperat, et, sanctâ quâdam indignatione percitus, ex hoc lapsu melioresci t: quòd si quis sit, cujus vestigia continuo incessu callem sibi in noto quovis peccato triverint, perduraverintque; is se cum Diabolo, humani generis hoste, ambulare noverit.

(3.) ALACRITER. Neque verò expedit, ut tristi quis corde ac vultu ambulet cum omnis Consolationis Deo; quasi ægrâ quâdam angariatione impulsus: neque potest fieri, ut ejusmodi comitis præsentia non animos nobis indat, addat, excitet. Illud est, quod sæpe jubet Apostolus, *πάντοτε χαίρειν, In Domino lætari semper:* et certè, si quis rem æquè perpenderit, ecquis mortalium est, cui par lætitiæ causa possit oboriri, ac verè Christiano; qui Deum sibi cernit comitem, viam salutarem, finem gloriosum? cui Pater Deus, Redemptor Christus, Consolator Spiritus, ministri angeli, mundus mancipium, cœlum patrimonium? cui hostes benefici sunt, mala medicinæ, mors denique lucrum? Sunt quædam animi dispositiones, pro variâ etiam humorum temperie, aliis hebetiores, naturalique cuidam mœstitiæ magis obnoxiæ: sed et istæ, ubi valere cœperit gratia, Deo leniter saltem arrideant oportet, quantumlibet se tristes torvasque habuerint seculo. *Eleva super nos,* inquit Psaltes, ô

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cannot but happen, that the feet even of the best of men may sometimes slip, and decline a little from this sacred track; yet he immediately recollects himself, and recovers his steps, and, struck with holy shame and indignation, is benefitted by this fall: but if there be any one, whose steps by continued treading have worn a path for him in any known sin, and have long persevered therein; let that man know that he walks with the Devil, the enemy of the human race.

(3.) We must walk with God CHEERFULLY. It is incongruous, that any one should walk with the God of all Comfort, with a heavy heart and a sad countenance; as if constrained by oppressive violence: nor is it possible, but that the presence of such a companion should infuse, augment, and animate courage. This is what the Apostle frequently commands: *Rejoice in the Lord always:* and indeed, if we consider seriously with ourselves, what mortal is there, who can have so much reason to rejoice, as the true Christian; who has God for his companion, his way to salvation, and his glorious end? to whom God is a Father, Christ a Redeemer, the Spirit a Comforter, angels his servants, the world his slave, and heaven his inheritance? whose enemies are rendered beneficial, afflictions salutary medicines, and death itself his gain? There are certain dispositions of mind, according to the different temperature of the humours, more dull than others, and more prone to a certain natural melancholy: but even these, when grace hath begun to prevail, ought moderately at least to rejoice in God, however sad and sorrowful they may appear to the world. *Lord,* says the Psalmist, *lift*

Domine, lucem vultûs tui. Dedisti mihi inde plus gaudii, quàm illis à tempore frumenti vinique multiplicati obtigerit. En messis, en vindemia cujusque fidelis; solatium illud certissimum, quod à divini favoris lumine exoriri solet.

(4) CONSTANTER, denique. Neque, enim, intermitti debet ambulatio hæc; sed ita indesinenter continuari, ut à virtute in virtutem usque procedamus, donec tandem coram Deo in cœlesti Sione fœliciter comparuerimus. Odit nempe Deus matutinos quosque rores pietatis; illaque nimis violenta devotionis initia, quæ, furiosi cujusdam zeli œstro perciti, fecerunt quidam, statim postmodo desituri. Non est aut Saulus, aut Herodes, aut Judas quispiam, quin cum Deo, aliquot saltem passibus, ambulaverit, perdiderítque operam. Perpetuus quidam sanctorum affectuum ardor ille est, qui aut Deo gratus, aut nobis esse potest salutaris: *Oculi mei ad Dominum semper*, inquit Propheta Regius; Ps. xxv. 15: *semper*, absque diversione, absque intermissione ullâ. Quòd si intervenerit fortè tentatio aliqua, beatificique hujus objecti adspectum pro tempore interceperit: eclipsis tamen illa non ita vel universalis est, ut totam Dei faciem à nobis prorsùs abscondat: vel ita obscura, ut toto nos privet ipsius lumine; vel ita, demum, diuturna, ut causam nobis ullam præbeat, de præsentaneo luminis pristini reditu quicquam dubitandi. Etiam dum nictare solemus, cernimus tamen; neque,

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thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased. Behold the harvest and vintage of every faithful man; even that most unfailing consolation, which proceeds from the light of the divine favour.

(4) Lastly, we must walk with God CONSTANTLY. For, in this walking there must be no intermission; but we must persevere so incessantly in it, as to be ever making a continual progress from strength to strength, till at last we appear with joy before God in the heavenly Sion. God hates indeed the morning dews of piety; and all those violent beginnings of devotion, which some, roused by the fury of an outrageous zeal, have entered on, the next moment about to abandon them again for ever. There is no Saul, nor Herod, nor Judas, but who, may have walked some few paces with God, though to no purpose. It is the perpetual fervency of holy affections, that will be either acceptable to God, or advantageous to ourselves: *Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord*, saith the Royal Prophet; Ps. xxv. 15: *ever*, without being diverted, and without any intermission. But if any temptation should intervene, and intercept for a season the sight of this blessed object: yet this eclipse will not be either so total, as entirely to hide the whole face of God from us; nor so dark, as to deprive us of all his light; nor, lastly, of so long continuance, as to give us any reason to doubt, of the speedy return of the former glory. Even whilst we wink with our eyes, we perceive some small glimmerings of light; nor, whilst

dum vel somno distringimur, vel phantasmate aliquo illudimur, virtutis ullius titulum deposuimus. Vidimus zelotas quosdam præcociores, qui adeò animosè strenuèque quadamtenus ambulaverint, ac cæteros omnes in hoc stadio facilè præcursuri; quorum affectus, ubi tempore ac tentatione paululum deferbuerint, remiserunt illi statim hunc impetum; et, languida post se crura ægerrimè trahentes, sociis longè à tergo fuerunt derelicti. Paulinâ quidem virguâ excitandi sunt hi scilicet; *Cucurristis benè: quis impedivit?* Rarò admodum constans ac durabilis est nimia studii cujusvis vehementia; quinimmò, in pigrâ quâdam tarditate ac ignominiosâ lassitudine vulgò desinit. Ut indefessa nobis semper est Dei benignitas; ita nostra qualiscunque bonitas fallit planè, nisi fatigari nesciat.

II. Sic nunc se habet nostra cum Deo ambulatio, cùm quoad Rem, tum quoad Modum. Quippini modò putem, solam divinæ hujusce conversationis mentionem lectoris cujusque pectus accendisse fervido quodam desiderio, et tam sacræ provinciæ obeundæ, et acquirendæ tam certæ fœlicitatis? Certè, formæ hujus sive pretium sive elegantia nemine indiget parario aut licitatore: ipsa una sufficit attrahendis omnium oculis, omnium pectoribus inflammandis: quoniam tamen, quod suis olim discipulis Christus, *πνεῦμα πρόθυμον, σὰρξ ἀσθενής*; non abs re quidem fuerit, paucula quædam,

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we are either fast asleep, or deluded by the appearance of some phantasm, do we give up our right and title to the use of that faculty. We have seen some rash zealots, who have walked on to a certain point with great resolution and vigour, as if they intended vastly to outstrip all others in this course; whose affections, when they have grown a little cool again by time or temptation, have caused them immediately to slacken their pace; and, feebly drawing their weary limbs after them, they have been left by their companions at a great distance behind. Such persons need to be quickened with St. Paul's reproof; *Ye did run well; who did hinder you?* Too great vehemence of any affection is very seldom constant and durable; but it generally ends in stupid inactivity and ignominious indolence. As the benignity of God towards us is ever unwearied; so our goodness, whatever it may be, will assuredly deceive us, unless it persevere untired.

II. Thus have I expatiated upon our walking with God, both with respect to the Duty itself, and the Manner of it. And why may I not reasonably suppose, that the bare mention only of this divine conversation has inflamed the breast of every reader with an earnest desire, both of performing so holy a duty, and of obtaining such certain felicity? Surely, the value and excellency of this beautiful object require no one to urge the bargain or to enhance the price: of itself alone it may suffice to attract every eye, and to enflame every heart: but because, as Christ said to his disciples, *the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak*; it cannot be improper, by way of

ILLICII loco, adtexere, quibus ad cœlestem hanc vitæ instituendæ rationem excitemur.

1. Illud verò, imprimis, seriò pensitemus, ambulationem hanc cum Deo, præter intrinsecam ipsi virtutem bonitatemque quæ exacuendis quibusque affectibus abundè sufficit, MAXIMO NOBIS HONORI ESSE.

Etiam inter principum famulos asseclasve numerari non mediocris esse dignitatis arbitramur; familiari, autem, modo cum magnatum quopiam incedere, eximium quiddam videtur, dignumque elatiore supercilio: quantum igitur, quàmque supra modum honorificum fuerit, cum magno Terræ ac Cœli Rege ac Domino, sociali quodam consortio, jugiter ambulare! Privilegio quidem illud non vulgari erat duodecim Apostolis, selectos fuisse è reliquo orbe, Christi domesticos, qui ipsum, in humili hâc servilique conditione, quàquâ in terris iret, usque sectarentur: majus tamen quiddam illud erat, Petro, Jacobo, Joanni, è consociorum reliquis evocari, qui cum Domino suo montem Taborem conscenderent, divinæ ipsius transfigurationis testes: sed et hortum Gethsemani cum ipso demum ingrederentur, tristissimæ etiam agoniæ testes insuper futuri; non hoc quidem indultum cæteris. Oh, quàm sortem omnem humanam longè exuperans, prærogativa nobis obtingit, qui, è mundo, potentissimâ Dei gratiâ, eximimur, ut Omnipotentem et Gloriosissimum Cœli Creatorem ac Dominum semper

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INCITEMENT, to subjoin a few motives, to stir us up to the practice of this heavenly profession.

1. Let us, therefore, in the first place, seriously consider with ourselves, that this walking with God, besides its own intrinsic virtue and goodness which may of itself abundantly suffice to excite and quicken our affections, WILL PROMOTE US TO THE GREATEST HONOUR.

We esteem it no small degree of dignity to be ranked amongst the servants and attendants of princes; but, to converse in a familiar manner with one of the nobility, seems to be something dignified, and a much higher exaltation: how much more abundantly honourable, to walk continually, in a friendly converse, with the great King and Lord of Heaven and Earth! It was no common privilege granted to the twelve Apostles, that they should be chosen out of the whole race of mankind, to be Christ's servants, always to attend him, whithersoever he went, whilst in this state of humiliation: but it was a much greater, which was granted to Peter, James, and John, to be singled out from the rest of their companions, that they might ascend with their Lord into mount Tabor, to be witnesses of his divine transfiguration: with him they likewise entered the garden of Gethsemane, about to be witnesses of his most doleful agony; a favour not granted to the rest. But Oh, what a prerogative, far exceeding all human glory, is bestowed on us, who are delivered out of this world, by the powerful grace of God, always to attend on the Almighty and most Glorious Creator and Lord of the Heavens! That which was granted to the

comitemur! Quod illis centum quadraginta quatuor millibus sanctorum, redemptorum à terrâ, Deique nomine inscriptorum, summæ præeminentiæ loco, concessum est, Sequi Agnum quacunque demum proficisceretur, nostrum planè est, ni nobis ipsi defuerimus: nempe nos cum Agno Dei Jesu Christo, cum Patre ipsius Coæterno, cum Spiritu ejus Sanctissimo indesinenter ambulamus. Quid nos nunc cum bestiis versari malumus, homines miselli, quibus optio liberrimè facta est ambulandi cum Deo?

2. Neque verò plus est in ambulatione ista honoris, quàm SOLATII.

Tristis res est solitudo. *Væ soli*, inquit concionator maximus. Est tamen, ubi et societas (qui nobis obvenire possunt comites) displiceat magis. In sodalem incidisse honestum, alacrem, disertum, non minimi beneficii loco haberi solet: contrahit hic talis nobis viam, laboremque minuit. Quàm ergo jucundum nobis fuerit, cum illo semper versari, cui titulus est Consolator! Certè, nisi foret ipsi inexhausta consolationis certissimæ copia; nisi nulla, præterquam ab ipso, dimanare posset vera consolatio; parùm illi competere posset is, quem sibi soli meritissimò vindicat, stylus Paracleti. Etiam illa qualiacunque solamina, quæ vel à naturali ratiocinatione, vel à resolutione quâdam morali oriuntur, non alia sunt, quâm communes quædam Consolatorii hujusce Spiritûs influxus; sine cujus inoperatione, pectus nullum solido quidem

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hundred and forty-four thousand saints, which were redeemed from the earth, and had the name of God written in their foreheads, by way of pre-eminence, To follow the Lamb whithersoever he shall go, will certainly be our lot, if we are not wanting to ourselves: for we shall walk continually with the Lamb of God Christ Jesus, with his Coeternal Father, and with his Most Holy Spirit. What then, shall we, miserable wretches, who have it freely proposed to our choice, whether or no we will walk with God, prefer to hold converse with beasts?

2. But there is not more honour, than there is COMFORT, in this walking.

Solitude is miserable. *Woe to him that is alone*, says the great preacher. Yet there may be a time, when society itself may be more unpleasant; especially if we meet with bad companions. To light upon an honest, cheerful, and eloquent companion, is generally reckoned no small advantage: such an one shortens our way, and lessens its fatigue. How pleasant then must it be to us, always to have converse with him, whose title is the Comforter! Certainly, unless he were an inexhaustible fountain of most sure consolation; unless no true consolation can proceed from any one, but from him; that appellation of Paraclete, which he so justly challenges to himself alone, would but very ill suit him. Even all those degrees of comfort whatsoever they be, which proceed either from our natural reasoning, or a moral resolution of doubts, are no other, than the common influences of that Spirit of Comfort; without whose inoperation, no breast can glow with any solid joy.

gaudio ullo incalescere potest. Qui cum seculo ambulat, quàm miseras sibi affingit vanæ consolationis rationes! Plaudit hic sibi domi, dicitque apud se; "Attamen robustum mihi corpus est, firma valetudo:" alter; "Illæsa mihi fama est, et non vulgaris inter meos existimatio:" alius; "Est mihi magnus quidam in aulâ amicus ac patronus:" alius, denique; "Sat mihi domi nummorum est." At, at, ubi atra calamitatis dies advenerit, quid tandem fit hisce omnibus? *Miserrimi consolatores estis vos omnes*, inquiet prægravata dolore anima; cogeturque demum, serò fortè nimis, fateri, nullum verum quidem solatium, nisi à Miserationum omnium Patre Consolationisque omnis Deo, posse unquam sperari: quícum ubi ambulare didicerimus, hilares canemus, cum regio pastore Israelis; *Dominus mihi Pastor: nullius rei indigebo. In florentibus pascuis accubare me faciet, perque aquas quietas ducet;* Ps. xxiii. 1, 2.

3. Neque plus honoris solatiique ambulationi huic inest, quàm CERTI etiam TUTAMINIS.

Quanta quàmque secura est ejusmodi comitis protectio! *Quisque in secreto Altissimi habitaverit, sub umbrâ Omnipotentis commorabitur;* Ps. xci. 1. Quicunque es, qui cum Deo ambulas, dicisque Domino, *Spes mea, mea munitio; liberabit ille te à laqueo venatoris, à peste contritionum. Alis suis obumbrabit te, et sub pennis ejus sperabis: veritas ejus scutum tibi erit et clypeus;* ib. vv.

How many wretched grounds of vain consolation does he devise to himself, who walks with the world! One secretly applauds himself, and says; "I enjoy a robust body, and strong health:" another; "My reputation is unsullied, and I am in great esteem amongst my neighbours:" another; "I have a great friend and patron at court:" another; "I have heaps of money in store." Alas! alas! when the dreadful day of calamity approaches, what will become of all these things? *Miserable comforters are ye all*, shall the soul oppressed with sorrow say; and shall at length, though perhaps too late, be forced to confess, that no true satisfaction can ever be expected, but from the Father of all Mercies and the God of all Comfort: with whom when we have learned to walk, we shall joyfully sing, with the royal shepherd of Israel; *The Lord is my Shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in green pastures; and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort;* Ps. xxiii. 1, 2.

3. Neither is there more honour and comfort in this walking, than there is also SECURITY.

How great and secure must be the protection of such a companion! *Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;* Ps. xci. 1. Whosoever thou art, that walkest with God, and sayest unto the Lord, *Thou art my hope, and my strong hold; He shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers:*

2, 3, 4. Haud immunis est à periculo, quisquis solus proficiscitur: ubi in foveam ceciderit, jacet impotens; ubi inciderit in latronem, vulneratus spoliatur: comitem nactus, è puteo eripitur; à prædone liberatur. Non possumus certè non cadere, sicubi non ambulamus cum Deo; neque quisquam est qui jacentes erigere possit: non possumus ab inferno illo grassatore non spoliari sauciarique, sicubi cum Deo parùm ambulamus; nec quis est qui nos possit tutos conservare. Quòd si cum Deo ambulaverimus, aut non cademus quidem, aut non jacebimus: eriget ille nos è peccati fovcâ, è pulvere mortis: *Si* verò *Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?* Ringantur tyranni, fremat mundus, frendat Orcus, rugiat Diabolus; nos, sub tali comite, in tuto sumus: cumque illo, qui ursum, leonem, Goliam straverat, cantabimus, *Non timebo à decem millibus, qui circumquaque ambierunt me;* Ps. iii. 6.

4. Neque plus denique tutelæ istinc oboritur, quàm UTILITATIS.

Equod enim boni poterit benignissimus ille Deus, quîcum ambulamus, nobis denegare? Nunquid cupis divitias? *Domini est terra, et plenitudo ejus. Repones aurum ut pulverem, aurum Ophir instar petræ torrentium;* Job xxii. 24. Honorem mavis? *Honorantes me honorabo,* inquit Deus. Vis utrunque? *Divitiis et honore*

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his truth shall be thy shield and buckler; ib. vv. 2, 3, 4. He cannot be secure from danger, that travels on alone: if he fall into a pit, he lies helpless; if he fall among thieves, he is stript and wounded: but if he have a companion, he is snatched from the pit; he is rescued from the robbers. It is absolutely impossible to avoid falling, if at any time we do not walk with God; nor is there any one able to raise us up again: we cannot possibly escape from being stript and wounded by that infernal robber, whenever we cease to walk with God; nor can any one keep us secure from danger. But if we walk with God, either we shall not fall at all, or we shall not lie bereft of assistance: he will raise us up from the pit of sin, and from the dust of death: but *If God be with us, who can be against us?* Let tyrants rage, let the world roar, let Hell groan, and the Devil bellow; we, under the protection of such a companion, shall be secure: and we shall sing with him, who slew the lion, the bear, and Goliah; *I will not be afraid of ten thousands of the people, that have set themselves against me round about;* Ps. iii. 6.

4. Nor does there more security and protection arise from hence, than ADVANTAGE.

For what good thing can the most merciful God, with whom we walk, withhold from us? Dost thou covet riches? *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Thou shalt lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks;* Job xxii. 24. Dost thou desire honour? *Them that honour me, I will honour,* saith God. Wouldst thou have both riches and honour? *I will give*

saturabo te. Quicquid lubet vis, denique? *Voluntatem timentium se faciet;* Psalm cxlv. 19. Quid verò deesse potest illi, cui suppetit possessor omnium Deus? *Ego sum merces tua magna valdè,* inquit Deus Abrahæ. Ecce, qui ἀνταρκης est ipse suis merces; aliam tamen à se mercedem adhuc pollicetur: *Longitudine dierum saturabo eum, et ostendam ei salutem meam;* Psalm xci. 16. En modò fœlicissima desideriorum omnium periodus. Quanti foret longitudo dierum in hâc valle lachrymarum, absque salute deinceps securâ? Scilicet, ambulemus cum Deo in terris, non possumus ab ipso in cœlis separari: ambulemus cum illo istìc per justitiæ innocentiæque semitas, ambulabimus cum ipso olim ἐν λευκοῖς supercœlestis gloriæ. Cogita jam seriò, quisquis ista legis, quàm et tutum, et jucundum, et utile demum animæ tuæ fuerit, ubi decubueris jam modò moriturus, nescius an proximum quemque spiritum ultimò exhalaturus sis, vitam respicere præteritam, idque tibi conscire, ambulâsse te pridem cum Deo illo, qui te nunc proximiore quodam modo secum versaturum ad se vocat. Non mirum profectò est, si alieni quique ac peregrini de receptione suâ haud parùm dubitent: tua verò familiaritas prior confidere te nunc jubet; nihilque expectare aliud, nisi gratiæ perfectionem, æternitatem gloriæ.

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thee riches, and wealth, and honour. Wouldst thou have the full accomplishment of whatsoever thou desirest? *He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;* Psalm cxlv. 19. But what can be wanting to him, whom God the possessor of all things supplieth? *I am thy exceeding great reward,* says God to Abraham. Behold, he, who is all-sufficiency itself, becomes a reward to his servants; and yet promises that another reward shall still proceed from him: *With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation;* Psalm xci. 16. Behold in this promise the most happy accomplishment of all our desires. Of what value would length of days be in this vale of tears, if we are not sure of hereafter obtaining eternal salvation? Let us then but walk with God on earth, we cannot be separated from him in heaven: let us walk with him here in the paths of righteousness and innocence, we shall be sure to walk with him in the bright robes of celestial glory hereafter. Think now seriously with thyself, whosoever thou art that readest these lines, how safe, pleasant, and advantageous it will be hereafter to thy soul, when thou shalt lie just about to launch forth into eternity, ignorant whether every breath thou fetchest may not be thy last, to review thy past life, with a consciousness, that thou hast long walked with that God, who now calls thee to himself, to hold converse with him in a more intimate manner! It is no wonder indeed, if aliens and strangers have strong fears concerning their reception: but thy former familiarity authorizes thee now to be confident; and to expect nothing less, than the perfection of grace, and an eternity of glory.

Recolligamus ista modò summatim. Sanè, illectamenta hæc, etiam singula, valere apud nos plurimùm solent. Certè ea, quibus aliquid honoris indipisci speramus, quanquam nihil quicquam solatii, tutaminis, beneficii polliceantur interim, audaciore animo aggredimur. Quot se indies bello parùm justo, illicitisque prorsùs monomachiis, falso honoris pretextu, ingerunt periculosissimè; vixque, cum sanguinis membrorumque dispendio, abscedunt denique! Rursus, quæ voluptatem nobis delectationemque afferre posse putamus, quantovis interim cum dedecore, periculo, damno conjuncta, quàm avidè audacterque suscipimus! Quot ubique sunt, qui libidinis suæ pœnas miserrimè luerunt! Sunt et alii, qui tutas incedere vias mavelint; etiam ubi nihil honoris, jucunditatis, beneficii senserint speraverintve. Plures, tamen, utilia quæque prosequuntur, quantumlibet dedecorosa, injucunda, intuta. Jam verò, ubi omnia hæc unanimiter conspirârint, ambulantem cum Deo summè æternumque beatura; qualem nobis vim inferre debent universa, ut, à bestiis hominibusque tandem abrepti, cum Deo vivo ambulare incipiamus! Ita nobis ergo maximus, qui in hominem cadere potest, obtingat honor: ita, summa, cujus anima capax est, delectatio. Ut ita à malis omnibus immunes, bonorum omnium præsentium futurorumque participes, esse velimus, demus

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Let us now recollect briefly what has been said. In truth, each of these motives, even singly, is commonly found to have great influence on us. Certain it is, that we pursue those measures, by which we hope to arrive at any degree of honour, though no comfort, security, or advantage is likely immediately to accrue to us thereby, with a more than ordinary resolution. How many are there, who, out of a false sense of honour, every day thrust themselves into the greatest dangers, in an unjust war, and in duels absolutely unlawful; and from which they but rarely escape, without the loss of life or limbs! Again, how eagerly and resolutely do we pursue those things, which we apprehend will procure us pleasure and delight, though the greatest infamy, danger, and ruin be the unavoidable consequence! How many are there every where, who are miserably enduring the punishment of their passions! There are others indeed who choose rather to walk in safe paths; even though they can have no enjoyment nor hopes of honour, pleasure, or profit thereby. The greater part, however, of mankind pursue those things that seem for their interest, though scandalous, unpleasant, and ruinous. But now, since all these things unanimously conspire, to render him that walks with God completely and eternally happy; how much ought they all of them together to prevail with us, that, elevated above beasts and carnal men, we should begin to walk with the living God! Thus therefore we shall attain the greatest honour, of which man is capable: thus also, the most exalted delight which the soul can enjoy. As we desire to be delivered from all evil, and to be made partakers of all present

operam sedulò, ut cum Deo ambulemus: sicque instituamus animum, ut et ritè ipsum apprehendamus, et perpetuò agnoscamus præsentem; non sine sancto tremore, solicitoque divinæ approbationis studio. Ipsum nobis verâ fide appropriemus: cum ipso colloquamur assiduè: ipsum in dubiis quibusque consulamus; in necessariis, exoremus: in ipsius providentiam securi recumbamus: beneficia ipsius, grato recolamus animo: in bonis omnibus, ipso fruamur uno. Exerceamus piam quandam sanctæ obedientiæ praxin: cùm in sacris quibusque, cultum ejus immediatè spectantibus, officiis; tum in vocationis nostræ muniis obeundis: quicquid ei displicere quovismodo possit, studiosè declinantes; festinâque resipiscentiâ, subinde recuperantes, quem peccando merueramus perdidisse. Ad ipsius gloriam, nos nostrasque actiones sincerè referamus. Dedamus nos ipsi nostraque omnia; sive censuræ ergo, sive dispositionis liberrimæ. Plenioremipsius fruitionem expetissere nunquam desinamus: sed, et cum ipso ambulemus solo: mundi consortium rejicientes fastidiosiùs. Progrediamur cum ipso, pede recto, rectâ viâ: alacriter denique, constanter, perseveranterque cum Salutis nostræ Deo ambulemus. Ita motus iste Henochi fœliciter nos aliquando perducet ad Henochi requiem, gloriam nempe sempiternam. Amen.

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and future good, let us diligently strive, to walk with God: and let our souls be so influenced and trained, that we may both rightly apprehend him, and always acknowledge his presence; not without holy fear, and an earnest desire of the divine approbation. Let us appropriate him to ourselves by a lively faith: let us hold converse with him daily: let us consult him in all our difficulties; and make earnest application to him, in all our necessities: let us securely rely on his providence: let us gratefully recollect all his mercies: let us enjoy him alone, in all good things. Let us exercise ourselves in the pious practice of a holy obedience: as well with respect to those sacred solemnities, which have a more immediate relation to his worship; as with respect to the duties incumbent on us in our particular callings: carefully avoiding whatsoever may, in any measure, displease him; and immediately endeavouring, by a speedy repentance, to recover his favour, which by our manifold sins we had worthily deserved to lose. Let us sincerely refer ourselves and all our actions to his glory. Let us surrender up ourselves and all we have to him; whether out of fear of his displeasure, or out of an enlarged heart. Let us never cease from earnestly seeking a more full enjoyment of him: yea, and let us walk with him alone; rejecting with scorn and disdain the fellowship of the world. Let us move on with him, not loitering, nor wandering out of the way: and, lastly, let us walk with the God of our Salvation cheerfully, constantly, and with perseverance. And then Enoch's motion will at length assuredly happily conduct us to Enoch's rest, even to eternal glory. Amen.

THE

REMEDY OF PROFANENESS:

OR,

THE TRUE SIGHT AND FEAR

OF

THE ALMIGHTY.

A NEEDFUL TRACTATE.

BY JOSEPH EXON.

IMPRIMATUR. SA. BAKER. OCT. 11. 1637.

READER:

I HAD meant to take leave of the press, as one that repented to be guilty of this common surfeit. Yet, once again, my zeal urges me to break silence. I find so little Fear of God in this world, which I am shortly leaving, that I could not forbear, after my tears, to bestow some ink upon it. Every man can bewail it: I have studied to redress it. We may endeavour that, which GOD only can effect. I humbly leave this to the work of no less than an Omnipotent Grace: in the mean time, it is both holy and laudable, to project the remedies; and it shall be the no small comfort of my death-bed, that I have left behind me this seasonable advice of better thoughts; which, when I am gone, may survive to the benefit of many.

Know, withal, that this Treatise entered the press under the honoured name of my dear lord, the Earl of Norwich; whose death, preventing the publication, hath sent it forth patronless. Methought I should not endure, that what was once his, in my destination, should ever be any other's. Let this blank be as my last memorial of the honour, that I justly bear to that incomparable friend, both alive and dead; and serve to profess unto the world, that these papers yield themselves not unwilling orphans, upon his loss.

But why do I so mis-name his glory? That blessed soul, not staying the leisure of my present directions, hasted up to the free view of the face of his God, which I could only shew dimly and aloof. There will be more use of the imitation of his practice, than of the honour of his protection. Let us go cheerfully on, in the steps of true piety and conscionable obedience, until our faith, likewise, shall shut up in a happy fruition.

ON THE

SIGHT AND FEAR OF THE ALMIGHTY.

THE PROEM.

The Occasion, Need, and Use of the ensuing Treatise.

NOTHING is more easy to observe, than that the mind of man, being ever prone to extremities, is no sooner fetched off from Superstition, than it is apt to fall upon Profaneness; finding no mean, betwixt excess of devotion, and an irreligious neglect. No wise Christian, who hath so much as sojourned in the world, can choose but feel, and, with grief of heart, confess this truth. We are ready to think of God's matters, as no better than our own: and a saucy kind of familiarity, this way, hath bred a palpable contempt; so as we walk with the great God of Heaven, as with our fellow; and think of his sacred ordinances, as either some common employment or fashionable superfluity. Out of an earnest desire therefore to settle, in myself and others, right thoughts, and meet dispositions of heart, towards the Glorious and Infinite Majesty of our God and his holy services, wherein we are all apt to be too defective; I have put my pen upon this seasonable task: beseeching that Almighty God, whose work it is, to bless it, both in my hand, and in the persual of all readers: whom I beseech to know, that I have written this, not for their eyes, but for their hearts; and therefore charge them, as they tender the good of their own souls, not to rest in the bare speculation, but to work themselves to a serious and sensible practice of these holy prescriptions, as without which, they shall never have either true hold of God, or sound peace and comfort in their own souls. *Come then, ye children, hearken unto me, and I shall teach you the fear of the Lord;* Ps. xxxiv. 11. There cannot be a fitter lesson for me, in the improvement of my age, to read; nor, for your spiritual advantage, to take out: one glance of a thought, of this kind, is worth a volume of quarrelsome litigation.

No one word can express that Grace which we treat of.

As, above, we shall need no words; when we shall be all spirit, and our language shall be all thoughts: so, below, we cannot but want words, wherein to clothe the true notions of our hearts. I never yet could find a tongue, that yielded any one term, to notify the awful disposition of the heart towards God. We are wont to call

it Fear; but this appellation comes far too short: for this signifies an affection; whereas this, which we treat of, is no other than an excellent virtue; yea, a grace rather; yea rather, a precious composition of many divine graces and virtues.

What it includes and intimates.

It is no marvel therefore, if the Spirit of God have wont, under this one word, to comprehend all that belongs, either to the apprehension or adoration of a God; Gen. xlii. 18. Deut. vi. 13. Ps. xxv. 12. Eccl. xii. 13. Ps. cxxviii. 1. For this alone includes all the humble constitution of a holy soul, and all the answerable demeanour of a mortified creature: neither is there any thing, so well becoming a heart sensible of infiniteness, as this, which we are fain to mis-name FEAR.

Fear is no fit term for it.

To speak properly, there is no fear, but of evil; and that, which we justly call servile: which is a doubtful expectation of something, that may be hurtful to us: and this, when it prevails, is horror and dreadful confusion; an affection, or perturbation rather, fit for the gallies, or hell itself. Love casts it out; as that, which is ever accompanied with a kind of hate: and so will we. We are meditating of such a temper of the heart; as, in the continuance of it, is attended with blessedness; as, in the exercise of it, is fixed upon infinite greatness and infinite goodness; and, in the mean time, is accompanied with unspeakable peace and contentment in the soul; Ps. ciii. 17. cxxviii. 4. cxlvii. 11. Eccl. viii. 11.

Affections, well employed, turn Virtues.

And yet, whoso had a desire to retain the word, if our Ethic Doctors would give him leave, might say, that affections, well employed upon excellent objects, turn virtues. So Love, though commonly marshalled in those lower ranks of the soul; yet, when it is elevated to the all-glorious God, is justly styled the highest of theological virtues: yea, when it rises but to the level of our brethren, it is Christian charity. So, Grief for sin, is holy penitence. And what more heavenly grace can be incident into the soul, than Joy in the Holy Ghost? Neither is it otherwise with Fear: when it is taken up with worldly occurrencies of pain, loss, shame, it is no better than a troublesome passion; but, when we speak of the fear of God, the ease and style is so altered, that the breast of a Christian is not capable of a more divine grace.

Wherein Holy Fear consists.

But, not to dwell in syllables, nor to examine curious points of morality, that, which we speak of, is no other, than a reverential awe of the Holy and Infinite Majesty of God, constantly and unremoveably settled in the soul: a disposition so requisite, that he, who hath it, cannot but be a saint; and he, that hath it not, is, in a sort, without God in the world.

What is required to the attaining of it: the sight

I. To the PRODUCING whereof, there is need of a double apprehension: the ONE, of an incomprehensible excellence, and inseparable presence

of God; the Sight of ourselves.

of God; the OTHER, of a most miserable vileness, and, as it were, nothingness of ourselves. The former is that, which the Spirit of God calls the Sight of the Invisible: for sight is a sense of the quickest and surest perception; so as, in seeing of God, we apprehend him infinitely glorious in all that he is, in all that he hath, in all that he doth; and intimately present to us, with us, in us.

Of the Sight of the Invisible—Moses a fit pattern for it.

1. Let us then, first, see WHAT THAT SIGHT IS. Wherein we cannot have a more meet pattern than Moses: that exposed infant, who, in his cradle of bulrushes, was drawn out of the flags of Nilus, is a true emblem of a regenerate soul, taken up out of the misery * of a dangerous world, in whose waves he is naturally sinking. He, that was saved from the waters, saw God in fire; and, in a holy curiosity, hasted to see the bush, that burned, and consumed not: let our godly zeal carry us as fast, to see what he saw; and make us eagerly ambitious of his eyes, of his Art. Surely Moses, as St. Stephen tells us, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians: he was not a greater courtier, than a scholar: but, Moses his optics were more worth, than all the rest of his skill. All Egypt, and Chaldea to boot, though they were famous of old for mathematic sciences, could not teach him this Art of seeing the Invisible. As only the sun gives us light, to see itself; so only the Invisible God gives a man power, to see himself that is invisible. There is a threefold world objected to human apprehension; a sensible world, an intelligible, a spiritual or divine: and, accordingly, man hath three sorts of eyes, exercised about them; the eye of sense, for this outward and material world; of reason, for the intelligible; of faith, for the spiritual. Moses had all these: by the eye of sense, he saw Pharaoh's court and Israel's servitude; by the eye of reason, he saw the mysteries of Egyptian learning; by the eye of faith, he saw him that is invisible. In the eye of sense, even brute creatures partake with him; in the eye of reason, men; in the faculty of discerning spiritual and divine things, only saints and angels. Doubtless, Moses was herein privileged above other men.

Two ways, wherein Moses saw the Invisible.

Two ways, therefore, did he see the Invisible: first, by viewing the visible signs and sensible representations of God's presence; as in the bush of Horeb, the hill of visions; in the fire and cloud, in the mount of Sinai: secondly, by his own spiritual apprehension. That first was proper to Moses, as an eminent favourite of God: this other must be common to us, with him. That we may then attain to the true fear and fruition of God, we must see him that is invisible; as travellers, here; as comprehensors, hereafter. How we shall see him, in his and our glorious home, we cannot yet

* The former editions read "mercy"; which may indeed have an appropriate signification in this place, as alluding to the mercy of exposing Moses rather than destroying him: but I conceive it to be an error of the press for "misery."
EDITOR.

hope to comprehend: when we come there to see him, we shall see and know, how and how much we see him; and, not till then. In the mean time, it must be our main care, to bless our eyes with Moses's object; and, even upon earth, to aspire to the sight of the Invisible.

Our Felicity consists in the Sight of God.

This is an act, wherein indeed our chief felicity consists. It is a curiously witty disquisition of the Schools, since all beatitude consists in the fruition of God, Whether we more essentially, primarily, and directly enjoy God in the act of understanding, which is by seeing him; than in the act of will, which is by loving him: and the greatest Masters, for ought I see, pitch upon the understanding, in the full sight of God; as whose act is more noble and absolute, and the union wrought by it more perfect. If any man desire to spend thoughts upon this divine curiosity, I refer him to the ten reasons, which that Doctor Solennis* gives and rests in, for the decision of this point. Surely, these two go so close together, in the separated soul, that it is hard, even in thought, to distinguish them. If I may not rather say, that, as there is no imaginable composition in that spiritual essence; so, its fruition of God is made up of one simple act alone, which here results out of two distinct faculties. It is enough for us to know, that if all perfection of happiness and full union with God consist in the seeing of him, in his glory; then it is and must be our begun happiness, to see him, as we may, here below. He can never be, other than he is: our apprehension of him varies. Here, we can only see him darkly; as in a glass: there, clearly; and, as he is.

The Degrees of our Spiritual Sight.

Even here below, there are degrees; as of bodily, so of spiritual sight. The newly-recovered blind man saw men, like trees: the eyes of true sense see men, like men. The illuminated eyes of Elisha and his servant saw angels, environing them: St. Stephen's eyes saw heaven opened, and Jesus standing at the right-hand of God; Acts vii. 56. The clear eyes of Moses see the God of Angels: St. Paul's eyes saw the unutterable glories of the third heaven. Still, the better eyes the brighter vision.

How Sight and Invisibility may consist together.

But what a contradiction is here, in seeing the Invisible! If invisible, how seen? and if seen, how invisible? Surely, God is a most purely and simply, spiritual essence. Here is no place for that, not so much heresy, as stupid conceit, of Anthropomorphism. A bodily eye can only see bodies, like itself: the eye must answer the object: a spiritual object, therefore, as God is, must be seen by a spiritual eye. Moses his soul was a spirit; and that saw the God of Spirits: so he, that is in himself invisible, was seen by an invisible eye; and so must be. If we have no eyes, but those, that are seen; we are as very beasts, as those, that we see: but, if

* Johan. de Neapoli. qu. 14.

we have invisible and spiritual eyes, we must improve them, to the sight of him that is invisible.

Let us then, to the unspeakable comfort of our souls, enquire and learn, How we may here upon earth, see the invisible God.

How we may not think to see God:

(1) And, surely, as it was wisely said of him of old, that it is more easy to know what God is not, than what he is; so it may be justly said also, of the vision of God, it is more obvious to say *how God is not seen*, than how he is. Let us, if you please, begin with the negative.

—not by any Feigned Representation:

[1.] We may not, therefore, think to see God, by any Fancied Representation. He will admit of no image of himself: no, not in thought. All possibly conceivcable ideas and similitudes, as they are infinitely too low; so they are clean contrary to his spiritual nature, and his express charge: and the very entertainment of any of them is no other, than a mental idolatry. In the very Holy of Holies, where he would most manifest his presence, there was nothing to be seen, but a cloud of smoke; as the Poet *, scoffingly; and, as that great King† professed to see there: to teach his people, that he would not be conceived any way, but in an absolute immunity from all forms.

—not by the Work of Improved Reason:

[2.] Secondly, we may not hope to see God, by the Working of our Improved Reason: for, as intelligible things are above the apprehension of sense; so divine matters are no less above the capacity of understanding. Justly is Durand exploded here; who held, that a created understanding was, of itself, sufficient for the vision of God, without supernatural aid; for, whatever our soul understands here, it doth it by the way of those phantasms which are represented unto it; by which it is not possible, there should be any comprehension of this Infinite Essence. Every power works within the compass of his own sphere; even from the lowest of sense, to the highest of faith. If the eye should encroach upon the ear, in affecting to discern the delicate air of pleasant sounds; and the ear should usurp upon the eye, in professing to judge of a curious picture or pleasant prospect; it were an absurd ambition of both. It is all one, for a beast to take upon him, to judge of matter of discourse; and for a philosopher, to determine of matters of faith. Reason was not given to man, for nought: even that can impart unto us something concerning God; but, not enough. I remember Gerson‡, a great Master of Contemplation, professes that he knew one, (which is, in St. Paul's phrase, himself) who, after many temptations of doubt, concerning a main article of faith, was suddenly brought into so clear a light of truth and certitude; that there remained no relics at all of dubitation; nothing but confidence and serenity: which, saith he,

* *Nil præter nubes.* Juv. † Alex. Mag.

‡ Jo. Gerson de Distinctione Verarum Visionum a Falsis.

was wrought by a hearty humiliation, and captivation of the understanding to the obedience of faith: neither could any reason be given of that quiet, and firm peace in believing, but his own feeling and experience. And, surely, so it is, in this great business of seeing God: the less we search, and the more we believe, the clearer vision do we attain of him that is invisible.

—not in a Full Comprehension:

[3.] Neither, thirdly, may we hope here to aspire to a perfect sight, or a Full Comprehension of this blessed object. The best of all earthly eyes doth but look through a scarf, at this glorious sight; and complains of its own weakness and obscurity: and what hope can we have, to compass this infinite prospect? The clearest eye cannot, at once, see any round body, if it be but of a small bullet or ring: and, when we say we see a man, we mean, that we see but his outside; for, surely, his heart, or lungs, or brain, are out of our sight; much less can we see his soul, by which he is. What speak I of the poor narrow conceit of us mortals? I need not fear to say, that the glorified saints and glorious angels of heaven, being but of a finite though spiritual nature, hold it no disparagement, to disclaim the capacity of this Infinite Object; much less may we think to drain this ocean, with our egg-shell.

—not here in his Divine Essence, or Height of Resplendence:

[4.] Lastly, we may not make account here, to see the face of God in his Divine Essence, or in the Height of the Resplendence of his glory. This, even Moses himself did not: he desired it indeed, but it might not be yielded; Exodus xxxiii. 18, 20: and God tells him, this was no object for mortal eyes: A man must die to see it; as Austin, well. Indeed, it is said, Moses spake to God, face to face; the word in the original is פנים אל פנים, *faces to faces:* but ye never read, that he saw God face to face: he still conferred with that Oracle, which was ever invisible. It is a poor conceit of Cornelius à Lapide, that Moses longed so much to see the face of God in some assumed form; for then that face should not have been his: and, if God should have been pleased to assume such a form, it had been no less easy for him, to have made the face aspectable, as the back. In this sense, old Jacob calls his altar Penu-el, *the face of God*, and professes to have seen God, face to face; Gen. xxxii. 30: his face saw that face, which God had, for the present, assumed, without a present death.

How Moses desired to see the Face of God.

Doubtless, Moses, having seen divers vails of God's presence, that is, sensible testimonies of his being there, desires now to see that glorious Majesty of God open-faced; without those masks of outward representation. So he interprets himself, while he expresses פניך *thy Face, by* כבודך *thy Glory;* Exod. xxxiii. 18. The desire was zealously ambitious: too high, even for him, that had been twice blessed with forty days' conference, with the God whom he longed to see. Much less may we think of aspiring to this sight; who must know our distance, even from the foot of the

mount. It is abundantly enough for us, if, out of some small loop hole of the rock, we may be allowed, in his passage, to see some after glimpses of that Incomprehensible Majesty: to see him, both as we can be capable, and as he will be visible; that is, as he hath revealed himself to us in his word, in his works, in his wonderful attributes: in his Word, as a most glorious spiritual substance, in three equally glorious subsistences: in his Works, as the most mighty Creator, and munificent Preserver; as the most merciful Redeemer of the World; as the most gracious Comforter and Sanctifier of the world of his Elect: in his Attributes, as the God of Spirits; whose infinite power, wisdom, mercy, justice, truth, goodness is essential; so as he is all these abstractedly, uncompoundedly, really, infinitely.

Shortly, therefore, we may not look here to him by the eye of Fancy, or by the eye of Reason, or in a Full View, or in the Height of his Glory.

How we must endeavour to see the Invisible. (2.) Let us then, in the next place, see *how we may and must see him.*

Would we therefore see him that is invisible?

—Our eyes must be Cleared from all Hinderances of sight: [1.] In the first place, we must have our eyes cleared from the natural indisposition to which they are subject.

We have all, in nature, many both inward and ambient hinderances of the sight. There is a kind of earthliness in the best eye; whereby it is gouled up; that it cannot so much as open itself, to see spiritual things: these are our Carnal Affections. There is a dimness and duskiness in the body of the eye, when it is opened: which is our natural Ignorance of heavenly things. There is, besides these, a film, which is apt to grow over our eye, of natural Infidelity; which makes it incapable of this divine vision. And, after all these, when it is at the clearest, the moats and dust of Worldly Thoughts, are apt to trouble our sight. Lastly, every Known Sin, wherein a man willingly continues, is a beam in the eye, that bars all sight of God: *In malevolam animam*, &c.* "Wisdom enters not into an ill-doing soul:" and *Malitia occæcat intellectum; Wickedness blinds the understanding;* as the Wise Man of old.

There must be a removal and remedy of all these, ere we can attain to a comfortable vision of the Invisible. The goule of our eyes must be washed off: and, if we cannot, by our utmost endeavours, lift up our eye-lids, as we ought, we must sue to him that can do it, *Aperi oculos: Open thou mine eyes, that I may see the wonderful things of thy Law.* The dimness and duskiness of our eyes must be cleared, by that *eye-salve* of the Spirit; Rev. iii. 18. The film of our infidelity must be scoured off by the cleansing waters of Siloam; the fountain of divine truth, welling out of the Holy Scriptures. The moats and dust of worldly cares must be

* Εἰς κακοτέχνου ψυχὴν. Wisd. i. 4.

wiped out, by a contemptuous and holy resolution. The beam of sin, lastly, must be pulled out by a serious repentance.

So then, if there be any of us that makes account to see God, while he is taken up with sensual affections, while he is blinded with his natural ignorance and infidelity, while he is seized upon by worldly cares and distractions, while he harbours any known sin in his bosom, he doth but deceive his own soul. Away with all these impediments, that we may be capable of the vision of God.

—That blessed object must be Set Before our eyes:

[2.] In the second place, we must set this blessed object before our eyes; resolving of the certainty of his presence, with us. Or, rather, we must set ourselves before him, who is ever unremoveably before us, with us, in us: acknowledging him, with no less assurance of our faith; than we acknowledge the presence of our own bodies, by the assurance of sense. For, how shall we suppose we can see him, that is absent from us? No man will say, he sees the sun, when it is out of our hemisphere.

That Infinite God therefore, who cannot but be every where, must be acknowledged to be ever, in a glorious manner, present with us: manifesting his presence most eminently, in the high heavens; and yet, filling both heaven and earth with the Majesty of his Glory. *In him* it is, that *we live, and move, and have our being.* He comprehends the whole world; himself being only incomprehensible: secluded from no place, included in no place: nearer to us than our own souls; when we die, we part from them; from him we cannot part, with whom remoteness of place can make no difference, time no change.

When the heart is thus thoroughly assured, it is in a fair way to see the Invisible: for now, after all the former impediments, the hinderance of distance is taken away; and nothing remaineth, but that the eye be so affected and employed hereabouts, as it ought.

—There must be an Exaltation and Fortification of our Sight:

[3.] To which purpose, in the third place, there must be an Exaltation and a Fortification of our Sight: an exaltation, raising it above our wonted pitch; for our heart is so inured and confined to bodily objects, that, except it be somewhat raised above itself, it is not capable of spiritual things: a fortification of our sight, so raised; for our visive beams are, at our best, so weak, that they are not able to look upon a sight so spiritually glorious. Alas, we cannot so much as look upon the sun-beams, but we are dazzled and blinded, with that, which gives us opportunity of sight: how shall we be able to behold the infinite resplendence of him, that made it?

St. Stephen was a true eagle. That blessed protomartyr's cleared, exalted, fortified sight pierced the heavens; and saw Jesus standing at the right-hand of God. Whence was this vigour, and perspicacity? He was *full of the Holy Ghost.* That Spirit of God, that was within him, gave both clearness and strength, in such mira-

culous manner, to the eyes of him, who should straightway see, as he was seen; who should instantly, by the eye of his glorified soul, no less see the incomprehensible Majesty of God the Father, than now, by his bodily eye, he saw the glorified body of the Son of God. It must be the only work of the same Spirit of God within us, that must enable us, both to the faculty and exercise of seeing the Invisible.

—There must be a Trajection of the Visual Beams of the Soul, thro' all Earthly Occurrences:

[4.] For the performance whereof, there must be, in the fourth place, a Trajection of the Visual Beams of the Soul, through all Earthly Occurrences, terminating them only in God: as now, we look through the air, at any object; but our sight passes through it, and rests not in it. While we are here, we cannot but see the world: even the holiest eye cannot look off it; but it is to us, as the vast air is betwixt us and the starry heaven, only for passage. All is translucid, till the sight arrive there. There it meets with that solid object of perfect contentment and happiness, wherewith it is thoroughly bounded.

—A Divine Irradiation of the Mind must follow—

[5.] When it hath therefore attained thither, there must be, in the fifth place, a certain Divine Irradiation of the Mind, which is now filled and taken up with a lightsome apprehension of an Infinite Majesty, of a glory incomprehensible and boundless; attended and adored by millions of heavenly angels and glorified spirits. Whereto way must be made, by the conceit of a transcendent light; wherein God dwelleth; as far above this outward light which we see, as that is above darkness: for, though we may not in our thoughts liken God to any created brightness, be it never so glorious; yet nothing forbids us to think of the place of his eternal habitation, as infinitely resplendent, above the comparison of those beams which any creature can cast forth. He is *clothed*, saith the Psalmist, *with light as with a garment*. Lo, when we cannot see a man's soul, yet we may see his body; and, when we cannot see the body, yet we may see the clothes: even so, though we may not think to see the essence of God, yet we may see and conceive of this his resplendent garment of light.

—what light we must conceive—

Far be it therefore from us, when we would look up to a Deity, to have our eye-sight terminated in a gloomy opacity and sad darksomeness, which hath no affinity with any appendance of that Divine Majesty, who hath thought good to describe itself by Light. Let our hearts adore such an Infinite Spirit, as that the light, wherein he dwells, is inaccessible; the light, which he hath, and is, is inconceivable: and rather rest themselves, in an humble and devout adoration of what they cannot know; than weary themselves, with a curious search of what they cannot comprehend. A simple and meek kind of astonishment and admiration, beseems us here better, than a bold and busy disquisition. But, if this outward light, which of all visible creatures comes nearest the nature of a spirit, shall seem too

material, to express the glory of that blessed habitation of the Highest; let the mind labour to apprehend an intellectual light, which may be so to our understanding, as this bodily light is to our sense, purely spiritual and transcendently glorious; and let it desire to wonder at that, which it can never conceive. How should this light be inaccessible, if it were such, as our either sense or reason could attain unto?

—The Eye must be Fixed upon this blessed object Unremoveably:

[6.] When we have attained to this comfortable and heavenly illumination, there must be, in the sixth place, a Fixing of the Eye upon this beatifical object; so, as it may be free from distraction and wandering. Certainly, there is nothing more apt to be miscarried, than the eye: every new sight wins it away from that, which last allured it. It is not hard nor unusual, to have some sudden short glimpses of this happy vision; which yet the next toy fetches off, and makes us to forget; like as the last wave washeth off the impression of the former. What are we the better for this, than that patient, who, having the film too early raised from his eye, sees the light for the present, but shall never see any more? Would we see God to purpose? when we have once set eye upon him, we may not suffer ourselves, by any means, to lose the sight of him again; but must follow it still, with a constant and eager intention: like as the disciples of Christ, when they had fixed their eyes upon their ascending Saviour, could not be taken off, with the presence of angels; but sent their eye-beams after him into heaven, so earnestly, that the reproof of those glorious spirits could hardly pull them off.

—How this may be effected; and how far:

You are now ready to tell me, this is a fit task for us, when we are in our heaven; and to plead the difficulty of such our settlement, in this region of change; where our eyes cannot but be forced aside, with the necessity of our worldly occasions: and to question the possibility of viewing two objects at once; God, and the world: not considering, that herein lies the improvement of the Christian's skill, in these divine optics. The carnal eye looks through God, at the world: the spiritual eye looks through the world, at God: the one of those he seeth mediately; the other, terminatively: neither is it, in nature, hard to conceive, how we may see two such objects, as whereof one is in the way to the other; as through a prospective glass, we can see a remote mark; or, through a thin cloud, we can see heaven. Those glorious angels of heaven are never without the vision of God; yet, being ministering spirits for the good of his elect, here below, they must needs take notice of these earthly occurrences: the variety of these sublunary objects cannot divert their thoughts from their Maker. Although also, to speak distinctly, the eye, thus employed, is not the same: nothing hinders, but that, while the bodily sees a body, the spiritual eye may see a spirit: as, when a loadstone is presented to my view, the eye of my sense sees the body and fashion of the stone, my eye of reason sees the hidden virtue which is in it. Both these kinds of eyes

may be thus fixed upon their several objects, without any intersection of the visual lines of each other.

But, that no man may think God hath so little respect to our infirmities, as to impose upon us impossible tasks, we must know, that, since the soul of man, in this state of frail mortality, is not capable of a perpetual act of such an intuition of God, here is necessary use of a just distinction.

Three ways of our apprehension of God.

As the School, is wont to distinguish of intentions; so must we here, of the apprehension of God: which is either actual, or habitual, or virtual: Actual, when our cogitations are taken up and directly employed in the meet consideration of the Blessed Deity, and the things thereto appertaining: Habitual, when we have a settled kind of holy disposition, and aptitude inclining us ever to these divine thoughts; ready still to bring them forth into act, upon every least motion: Virtual, betwixt both these, being neither so quick and agile, as the actual; nor yet so dull and flagging, as the habitual, which may be incident to a man whether sleeping or otherwise busied: when, by the power of a heavenly disposition wrought in the mind, we are so affected, as that divine thoughts are become the constant, though insensible, guests of the soul; while the virtue of that original illumination sucks still by us, and is, in a sort, derived into all our subsequent cogitations; leaving in them perpetual remainders of the holy effects of the deeply wrought and well-grounded apprehension of God: as, in a pilgrim towards the Holy Land, there are not always actual thoughts concerning his way or end; yet there is still a habitual resolution, to begin and compass that journey; and a secret power of his continued will, to put forward his steps to that purpose; there being a certain impression remaining in the motive faculty, which still insensibly stirs him towards the place desired: neither is it unusual, even in nature, to see many effects continuing, when the motion of the cause, by which they were wrought, ceaseth; as when some deep bell is rung to the height, the noise continues some time in the air, after the clapper is silent; or, when a stone is cast into the water, the circles that are caused by it are enlarged and multiplied, after the stone lies still in the bottom.

However, therefore, we cannot hope in this life, through our manifold weaknesses and distractions, to attain unto the steady continuance of the actual view of him that is invisible; yet, to the habitual and virtual power of apprehending him, we may, through the goodness of him whom we strive to see, happily aspire.

Neither may we be wanting to ourselves, in taking all occasions of renewing these our actual visions of God; both set, and casual. There is nothing, that we can see, which doth not put us in mind of God: what creature is there, wherein we do not espy some footsteps of a Deity? every herb, flower, leaf, in our garden; every bird and fly, in the air; every ant and worm, in the ground; every spider, in our window; speaks the omnipotence and infinite wisdom of their Creator. None of these may pass us, without some fruitful

monition of acknowledging a Divine Hand. But, besides these, it will be requisite for us, every morning, to season our thoughts with a serious renovation of our awful apprehensions of God; and not to take off our hand, till we have wrought our hearts to some good competency of right and holy conceits of that Glorious Majesty: the efficacy whereof may dilate itself to the whole following day; which may be often revived by our frequent ejaculations. But, above all other, when we have to do with God, in the set immediate exercises of his services and our heavenly devotions, we must endeavour, to our utmost, to sharpen our eyes, to a spiritual perspicacity; striving to see him, whom we speak unto, and who speaks unto us, as he hath pleased to reveal himself. But, over and beside all these, even when we have no provocations from any particular occasion, it must be our continual care, to labour with our God, that it would please him to work us to such a holy and heavenly disposition, as that, whatever our employments may be, we may never want the comfort of a virtual and habitual enjoying the sight of God; so as the power and efficacy of our first, well-taken apprehension may run on, through all the following actions and events, both of our life and death.

There will follow a delight and complacency in that God whom we see. Reprobates do rather see God's anger, than himself.

[7] Upon this constant fixedness of our thoughts on God, there cannot but follow, in the seventh place, a marvellous delight and complacency of the soul, in so blessed an object. Neither is it easy to determine, whether of these do more justly challenge a precedency in the heart: whether the eye be so fixed, because it is well pleased with the sight; or, whether it be so pleased and ravished, with that happy sight, because it is so fixed. Whatsoever these two are, in the order of nature, I am sure, in time, they are inseparable: neither is it possible, for any man to see God as interested in him, and not to love him, and take pleasure in him. As a stranger, as an enemy, or avenger, even devils and reprobate souls behold him, to their regret and torment; if I may not say, they rather see his anger and judgment, than himself: but never eye can see him as his God, and not be taken with infinite delight: for that absolute goodness, out of which no man can contemplate God, can be no other, than infinitely amiable. And if, in the seeing of God, we be, as the School hath taught us to speak, unitively carried into him, how can we choose but in this act, be affected with joy unspeakable and glorious? *In thy presence,* saith the Psalmist, *is the fulness of joy: and, at thy right-hand, are pleasures for evermore.*

In sum, therefore; if, when our eyes, being freed from all natural indispositions and both inward and outward impediments, we have so this blessed object presented before us, as that, there is an exaltation and fortification of our sight; and, thereupon, a trajection of the visual beams through all earthly occurrences; and a divine irradiation of the understanding; and a stedfast fixing of the eye upon this happy object, without wandering and distraction; not

without a wonderful delight and joy in the God of all Comfort, whom we apprehend; we do now effectually borrow Moses his eyes, and, as he did, see the Invisible.

Motives to stir us up to strive to this happy sight.

(3) But, as all good things are difficult, and all difficulties full of discouragement unless they be matched with a countervailable benefit, in which cases they do rather whet than turn the edge of our desires; let us see, what *Considerations of Profit*, arising from this noble act, may stir up our languishing hearts to the endeavour and performance thereof.

The act is reward enough to itself.

There are actions, which, carrying nothing but danger and trouble in the mouth of them, had need to be drawn on with the promise of an external reward. There are those, which carry in them their own recompence: such is this we have in hand. What can there be out of itself so good as it? When we take pains to put ourselves into some theatre or court, or some pompous triumph, we have no other end, but to see; and yet, how poor and unsatisfying is that spectacle; and such, as wherein our frivolous curiosity shuts up in emptiness and discontentment! How justly then are we ambitious of this prospect, wherein, to but see, is to be blessed! It is no news, to see wantons transported from themselves, with the sight of a beautiful face; though such, perhaps, as wherein they can never hope to have any interest: and some curious eyes, no less taken with an exquisite picture; which yet shall never be theirs: how can we be other than ravished with a heavenly delight and pleasure, in so seeing the infinite beauty of the God of Spirits, as that our sight cannot be severed from fruition? The act itself is an abundant remuneration; yet doth it not want many sweet and beneficial consequences, which do justly quicken our desires to attain unto the practice of it.

This sight frees us from being transported with earthly vanities.

[1] Whereof it is not the meanest, that whoever hath happily aspired thereunto, cannot be carried away with earthly vanities. What poor things are these, in comparison of those invisible glories! Alas, what was the pleasure, and riches, of the Court of Egypt, in the eyes of Moses, when he had once seen his God? It is a true word, that of the Chancellor of Paris; "when a man hath tasted once of the Spirit, all flesh is savourless *." Surely, when once the Chosen Vessel had been rapt into the third heaven, and seen those unutterable magnificencies of the Divine Majesty, who can wonder, if he looked, ever after, with scorn and pity, upon all the glittering poverty of this inferior world? Go then, ye poorly-great ones of the world, and admire the piles of your treasures, the stateliness of your structures, the sound of your titles, the extent of your territories: but know, that he, who hath seen the least glimpse of the Invisible, knows how to commiserate

* *Gustato Spiritu, desipit omnis caro.* Gers. de 4. Domibus.

your felicity; and wonders what ye can see in all these, worth your admiration and pursuit. What joy, and triumph, was among the Jews, when they saw the foundation of the Second Temple laid! yet those ancient Priests and Levites, whose eyes had seen the glory of the Former Temple, wept, and cried as loud, as the rest shouted. Those, that know no better, may rejoice and exult in these worldly contentments; but those, who have had but a blink of the beauty of heaven, can look upon them no otherwise, than with an overly contemptuousness. I wonder not, if good old Simeon were content to have his eyes closed for ever, when he had once seen the Son of God: whatever he should see afterwards, would but abase those eyes, that had been blessed with the face of his Saviour. It was no ill conceit of the wise orator, that he, who had once known and considered the magnitude of the world, could never after admire any thing: surely, we may more justly say, that he, who hath duly taken into his thoughts the consideration of the infinite power, wisdom, goodness, of the great God of the World, cannot think the world itself worthy of his wonder. As some great peer therefore, that hath been used to stately shews and courtly magnificence, doth not vouchsafe so much as to cast his eye towards the mean worthless gewgaws of a pedlar's stall, which yet silly children behold with great pleasure and admiration; so the soul, that hath been inured to the sight of the Divine Majesty, scorns to suffer itself to be transported, with the trash and toys of this vain and transitory world.

It is a prevalent means to restrain us from sinning.

[2] No whit inferior to this benefit, is the second; that this sight of the Invisible is a notable and prevalent means to restrain us from sinning: for, how dares he sin, that sees God ever before him? whom he knows of so pure eyes, that he detests the least motion to evil; of so almighty power, as to revenge it everlastingly? It was a poor thought of him, who yet could know no better, that he, who would dissuade himself from a secret wickedness, should suppose a grave Cato, or some other such austere frowning censor, to be by him, looking upon his actions: as if the shame or fear of such a witness were a sufficient coercion from evil. He, that hath no eyes to see a God, may scare himself with the imagined sight of a man, somewhat better than himself: but he, who hath the grace to see the Invisible, finds a stronger restraint in that presence, than if he were looked on by millions of witnesses, judges, executioners. Yet, as this sight is mutual, (ours of God, and God's of us,) the good heart finds a more powerful restriction in his seeing of God, than in God's seeing of him: if there be more fear in this, there is more love in the other; for, since this holy vision of God is ever joined with some warmth of good affection to that prime and infinite goodness, the very apprehension of that unspeakable loveliness, which is in him, more effectually curbeth all evil desires in us, than the expectation of any danger that can threaten us. *How can I do this great evil, and sin against God?* saith good Jo-

seph; Gen. xxxix. 9. The sin affrights him, more than the suffering; and the offence of a God, more than his own danger.

It upholds us in the constant suffering of evil.

[3.] The Spirit of God hath thought fit to specify the third benefit, upon occasion of the mention of Moses his vision of God: *He endured, as seeing him who is invisible.* As this sight, therefore, hath power to withhold us from doing evil; so also, to uphold us in the suffering of evil. What, but cheerfulness and ease, could holy Stephen find, in the stones of his enraged murderers; when, through that hail-storm, he could see his Jesus, standing at the right-hand of God, ready to revenge and crown him? What a pleasing walk did the three children find, in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; while the Son of God made up the fourth! What bath was so suppling and delightful, as the rack of Theodorus the martyr; while God's angel wiped and refreshed his distended joints? With what confidence and resolution, did the Father of the Faithful break through all troubles and temptations, when he heard God say, *Fear not, Abraham; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward!* Gen. xv. 1. Certainly, all fear, and discouragement, arises from a conceit of our own weakness, and an adversary's power and advantage: take away these two, and the mind of man remains undaunted. And both these vanish at the sight of the Invisible; for, what weakness can we apprehend, when God is our strength; or what adversary can we fear, when the Almighty is with us? Good Hezekiah was never so much scarred, with all the bravings of Rabshakeh, as when he said, *Am I come up hither without the Lord?* Had God taken part against his degenerated people, what could the arm of flesh have availed, for their defence? as, contrarily, when he strikes in, what can the gates of hell do? Is it multitude that can give us courage? as Elisha's servant said; *There are more with us, than against us.* Is it strength? behold, *the weakness of God is stronger than men;* than devils. How justly do we contemn all visible powers, when we see the Invisible! when we see him, not empty handed; but standing ready, with a crown of glory, to reward our conquest. *Vincenti dabitur;* Rev. ii. 7. *To him, that overcomes, it shall be given.* Are we therefore persecuted, for professing the truth of the Gospel; and cast into a dark and desolate dungeon, where no glimmering of light is allowed to look in upon us; where we are so far from being suffered to see our friends, that we cannot see so much as the face of our keeper? Lo, even there, and thence, we may yet see the Invisible; and, in spite of malice, in his light we can see light. Do we lie groaning upon the painful bed of our sickness, closing our curtains about us to keep out the light, which now grows offensive to our sight? yea, doth death begin to seize upon our eyes; and to dim and thicken our sight, so as now we cannot discern our dearest friends, that stand ready to close them for us? yet, even then, may we most clearly see the Invisible: and that sight is able to cheer us up, against all the pangs and terrors of death; and to make us triumph, even in dying.

[4.] Lastly, what other doth this vision of God, but enter us into our heaven? *Blessed are the pure in heart*, saith our Saviour upon the Mount: *for they shall see God.* Lo, he, that only can give blessedness, hath promised it to the pure; and he, that best knows wherein blessedness consists, tells us, it is in the seeing of God. The blessed spirits above, both angels and souls of the departed saints, see him clearly, without any veil drawn over their glorified eyes: we, wretched pilgrims here on earth, must see him as we may: there is too much clay in our eyes, and too many and too gross vapours of ignorance and infidelity betwixt us and him, for a full and perfect vision: yet, even here, we see him truly, though not clearly; and, the stronger our faith is, the clearer is our sight; and, the clearer our sight is, the greater is our measure of blessedness. *It enters us into our heaven.*

Neither is it a mere presence, or a bare simple vision, which doth either inchoate or perfect our happiness. We find there was a day, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them; Job i. 6: and the wicked's eyes shall see him, whom they have pierced; Zech. xii. 10: we see so much of God, in the way of our bliss, as we enjoy. I know not how the eye, in these spiritual objects, betwixt which and us there is a gracious relation, hath a certain kind of applicatory faculty, which, in these material things, it wanteth. *Oh, taste and see*, saith the Psalmist, *how sweet the Lord is;* as if our sight were more inwardly apprehensive of heavenly pleasures, than our most sensible gustation. *This vision is not without a fruition.*

In these bodily objects, either there is no operation upon the sense, or to no purpose. The eye is never the warmer, for seeing a fire afar off; nor the colder, for beholding ice: we are no whit the richer, for seeing heaps of treasure; nor the fairer, for viewing another's beauty. But, such a powerful and glorious influence there is of God into our spiritual senses, that we cannot see him, by the eye of our faith here, and not be the happier; we cannot see him above, by the eye of our separated souls, and not be perfectly glorious: and the one of these doth necessarily make way for the other; for, what is grace here, but glory begun? and what is glory above, but grace perfected? *Not so in other objects.*

Whosoever therefore here, hath pitched the eye of his faith upon the Invisible, doth but continue his prospect, when he comes to heaven. The place is changed: the object is the same; the act, more complete. As then, we do ever look to have our eyes blessed with the perpetual vision of God, in the highest heavens; let us acquaint them, beforehand, with the constant and continual sight of him, in this vale of mortality.

2. No sooner have our eyes been thus lifted up above the hills, to the sight of the Invisible; than they must be instantly CAST DOWN, AND TURNED INWARDS, TO SEE OUR OWN WRETCHEDNESS; how weak and poor we are; how frail; how vain and momentary; how de- *Of the casting down our eyes, to see our own wretchedness —*

stitute of all good; how obnoxious to all sin and misery. Contrarieties make all things better discerned. And, surely, however it be commonly seen, that the nearness of the object is a hinderance to the sight; yet here, the more closely we behold our own condition, the more clearly we shall discern, and the more fully shall we be convinced of this unpleasing truth. It is not for us to look back, like the heirs of some decayed house, at what we were: whoever was the better for a past happiness?

—How frail we are— (1.) Alas, what are we now? miserable dust and ashes; earth, at the best; at the worst, hell. Our being is *vanity*; our substance, corruption: our life is but a blast; our flesh, worms-meat: our beginning impotent, above all creatures; (even worms can crawl forward, so soon as they are, so cannot we;) our continuance, short and troublesome; our end, grievous: who can assure himself of one minute of time, of one dram of contentment?

—how sinful— (2.) But, woe is me! other creatures are frail too: none, but man, is *sinful*. Our soul is not more excellent, than this tainture of it is odious and deadly. Our composition lays us open to mortality; but our sin exposes us to the eternal wrath of God, and, the issue of it, eternal damnation. The grave waits for us, as men; hell, as sinners. Beasts compare with us, in our being; in our sinning, devils insult over us.

—How woeful are we by our sins— (3.) And now, since the spring is foul, how can the streams be clear? Alas, *what act of ours is free from this woeful pollution?* Who eats, or drinks, or sleeps, or moves, or talks, or thinks, or hears, or prays, without it? Even he, that was blessed with the sight of the third heaven, as tired with this clog, could say, *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?* Blessed Apostle, if thou wert so sensible of thy indwelling corruptions, who knewest nothing by thyself; how must our hearts needs rend with shame and sorrow, who are guilty of so many thousand transgressions, which our impotence can neither avoid nor expiate! How justly do we fear God, since we have deserved to be under so deep a condemnation!

What the Fear of God is. II. Thus, therefore, when a man shall have stedfastly fixed his eyes upon the dread Majesty of an ever-present God, and upon the deplored Wretchedness of his own condition, he shall be in a meet capacity to receive this Holy Fear, whereof we treat. Neither indeed is it possible, for him, to see that all-glorious presence; and not presently thereupon, find himself affected with a trembling kind of awfulness: neither can he look upon his own vileness, without an humble and bashful dejection of soul: but, when he shall see both these, at once; and compare his own shameful estate, with the dreadful incomprehensible Majesty of the great God; his own impotence, with that almighty Power; his own sinfulness, with that infinite purity and Justice; his own misery, with the glory of that immense Mercy: how can he choose, but be wholly possessed, with a devout shi-

vering and religious astonishment? The heart then, thus tempered with the high thoughts of a God, and the humble conceits of ourselves, is fit for the impression of this Fear; which is no other, than an AWFUL DISPOSITION OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

A double stamp or signature, in this impression of Fear:—an Inward Adoration of God; a Filial Care of being Approved to God.

Wherein there is a double stamp, or signature: the one, is an INWARD ADORATION OF THE MAJESTY SEEN AND ACKNOWLEDGED; the other, A TENDER AND FILIAL CARE OF BEING SECRETLY APPROVED OF GOD; AND OF AVOIDING THE DISPLEASURE AND OFFENCE OF THAT GOD WHOM WE SO ADORE. The first, is a continual bowing the knees of our hearts to that great and holy God: both inwardly blessing and praising him, in all his divine attributes, in his infinite power, wisdom, justice, mercy, and truth; and humbly submitting and resigning ourselves wholly to his divine pleasure in all things, whether for his disposing or chastising.

What Inward Adoration is—wherein it consists; and how to be wrought.

1. All true ADORATION begins from WITHIN. Even the soul hath the same parts and postures with the body: as, therefore, it hath eyes to see; so it hath a tongue to speak unto, and a knee to bend unto the Majesty of the Almighty. Shortly then; we shall inwardly adore the God of Heaven, when our hearts are wrought to be awfully affected to the acknowledgment, chiefly of his Infinite Greatness and Infinite Goodness. And this shall be best done, by the consideration of the effects of both. Even in meaner matters, we cannot attain to the knowledge of things, by their causes; but are glad to take up with this secondary information: how much more, in the highest of all causes; in whom there is nothing, but transcendency and infiniteness!

Of God's Infinite Greatness, shewn in the Creation of the World, and the Government thereof.

(1) We shall therefore most feelingly adore the *Infinite Greatness of God*, upon representing unto ourselves, the wonderful work of his Creation; and his Infinite Goodness, in the no less wonderful work of our Redemption. *For*, as the great Doctor of the Gentiles most divinely, *the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen; being understood by the things that are made; even his eternal power and godhead*; Rom. i. 20. Even so, O God, if we cannot see thee, we cannot but see the world, that thou hast made; and, in that, we see some glimpses of thee. When we behold some goodly pile of building, or some admirable picture, or some rarely-artificial engine, our first question uses to be, "Who made it?" and we judge of and admire the skill of the workman, by the excellent contrivance of the work: how can we do otherwise, in this mighty and goodly frame of thy universe? Lord what a world is this of thine, which we see! What a vast, what a beautiful fabric is this, above and about us! Lo, thou, that madest such a heaven, canst thou be other than infinitely glorious? Oh, the power and wisdom of such a Creator! Every star is a world

—in the frame of the Heavens—

alone: the least of those globes of light, are far greater than this our whole inferior world, of earth and waters, which we think scarce measurable: and what a world of these lightsome worlds hast thou marshalled together, in that one firmament! and yet what room hast thou left, in that large contignation, for more! so as the vacant space, betwixt one star and another, is more in extent, than that which is filled. In how exact a regularity do these celestial bodies move, ever since their first setting forth; without all variation of the time or place of their rising or setting; without all change of their influences! In what point and minute, Adam's new created eyes saw them begin and shut up their diurnal motions, we, his late posterity, upon that same day and in the same climate, find them still: how have they looked upon their spectators, in millions of changed generations; and are still where they were, looking still for more! But, above the rest, who can but be astonished at that constant miracle of nature, the glorious Sun; by whose beams, all the higher and lower world is illuminated; and by whose sole benefit, we have use of our eyes? O God, what were the world, without it, but a vast and sullen dungeon of confusion and horror; and, with it, what a theatre of beauty and wonder! what a sad season is our midnight, by reason of his farthest absence! and yet, even then, some glimpses of emanations, and remainders of that hidden light, diffuse themselves through the air, and forbid the darkness to be absolute. Oh, what a hell were utter darkness! what a reviving and glorious spectacle it is, when the morning opens the curtains of heaven, and shews the rising majesty of that great ruler of the day, which too many eyes have seen with adoration; never any saw, without wonder and benediction. And if thy creature be such, what, oh, what art thou, that hast made it? As for that other faithful witness in heaven, what a clear and lasting testimony doth it give to all beholders, of thine omnipotence? Always, and yet never changing: still uniform in her constant variations, still regular in the multiplicity of her movings.

—*sea*— And O God, what a train doth that great queen of heaven, by thine appointment, draw after her! no less than this vast element of waters, so many thousand miles distant from her sphere. She moves in heaven: the sea follows her, in this inferior orb, and measures his paces by hers. How deep, how spacious, how restlessly turbulent is that liquid body! and how tamed and confined by thine almightiness! How justly didst thou expostulate with thy people of old, by thy Prophet Jeremiah; *Fear ye not me, saith the Lord; will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand, for the bounds of the sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it: and, though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?* Jer. v. 22.

—*earth*— And, what a stupendous work of omnipotence is it, that thou, O God, hast hanged up this huge Globe of water and earth, in the midst of a yielding air; without any stay or foundation, save thine own eternal decree! How wonderful art thou

in thy mighty winds, which, whence they come, and whither they go, thou only knowest; in thy dreadful thunder and lightnings; in thy threatening comets, and other fiery exhalations! With what marvellous variety of creatures, hast thou peopled all these thy roomy elements; all of several kinds, fashions, natures, dispositions, uses; and yet all their innumerable motions, actions, events, are predetermined and over-ruled, by thine all-wise and almighty providence! What man can but open his eyes, and see round about him these demonstrations of thy divine power and wisdom, and not inwardly praise thee in thine excellent greatness? For my own practice, I cannot find a better notion, whereby to work my heart to an inward adoration of God, than this; thou, that hast made all this great world, and guidest and governest it and fillest and comprehendest it, being thyself infinite and incomprehensible: and I am sure there can be no higher representation of the divine greatness unto ourselves.

Although, withal, we may find enough at home: for what man, that looks no further than himself; and sees the goodly frame of his body, erected and employed for the harbour of a spiritual and immortal soul; can choose but say, *I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made?* —*man himself.*

(2.) Surely, could we forget all the rest of the world, it is enough to fetch us upon our knees, and to strike a holy awe into us, to think, that *in him we live, and move, and have our being:* for, in these our particular obligations, there is a mixed sense both of the greatness, and *Goodness of our God:* which, as it manifestly shews itself in the wondrous work of our excellent Creation; so, most of all magnifies itself, in the exceedingly gracious work of our Redemption. *Great is thy mercy, that thou mayest be feared;* saith the sweet singer of Israel. Lo, power doth not more command this holy fear, than mercy doth; though both, here, meet together: for as there was infinite mercy mixed with power, in thus creating us; so also, there is a no less mighty power mixed with infinite mercy, in our redemption. What heart can but awfully adore thy sovereign mercy, O Blessed God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in sending thine only and coequal Son, the Son of thy love, the Son of thine eternal essence, out of thy bosom, down from the height of celestial glory, into this vale of tears and death, to abase himself, in the susception of our nature; to clothe himself, with the rags of our humanity; to endure temptation, shame, death, for us? O Blessed Jesu, true Redeemer of Mankind, what soul can be capable of a sufficient adoration of thine inconceivable mercy, in thy mean and despicable incarnation; in thy miserable and toilsome life; in thy bloody agony; in thine ignominious and tormenting passion; in thy woeful sense of thy Father's wrath, in our stead; and, lastly, in thy bitter and painful death? thou, that knewest no sin, wert made sin for us: thou, that art omnipotent, would- *Of God's Infinite Mercy, shewn in the Redemption of Mankind.*

est die; and, by thy death, hast victoriously triumphed over death and hell. It is enough, O Saviour, it is more than enough, to ravish our hearts with love, and to bruise them with a loving fear. O Blessed Spirit, the God of Comfort, who, but thou only, can make our souls sensible of thy unspeakable mercy, in applying to us the wonderful benefit of this our dear redemption; in the great work of our inchoate regeneration; in the mortifying of our evil and corrupt affections; in raising us to the life of grace, and preparing us for the life of glory? O God, if mercy be proper to attract fear, how must our hearts, in all these respects, needs be filled with an awful regard unto thy divine bounty! *Oh, how great is the goodness, that thou hast laid up for those that fear thee, even before the sons of men!* Ps. xxxi. 20.

Of the Holy Mixture of this Fear.

(3.) Now we may not think this inward adoration of the greatness and goodness of God to be one simple act, but that, which is sweetly *compounded of the improvement of many holy affections:* for there cannot but be love mixed with this fear; "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of love;" Ecclus. xxv. 12. and this fear must be mixed with joy; *Rejoice in him with trembling*; Ps. ii. 11. and this fear and joy, is still mixed with hope; for, *in the fear of the Lord is strong confidence*; Prov. xiv. 26: and, *the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy*; Ps. xxxiii. 18. As, therefore, we are wont to say, that our bodies are not, neither can be nourished, with any simple ingredient; so may we truly say of our souls, that they neither receive any comfort or establishment, nor execute any powers of theirs, by any sole single affection; but require a gracious mixture for both. As that Father said of obedience, we may truly say of grace, that it is all copulative.

Of the Continuation and Perpetuity of this Fear.

(4.) Neither may we think, that one only impression of this holy fear and inward adoration will serve the turn, to season all our following disposition and carriage; but, there must be a virtual *Continuation* thereof, in all the progress of our lives. Our Schools do here seasonably distinguish of *Perpetuity:* whether, of the second act; when all our several motions and actions are so held on, as that there is no cessation or intermission of their performance; which we cannot here expect: or, of the first act; when there is a habit of this inward adoration, settled upon the heart so constantly, that it is never put off, by whatever occurrences; so as, whatsoever we do, whatsoever we endeavour, hath a secret relation hereunto. And this second way we must attain unto, if ever we will aspire to any comfort, in the fruition of God's presence here, upon earth, and our meet disposition towards him. I have often thought of that deep and serious question, of the late judicious and honourable, Sir Fulke Grevil, Lord Brook, a man worthy of a fairer death and everlasting memory, moved to a learned kinsman* of mine, much interested in that nobleman; who, when he

* Mr. Samuel Burton, Archdeacon of Gloucester.

was discoursing of an incident matter, very considerable, was taken off with this quick interrogation, of that wise and noble person; "What is that to the Infinite?" as secretly implying, that all our thoughts and discourse must be reduced thither; and that they fail of their ends, if they be any other where terminated. It was a word, well becoming the profound judgment and quintessential notions, of that rare, memorable peer. And, certainly, so it is: if the cogitations and affections of our hearts be not directed to the glory of that Infinite God, both they are lost, and we in them.

Religious Adoration diffused through our whole Outward Carriage:

(5.) Religious adoration begins in the heart, but rests not there; *diffusing itself through the whole man:* and commanding all the powers of the soul, and all the parts of the body, to comply in a reverent devotion: so that, as we fear the Lord, whom we serve; so we serve the Lord, with fear. Where the heart stoops, it cannot be, but the knees must bend, the eyes and hands must be lift up; and the whole body will strive to testify the inward veneration: as upon all occasions; so especially, when we have to deal with the sacred affairs of God, and offer to present ourselves to any of his immediate services. Our fear cannot be smothered in our bosoms. Every thing, that pertains to that Infinite Majesty, must carry from us due testifications of our awe; his Name, his Word, his Services, his House, his Messengers. I cannot allow the superstitious niceties of the Jews, in the matters of God: yet I find in their practice, many things worthily imitable; such as savour of the fear of their father Isaac, and such as justly shame our profane carelessness.

—in our respects, to the Holy Name of God: the Jews' scruples; our carelessness.

[1.] There is no wise man, but must needs mislike their curious scruples, concerning that ineffable Name: the letters and syllables whereof, they held in such dreadful respect, that they deemed it worthy of death, for any but sacred lips, and that but in set times and places, to express it; as if the mention of it pierced the side of God, together with their own heart. *And, if the name of God were written upon their flesh, that part might not be touched, either with water or ointment. But, well may we learn this point of wit and grace, from this first (and, then, the only) people of God: not rashly, slightly, regardlessly, to take the awful name of God into our mouths; but, to hear and speak it, when occasion is given, with all holiness and due veneration.

There are those, that stumble at their adoration at the blessed name of Jesus, prescribed and practised by our Church; as unjustly conceiving, that we put a superstitious holiness in the very sound and syllabical enunciation of the word; whereas, it is the person of that Blessed Saviour, to whom, upon this occasion, our knees are bended: a gesture, so far out of the just reach of blame, that if it seemed good to the wisdom of the Church, to allot this reverent respect to all, whatsoever the names, whereby the Majesty

* Schichard, De Jure Regio Hebr.

of God, in the whole Sacred Trinity, is signified and expressed to men, it were most meet to be accordingly exhibited unto them. And now, since it hath, without inhibition of the like regard to the rest, pitched upon that name, which, incarnating and comprising in it the whole gracious work and immediate author of our dear redemption, hath been exposed to the reproach and opposition of the gain-saying world; we cannot, if we be not wanting to our filial obedience, detract our observance of so ancient and pious an institution. Never any contempt was dared to be cast upon the glorious name of the almighty and absolute Deity: only the state of exinanition subjected the Son of God, to the scorn and undervaluation of the world: justly, therefore, hath our holy and gracious Mother thought fit and ordained, upon that person and name which seemed less honourable and lay more open to affront, to bestow the more abundant honour. In the mean time, as she is a professed encourager and an indulgent lover of all true devotion, she cannot but be well pleased, with whatsoever expressions of reverence we give to the Divine Majesty, under whatsoever terms, uttered by our well advised and well instructed tongues.

I have known and honoured, as most worthy a constant imitation, some devout persons, that never durst mention the name of God, in their ordinary communication, without uncovering of their heads, or elevation of their hands, or some such other testimony of reverence. And, certainly, if the heart be so thoroughly possessed with a sad awe of that Infinite Majesty, as it ought: the tongue dares not presume, in a sudden unmannerliness, to blurt out the dreadful name of God: but, shall both make way for it, by a premised deliberation; and attend it, with a reverent elocution.

I am ashamed to think, how far we are surpassed by heathenish piety. The ancient Grecians, and, amongst the rest, Plato, as Suidas well observes, when they would swear by their Jupiter, out of the mere dread and reverence of his name, forbear to mention him: breaking off their oath, with a, μὰ τόν; as those, that only dare to owe the rest to their thoughts: and Cumas, the Pythagorean, out of this regard, would rather undergo a mulct of three talents, than swear; while the profane mouths of many Christians, make no difference in their appellation, between their God and their servant.

—to the Word of God:

[2.] As the name, so the Word of our Maker challengeth an awful regard from us; as a reflection of that fear, we owe to the Omnipotent Author of it. What worlds of nice caution have the masters of the Synagogue prescribed to their disciples, for their demeanour towards the Book of the Law of their God! No letter of it might be writ, without a copy; no line of it, without a rule; and the rule must be upon the back of the parchment: no parchment might be employed to this service; but that, which is made of the skin of a clean beast: no word might be written in a different colour; in-

somuch as, when, in the Pentateuch* of Alexander the Great, the name of Jehovah was, in pretence of honour, written in golden characters, their great Rabbins condemned the whole volume to be obliterated and defaced: no man might touch it, but with the right-hand, and without a kiss of reverence: no man might sit in the presence of it: no man might so much as spit before it: no man might carry it behind him; but lay it next to his heart, in his travel: no man might offer to read it, but in a clean place: no man might sell it, though the copy were moth-eat, and himself half famished. And is the word of the Everlasting God of less worth and authority, now, than it hath been? Or is there less cause of our reverence of those Divine Oracles, than theirs? Certainly, if they were superstitiously scrupulous, it is not for us to be carelessly slovenly, and neglective of that Sacred Book, out of which we shall once be judged. Even that impure Alcoran of the Turks is forbidden to be touched by any, but pure hands. It was not the least praise of Carlo Boromeo†, the late Saint of Milan, that he would never read the Divine Scripture, but upon his knees: and, if we profess to bear no less inward honour to that Sacred Volume, why should we, how can we, think it free for us, to entertain it with an unmannerly neglect?

[3.] As to the name and word, so to the Services of God, must the efficacy of our holy fear be diffused: and these, whether private or public. —*to the Services of God;*

If we pray, our awe will call us, either to a standing on our feet, as servants; or a bowing of our knees, as suppliants; or, a prostration on our faces, as dejected penitents: neither, when the heart is a camel, can the body be an elephant. What prince would not scorn the rudeness of a sitting petitioner? It was a just distinction of Socrates‡ of old, that, to sacrifice, is to give to God; to pray, is to beg of God: and who is so liberal, as to cast away his alms, upon a stout and unreverent beggar? —*prayer*;

If we attend God's message, in the mouth of his holy servants, whether read or preached, our fear will frame us to a reverent carriage of our bodies: so as our very outward deportment may really seem to speak the words of the good Centurion; *Now we are all here present before God, to hear all things, that are commanded thee of God;* Acts x. 33. We shall need no law to vail our bonnets, save that in our own breast. It was a great word, that Simeon§ the son of Satach, said to the Jewish prince and priest, convented before their Sanhedrin: "Thou standest not before us, but before him that said, Let the world be made, and it was made." Did we think so, how durst we sit in a bold sauciness, while that great embassy is delivered, with our hats on our heads; as if we acknowledged no presence, —*preaching*;

* Idem Schickardus De Jure Regio Hebræorum. † Ogier. Apolog. Balfarii, &c.
‡ Τὸ θύειν, δωρεῖσθαι ἐστὶ τοῖς θεοῖς· τὸ δὲ εὔχεσθαι, αἰτεῖν τοὺς θεούς. Plat. Apol.
§ Talmud.

but of our inferiors? Yea, that which is a shame to say, those very apprentices, who dare not cover their heads at home, where their master is alone; yet, in God's house, where they see him in a throng of his betters, waiting upon the ordinances of the God of Heaven, think it free for them, equally, to put on, and to be no less fellows with their master, than he is with his Maker: as if the place and service gave a public privilege to all comers, of a profane lawlessness. Surely, the same ground, whereon the Apostle built his charge for the covering of the heads of the women, serves equally for the uncovering the heads of the men, *because of the angels*; 1 Cor. xi. 10: yea more, because of the God of the Angels; who, by these visible angels of his Church, speaks to us, and solicits our salvation.

—administration of sacraments:

If we address ourselves to the dreadful mysteries of the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus, our fear will bend our knees, in a meet reverence to that great and gracious Saviour, who is there lively represented, offered, given, sealed up to our souls; who, at that heavenly table, is, as St. Jerome* truly, both the guest and the banquet. Neither can the heart, that is seasoned with true piety, be afraid of too lowly a participation of the Lord of Glory; but rather resolves, that he is not worthy of knees, who will not here bow them: for, who should command them, if not their Maker; if not their Redeemer? Away with the monsters of opinion and practice, concerning this sacrament. Christ Jesus is here really tendered unto us; and who can, who dares take him, but on his knees? What posture can we use with our fellows, if we sit with our God and Saviour? At our best, well may we say, with the humble Centurion, *Lord, we are not worthy thou shouldest come under our roof:* but, if we prepare not both souls and bodies, to receive him reverently, our sinful rudeness shall make us utterly uncapable of so blessed a presence.

—to the House of God:

[4.] Neither doth our awful regard reach only to the actions of God's service; but extends itself even to the very House, which is called by his name; the place, where his honour dwelleth. For, as the presence of God gives a holiness to what place soever he is pleased to shew himself in; as the sun carries an inseparable light whereso-ever it goes: so, that holiness calls for a meet veneration from us. It was a fit word for that good Patriarch, who sware by his father's fear, (Gen. xxxi. 53.) which he spake of his Bethel; *How dreadful is this place! this is none other, but the house of God: this is the gate of heaven;* Gen. xxviii. 17.

The several distances and distinctions, that were observed in the Temple of God, at Jerusalem, are famously known. None might sit within the verge thereof; but the king: all others, either stood or kneeled. I have read of some sects of men so curiously scrupulous, that their priests were not allowed to breathe in their

* *Ipse convivа et convivium.* Ad Hedibiam.

temple; but were commanded, while they went in to sweep the floor, to hold their wind, like those that dive for sponges at Samos, to the utmost length of time; and, when they would vent their suppressed air and change it for new, to go forth of the doors, and return with a fresh supply*. But, we are sure the Ethiopian † Christians are so holily mannerly, that they do not allow any man so much as to spit in their churches; and, if such a defilement happen, they cause it to be speedily cleansed.

What shall we then say, of the common profaneness of those careless Christians, that make no distinction, betwixt their church, and their barn; that care not to look unto their foul feet, when they come under this sacred roof; that, with equal irreverence, stumble into God's house and their tavern; that can find no fitter place for their ambulatory, their burse, their counting house, their sepulchre?

It is recorded of St. Swithin ‡, the (no less famous than humble) Bishop of Winchester, that, when he died, he gave charge that his body should not, in any case, be buried within the Church, but be laid, where his grave might be wet with rain, and trodden on with weather and passengers: I suppose, as conceiving that sacred place too good for the repository of the best carcases. Surely, we cannot easily entertain too venerable an opinion, of the habitation of the Almighty. If our hearts have the honour to be the spiritual temples of God, we shall gladly give all due honour to his material temples: and, doubtless, in all experience, we shall so respect the house, as we are affected to the owner. It was the discipline and practice of the Hetruscans, from whom old Rome learned much of her skill in auguries, and many mysteries of religion, that those deities, whom they desired to harbour in their own breasts, as Virtue, Peace, Modesty, should have temples erected within their walls; but those, which were the presidents of wars and combustions, or pleasures and sensuality, as Mars, Venus, Vulcan, should take up with temples without their walls: and even so it is, and will be ever with us; if we have a holy regard to the God of Heaven, and adore him as inhabiting our bosoms, we cannot but give all fair and venerable respects to those houses, which he hath taken up for his own worship and presence.

—to the Messengers of God.

[5.] Neither, lastly, can God's very Messengers, though partners of our own infirmities, escape some sensible reflections of our fear. It was the rule of the Jews ‖, that the very prince of the people, if he would consult God's Oracle, out of reverence to that divine pectoral, must reverently stand before that priest; who, at other times, was bound to give lowly obedience to his sovereign Lord.

What Great Alexander did to the Jewish High Priest, who knows not? Neither hath the practice of the godly emperors in

* *Rugianorum sacerdos non intra ædem Dei sui halitum emittebat ut &c.* Hospinian De orgi. Festor. Mahumetan.

† Zago Zabae's Relation. ‡ Matth. Westmonast. 862. ‖ Vide Schickardum De Jure Regio Hebr

the Christian Church, through all successions of ages, savoured of less regard: even the late Cæsar Ferdinand, in the sight of our English, not long before his end, together with his empress, received an episcopal benediction publicly, upon their knees.

Away with that insolent pomp of kissing of toes, which Justus Lipsius * justly called once "foul and servile;" fit for a Caligula, or Maximinus the younger, or a Diocletian: away with the proud horsing on shoulders, or treading on necks, or the lackeying of princes. It was a moderate word of Cardinal Zabarel †, concerning his great master: "So is he to be honoured, that he be not adored." Surely, when religion was at the best, great peers thought it no scorn, to kiss the venerable hands of their spiritual fathers; and did not grudge them eminent titles of honour ‡.

It was but a simple port, that Elijah carried in the world; who, after that astonishing wonder of fetching down fire and water from heaven, thought it no abasement, to be Ahab's lackey, from Carmel to Jezreel; 1 Kings xviii. 46: yet Obadiah, who was high steward to the king of Israel, even that day, could fall on his face to him, and say, *Art thou that my Lord Elijah?*

Not much greater was the state of those Christian Bishops, who began now to breathe from the bloody persecutions of the heathen emperors: yet, with what dearness, did that gracious Constantine, in whom this island is proud to challenge no small share, kiss those scars, which they had received for the name of Christ! with what titles, did he dignify them! as one, that saw Christ in their faces; and meant, in their persons, to honour his Saviour.

And, indeed, there is so close and indissoluble a relation, betwixt Christ and his Messengers, that their mutual interest can never be severed. What prince doth not hold himself concerned in the honours or affronts, that are done to his Ambassadors? Those keys, which God hath committed to our hands, lock us so fast to him, that no power in earth or hell can separate us; but still, that word must stand fast, in heaven: *He, that despiseth you, despiseth me.*

In vain shall they, therefore, pretend to fear God, that contemn and disgrace their spiritual governors. There is a certain plant, which our Herbalists ‖ call *herbam impiam*, or "wicked cudweed;" whose younger branches still yield flowers, to over-top the elder: such weeds grow too rife abroad: it is an ill soil, that produceth them. I am sure, that where the heart is manured and seasoned with a true fear of the Almighty, there cannot be but an awful regard to our spiritual pastors: well are those two charges conjoined, "Fear God, and honour his priests;" Eccles. vii. 31.

Of the humble Subjection (6.) Hitherto having considered that part of Holy Fear, which, consisting in an inward adoration of

* Lipsius, Electorum lib. ii. *turpem et servilem.* † Tract. de Schism. Innocentii septimi et Benedicti. ‡ Paulin. in vitâ Sancti Ambrosii. ‖ Gerard, page 642.

God, expresseth itself in the awful respects to his Name, Word, Services, House, Messengers; we descend to that other part, which consists in our *humble subjection, and self-resignation to his good pleasure*, in all things; whether to order, or correct:

of ourselves to the hand of God:

[1.] The Suffering part is the harder. It was a gracious resolution of old Eli; *It is the Lord, let him do whatsoever he will*; 1 Sam. iii. 18. Surely, that man, though he were but an ill father, to his worse sons; yet he was a good son, to his Father in Heaven: for, nothing but a true filial awe could make the heart thus pliant; that represents ourselves to us, as the clay, and our God to us, as the potter; and therefore shows us how unjustly we should repine at any form or use, that is by his hand put upon us.

—in suffering from him, meekly and patiently: the good examples thereof.

I could envy that word, which is said to have fallen from the mouth of Francis * of Assisse, in his great extremity: "I thank thee, O Lord God, for all my pain; and I beseech thee, if thou think good, to add unto it a hundred fold more." Neither was it much different from that, which I have read, as reported of Pope Adrian †: but, I am sure, was spoken by a worthy divine, within my time and knowledge, of the University of Cambridge, whose labours are of much note and use in the Church of God, Master Perkins; who, when he lay in his last, and killing torment of the stone, hearing the by-standers to pray for a mitigation of his pain, willed them, not to pray for an ease of his complaint, but for an increase of his patience. These speeches cannot proceed but from subdued, and meek, and mortified souls; more intentive upon the glory of their Maker, than their own peace and relaxation.

And, certainly, the heart, thus seasoned, cannot but be equally tempered to all conditions; as humbly acknowledging the same hand, both in good and evil: and, therefore, even frying in Phalaris's bull, as the Philosopher said of a wise man, will be able to say, *Quàm suave!* "How pleasant!" Was it true of that heathen martyr, Socrates, that, as, in his life-time, he was not wont to change his countenance, upon any alteration of events: so, when he should come to drink his hemlock, as Plato ‡ reports it, no difference could be descried, either in his hand or face; no paleness in his face, no trembling in his hand; but a stedfast and fearless taking of that fatal cup, as if it differed not from the wine of his meals?

Even this resolution was no other, than an effect of the acknowledgment of that one God, for which he suffered. If so, I cannot less magnify that man for his temper, than the oracle did for his wisdom: but I can do no less, than bless and admire the known courage and patience of those Christian martyrs, who, out of a

* Lib. i. Conform. Fruct. 12. † Binius, &c. ‡ Μάλα ἵλεως· οὐδὲ τρέσας, οὐδὲ διαφθείρας, οὔτε τοῦ χρώματος, οὔτε τοῦ προσώπου· ἀλλ' ὥσπερ εἰώθει, ταυρηδὸν ὑποβλέψας. Plat. Apol. &c.

loving fear of him, that only can save, and cast both bodies and souls into hell, despised shame, pain, death, and manfully insulted upon their persecutors. Blessed Ignatius could profess to challenge and provoke the furious lions, to his dilaniation: blessed Cyprian could pray, that the tyrant would not repent of the purpose of dooming him to death: and that other holy Bishop, when his hand was threatened to be cut off, could say, *Seca ambas*, "Cut off both."

It is not for me to transcribe volumes of Martyrologies. All that holy army of conquering Saints began their victories, in an humble awe of him, whose they were; and cheerfully triumphed over irons, and racks, and gibbets, and wheels, and fires, out of a meek and obedient submission to the will and call of their ever-blessed God, and most dear Redeemer: insomuch as St. Chrysostom professes to find patterns and parallels for himself, in all varieties of torments, and whatsoever several forms of execution: and the blessed Apostle hath left us a Red Calendar of these constant witnesses of God; whose memory is still on earth, their crown in heaven; Heb. xi. 36, 37, 38.

—in all Changes of Estates.

[2.] Neither is it thus, only in the undaunted sufferings for the causes of God; but our awe subjects us also to the good will of God, in all whatsoever Changes of Estate. Do I smart with afflictions? *I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him*; Mich. vii. 9. *I held my peace, because thou, Lord, hast done it.* Do I abound in blessings? *Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my father's house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?* 2 Sam. vii. 18. In both; *I have learned, in what condition soever I am, to be therewith content*; Phil. iv. 11.

Of our child-like Care of a secret Approving ourselves to God, and Avoiding his Displeasure.

2. Thus do we bow the knees of our hearts to God, in our adoration of his Majesty: both in duly magnifying his greatness and goodness; and in our humble submission to his holy and gracious pleasure. There remains that other signature of our awful disposition, which consists in a TENDER AND CHILD-LIKE CARE, BOTH OF HIS SECRET APPROBATION OF US, AND OF OUR AVOIDANCE OF HIS DISPLEASURE AND OUR OFFENCE TOWARDS HIM: these two part not asunder; for, he, that desires to be approved, would be loth to displease.

The heart, that is rightly affected to God, is ambitious, above all things, under heaven, of the secret Allowance of the Almighty: and, therefore, is careful to pass a continual and exact inquisition upon all his thoughts; much more, upon his actions; what acceptation or censure they find above: like as some timorous child, upon every stitch that she takes in her first sampler, looks tremblingly in the face of her mistress, to see how she likes it: as well knowing, that the Law of God was not given us, as some * have said of Benedict's rule, only to profess, but to perform; and that,

* Error Tho. Aqui. Quodlib. art. 20. Harpin. in Notis ad Regul. Benedicti.

accordingly, the conscience shall find, either peace or tumult. As we are wont, therefore, to say of the dove, that, at the picking up of every grain, she casts her eyes up to heaven; so will our godly fear teach us to do, after all our speeches and actions. For which cause, it will be necessary to exercise our hearts, with very frequent, if not continual, ejaculations. I remember the story * tells us of that famous Irish Saint †, of whom there are many monuments in these western parts, that he was wont to sign himself no less than a hundred times in a hour. Away with all superstition: although Cardinal Bellarmin ‡ tells us, not improbably, that, in the practice of those ancient Christians, their crossing was no other, than a silent kind of invocation of that Saviour, who was crucified for us: surely, I should envy any man, that hath the leisure and grace, to lift up his heart, thus often, to his God; let the glance be never so short: neither can such a one choose, but be full of religious fear. I like not the fashion of the Euchites; that were all prayer, and no practice: but the mixture of these holy elevations of the soul, with all our actions, with all recreations, is so good and laudable, that whosoever is most frequent in it shall pass with me, for most devout, and most conversant in heaven.

But the most proper and pregnant proof of this fear of God, is the Fear of Offending God ||; in which regard, it is perfectly filial. The good child is afraid of displeasing his father, though he were sure not to be beaten; whereas, the slave is only afraid of stripes, not of displeasure. Out of this dear awe to his Father in Heaven, the truly regenerate trembles to be but tempted; and yet, resolves not to yield to any assault: whether proffers of favour, or violence of battery, all is one. The obfirmed soul will hold out, and scorns so much as to look of what colour the flag is; as having learned, to be no less afraid of sin, than of hell: and, if the option were given him, whether he would rather sin without punishment, or be punished without sin, the choice would not be difficult: any torment were more easy, than the conscience of a divine displeasure. It was good Joseph's just question, *How shall I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?* Gen. xxxix. 9. Lo, it is the sin, that he sticks at; not the judgment: as one, that would have feared the offence, if there had been no hell.

How we are affected after we have miscarried.

But, if it fall out that the renewed person, as it is incident to the most dutiful children of God, be, through a violent temptation and his own infirmity, miscarried into a known sin; how much warm water doth it cost him, ere he can recover his wonted state! what anxiety; what strife; what torture; what self-revenge; what ejaculations and complaints; what unrepining subjection to the rod! *I have sinned; what shall I do to thee, O thou preserver of men?* Job vii. 20. So I have seen a good natured child, that, even after

* Jo. Capgrave. † Patricius. ‡ In one of his Prefaces to his Controversy.
|| Ἵνα γὰρ ὁ ὃς ἔνθα καὶ αἰδώς. Plat. Euthyphr.

a sharp whipping, could not be quieted, till he had obtained the pardon, and evened the brows, of a frowning parent.

The holy Jealousy and Suspicion of God's children.

And now, as it is with little ones that have taken a knock with a late fall, the good man walks hereafter with so much the more wary foot; and is the more fearfully Jealous of his own infirmity: and, finding in himself but the very inclinations towards the first motions of evil, he is careful, according to that wholesome rule of a strict votary *, *Cogitationes malas mox ad Christum allidere*, "Instantly to dash his new-born evil thoughts against the rock Christ." And, henceforth, out of a suspicion of the danger of excess, he dares not go to the farthest end of his tether; but, in a wise and safe rigour, abridges himself of some part of that scope, which he might be allowed to take; and will stint himself, rather than lash out. Indeed, right reason teacheth us, to keep aloof from offending that power, which we adore. The ancient Almains †, holding their rivers for gods, durst not wash their faces with those waters, lest they should violate those deities: and the Jews were taught, not to dare to come near an idolatrous grove; though the way were never so direct and commodious. No wise man, however he might have firm footing upon the edge of some high rocky promontory, will venture to walk within some paces of that downfall; but, much more, will his sense and judgment teach him, to refrain from casting himself headlong, like that desperate barbarian in Xenophon ‡, from that steep precipice.

This Fear a Retentive from Sin.

The fear of God, therefore, is a strong Retentive from sin; neither can possibly consist, in whatsoever soul, with a resolution to offend. As, then, the Father of the Faithful, when he came into Gerar, a Philistine city, could strongly argue, that those heathens would refrain from no wickedness, because the fear of God was not in that place; Gen. xx. 11: so, we may no less irrefragably infer, where we see a trade of prevalent wickedness, there can be no fear of God.

Riotousness of sin, an argument of the want of this Fear.

Woe is me, what shall I say of this last age; but the same, that I must say of mine own? As this decrepit body, therefore, by reason of the unequal temper of humours, and the defect of radical moisture and heat, cannot but be a sewer of all diseases; so it is, so it will be, with the decayed old age of this great body of the world, through want of the fear of the Everliving God: *Rivers of waters, O God, shall run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law*; Ps. cxix. 136.

Wicked hearts must have terrible remedies.

But, what do I suggest to the obdured hearts of wilful sinners, the sweet and gracious remedies of a loving fear? This preservative is for children: sturdy rebels must expect other recipes. A frown is a heavy

* Benedict. Reg. cap. iv. † Mart. Dorza. Sab. post dominic. 4 Quadrag.
‡ Xenoph. De Exped. Cyri.

punishment, to a dutiful son: scourges and scorpions are but enough, for a rebellious vassal. I must lay before such, a hell of vengeance; and show them the horrible Topheth, prepared of old, even that bottomless pit of perdition: and tell them of rivers of brimstone; of a worm, ever gnawing: of everlasting burnings; of weeping, wailing, and gnashing, when the terrible Judge of the World shall come, *in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them, that know not God, and obey him not*; 2 Thess. i. 8. And, certainly, if the sinner had not an Infidel in his bosom, the expectation of so direful a condition, to be inflicted and continued upon him unto all eternity, without possibility of any intermission, or of any remission, were enough to make him run mad with fear: only unbelief keeps him from a frantic despair, and a sudden leap into his hell.

And, if the custom and deceit of sin have wrought an utter senselessness in those brawny hearts, I must leave them over to the woeful sense of what they will not fear; yea, to the too-late fear of what they shall not be able, either to bear or avoid. Certainly, the time will come, when they shall be swallowed up with a dreadful confusion; and shall no more be able not to fear, than not to be. Oftentimes, even in the midst of all their secure jollity, God writes bitter things against them; such as make their knees to knock together, their lips to tremble, their teeth to chatter, their hands to shake, their hearts to fail within them, for the anguish of their souls. Were they as insensate as the earth itself, *Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke*, saith the Psalmist: *The mountains saw thee, and they trembled*, saith Habakkuk; chap iii. 10.

But, if their fear be respited, it is little for their ease: it doth but forbear a little, that it may overwhelm them, at once, for ever. Woe is me, for them! in how heavy and deplorable case are they, and feel it not! They lie under the fierce wrath of the Almighty, and complain of nothing but ease. *The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence: who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by him*; saith the prophet Nahum; chap. i. 5, 6. Yet, oh, what a grief it is to see, that so dreadful a power should carry away no more fear from us, wretched men; yea, even from those, that are ready to fear where no fear is!

The misplaced Fear of profane men.

Pains of body, frowns of the great, restraint of liberty, loss of goods, who is it that fears not? But, alas, to avoid these, men fear not to venture upon the displeasure of him, whose anger is death; and who is able to cast body and soul into hell fire: so, we have seen fond children, that, to avoid a bug-bear, have run into fire or water: so, we have seen a starting jade, that, suddenly flying from a shadow, hath cast himself into a ditch. We can but mourn in secret for those, that have no tears to spend upon themselves; and tremble for them, that will needs gnash. If those, that are filthy, will be filthy still; if secure men will set up a trade of sinning; every good heart

will take up Nehemiah's resolution, *But so did not I, because of the fear of the Lord*; Neh. v. 15: and the practice of holy Habakkuk; *I trembled in myself, that I might rest in the day of trouble*; Hab. iii. 16. It is wise Solomon's good experiment, which he loved to repeat; *By the fear of the Lord, men depart from evil*; Prov. xvi. 6. iii. 7: for they say one to another, as the Tremelian version hath it, in Malachi, *The Lord hearkeneth and heareth*; Mal. iii. 16: and how dare they, how can they, do amiss, in that presence? For, as the Saints say, after the Song of Moses, and the Song of the Lamb; *Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints: who shall not fear thee, and glorify thy Name? for thou only art holy*; Rev. xv. 3. 4.

Of the Filial Endeavour of Obedience, in particular callings, arising from this Fear.

Shortly then, that we may put these two together, which are not willing to be severed: whosoever is duly affected with a true filial fear of the Almighty cannot, by allurements, be drawn to do that, which may offend so sweet a Mercy; cannot, by any difficulties, be discouraged from doing that, which may be pleasing to so gracious a Majesty. The Magistrate, that fears God, dares not, cannot be partial to any wickedness; dares not, cannot be harsh to innocence: managing that sword, wherewith he is entrusted, so as God himself, if he were upon earth, would do it, for the glory of his own just mercy. The Messenger of God, that fears him on whose errand he goes, dares not, cannot either smother his message, or exceed it: he will, he must lift up his voice like a trumpet; and tell Israel of her sins, and Judah of her transgressions; not fearing faces, not sparing offences. The ordinary Christian, that fears God, dares not, cannot but make conscience of all his ways; he dares not defraud nor lie, for an advantage; he dares not swear falsely, for a world; he dares not prostitute his body, to whatsoever filthiness; he dares not oppress his inferiors; he dares not turn away his own face from the poor, much less dares he grind theirs; in one word, he dares rather die than sin: and, contrarily, what blocks soever nature lays in his way, since his God calls him forth to this combat, he cannot but bid battle to his own rebellious corruptions; and offer a deadly violence to his evil and corrupt affections; and enter the lists with all the powers of darkness, resisting unto blood, and willingly bleeding, that he may overcome.

The happy Effects and Issue of this Fear.

Who now would not be in love with this fear? *Oh, fear the Lord, ye his saints: he, that fears him, shall lack nothing*; Ps. xxxiv. 9: *The Sun of Righteousness shall arise unto him, with healing in his wings*; Mal. iv. 2. In the mean time, *The secret of the Lord is with him*; Psalm xxv. 14: *The angels of the Lord are ever about him*; Ps. xxxiv. 7: *His soul shall dwell at ease* here below; Psalm xxv. 13: and, above, *salvation is near unto him*; Psalm lxxxv. 9: yea, he is already feoffed of life and glory; Prov. xxix. 25.

III. Now, as some careful pilot, that takes upon him to direct a difficult sea-passage, which his long and wary observation hath discovered, doth not content himself to steer a right course in his own vessel, and to show the eminent sea-marks afar off, but tells, withal, what rocks or shelves lie on either side of the channel, which, upon the least deviation, may endanger the passengers: so must we do, here. Having, therefore, sufficiently declared wherein this fear of God consisteth, what it requireth of us, and how it is acted and expressed by us; it remaineth, that we touch at those EXTREMES, which, on both sides, must be carefully avoided: these are, SECURITY and PRESUMPTION, on the one hand; on the other, VICIOUS FEAR. *Of the Extremes of this fear, on both sides—*

1. It was the word of the Wise Man, yea, rather of God, by him, *Happy is the man, that feareth alway: but he, that hardeneth his heart, shall fall into mischief;* Prov. xxviii. 14. Lo, an obdured SECURITY is opposed to fear, both in the nature and issue of it. Fear intenerates the heart; making it fit for all gracious impressions: security hardens it, and renders it uncapable of good. Fear ends in happiness; security, in an inevitable mischief. *—whereof the first is Security:*

(1.) And these two, though contraries, yet arise from the same cause, contrarily applied: *—Whence it ariseth:*

[1.] Like as the same sun hardens the clay, and softens the wax: it is heat, that doth both; causing dryness in the one, and a dissolution in the other: even so the same beams of divine mercy melt the good heart into a holy fear, *(Great is thy mercy, that thou mayest be feared,)* and harden the wicked heart in a state of security: for, upon the goodness of God to men, both in giving and forgiving, do men grow securely evil and rebellious to their God; as being apt to say, "I have sinned, and what harm hath happened unto me?" saith Siracides; Ecclus. v. 4. Lo, even forbearance obdureth; *Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil;* Eccl. viii. 11. how much more do *the riches of God's goodness,* (Rom. ii. 4.) which are the hottest beams of that sun, when they beat directly upon our heads! *The ease of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them,* saith Solomon; Prov. i. 32. *—Of the Abuse of God's Mercy, in giving and forgiving:*

Our philosophy tells us, that an extreme heat shuts up those pores, which a moderate openeth. It was a sore word of St. Ambrose *; That no man can, at once, embrace God's favour, and the world's. Neither can I disallow that observation of a rigorous votary †; That the devils of consolation, as he calls them, are more subtle and more pernicious, than those of tribulation: not so much, perhaps, in their own nature, as for the party they find in our own

* *Nemo potest amplecti Dei gratiam simul et seculi.* Ambros. lib. iv. Epist. 29.
† Aegidius, lib. Conform. &c. conform. 8.

breasts. The Wise Man could say; *Lest I be full, and deny thee, and ask, Who is the Lord?* Prov. xxx. 9.

Even very heathens have been thus jealously conscious of their own disposition: so as Camillus *, when, upon ten years' siege, he had taken the wealthy city Veios, could pray for some mishap to befal himself and Rome, to temper so great a happiness.

This is that, which Gregory † the Great, upon his exaltation to that papal honour, doth so much complain of, in himself: that his inward fall was no less, than his outward raising; and that his dull heart was almost grown stupid, with those temporal occasions. And, surely, so it will be, if there be not a strong grace within us, to season our prosperity.

That, which the historian ‡ observed in the course of the world, that abundance begets delicacy and animosity; that again, quarrels and vastation of war; and, from thence, grows poverty: is no less true, in the particular state of the soul. If we be rich and high fed, we grow wanton and stomachful, and apt to make war with heaven, till we be taken down again with affliction: thereupon it is, that the wise and holy God hath found it still needful, to sauce our contentments with some mixtures of sorrow; and to proclaim the jubilee of our mirth and freedom, upon the sad day of expiation. The man after God's own heart could say, *In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved;* Ps. xxx. 6. but the next ye hear is, *Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled;* v. 7. and this trouble he professes to have been for his good. Without these meet temperaments, worldly hearts run wild; and can say, with the scornful men that ruled in Jerusalem; *We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement: when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come to us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves;* Is. xxviii. 15. yea, in a stout insolence, as the prophet Jeremiah expresses it; *They belie the Lord; and say, It is not he; neither shall evil come upon us; neither shall we see sword, or famine;* Jer. v. 12.

—of the Custom of Sinning.

[2.] Neither yet is it only the abuse of God's long-suffering and bounty, that produceth this ill-habit of security and hard-heartedness: but especially, a Custom of Sinning. Oft treading hardens the path. The hand, that was at the first soft and tender, after it hath been inured to work, grows brawned and impenetrable. We have heard of virgins, which, at the first, seemed modest; blushing at the motions of an honest love; who, being once corrupt and debauched, have grown flexible to easy entreaties unto unchastity; and, from thence, boldly lascivious, so as to solicit others, so as to prostitute themselves to all comers; yea, as our Casuists § complain of some Spanish Stews, to

* Tit. Livius. † *Torpet ignava mens; et, circumlatrantibus curis temporalibus cùm penè ad stuporem deducta &c.* Greg. Epist. l. vii. 127.

‡ *Trifarius rerum cursus; Abundantiæ, Indigentiæ, Temperantiæ: ex abundantiâ, animopiatas &c.* Fascic. Temp. in An. 1404.

§ Martin. Vivaldus in Candelabro. in Cap. de Confess.

an unnatural filthiness. That, which our Canonists * say, in another kind, is too true here; "Custom can give a jurisdiction; neither is there any stronger law than it." The continued use then of any known sin, be it never so small, gives, as Gerson's phrase is, a strong habituation; and, though it be a true rule, that "habits do only incline, not compel †;" yet the inclination, that is wrought by them, is so forcible, that it differs little from violent. Surely, so powerful is the habit of sin, bred by ordinary practice, as that it takes away the very sense of sinning; so as the offender now knows not, that he doth the very act of some evil; much less, that he sins, and offends in doing it: and now, the heart is all turned dead flesh, whether to good or ill. There is not, then, a more dangerous condition incident into the soul of man, than this of security: it bars us of the capacity of any good, that may be wrought upon us: it exposes us to the success of all temptations: it draws down the heaviest of God's judgments upon our heads: it defies justice; it rejects mercy: it makes the heart God's anvil, which the harder it is struck, the more rebounds the blow; but the Devil's feather-bed, wherein he sinks and lies soft, at free ease; neither would that Evil Spirit wish for any more pleasing repose: it flatters the soul, with an impossible impunity: it shifts off necessary vengeance: lastly, while other dispositions do but yield to a hell, this invites it. By how much more woeful it is, by so much more careful must we be to avoid it.

Of the Remedies of Security: Means to keep the heart tender.

(2.) If we care for our souls then, we shall zealously apply ourselves to prevent this hellish evil: which shall be done, if we shall constantly use all *Means to keep the heart tender.*

—Meditations of God's Judgments, and our own Frailties:

[1.] Whereof the first is, Frequent Meditation upon the Judgments of God, attending sinners. It is the Apostle's own prescript; *Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear; for our God is a consuming fire*; Heb. xii. 28, 29. Could we but stoop down a little, and look into hell, we should never come thither: the apprehension of those torments would be sure to keep us from sinning and impenitence. It is a true observation of Cyril ‡, That the want of belief is guilty of all our obduredness: for, should it be told thee, saith that Father, that a secular judge intends to doom thee to be burned alive tomorrow, how busily wouldst thou employ the remaining time to prevent the judgment! how eagerly wouldst thou run about! how submissively and importunately wouldst thou sue and beg for pardon! how readily wouldst thou pour out thy money to those friends, that should purchase it! and why wouldst thou do all this, but because thou doubtest not of the truth of the report? Were our hearts no less convinced of the designation of an everlasting burn-

* Vivald. 4. parte in 30. † *Habitus inclinant, non cogunt.*

† Cyr. in Lev. lib. ix.

ing to the rebellious and impenitent, could we less bestir ourselves? To this purpose also it will much conduce that we meditate often of our own Frailty and Momentariness: no evil can fasten upon the soul of that man, that hath death ever before his eyes: that Father said well, "He easily contemns all things, that thinks to die every day:" the servant, that said, *My Master defers his coming*, was he, that revelled in the house, and beat his fellows; he durst not have done it, if he had seen his master at the door.

--A Resolution to repel the first Motions of Sin:

[2.] No whit less prevalent a remedy of security is a firm Resolution of the soul to Repel the First Motions to whatsoever Sin: whose nature, as experience tells us, is to gather strength by continuance. Commonly, all onsets are weakest in their beginnings; and are then most easily and safely resisted. Custom can never grow, where no action will be admitted to make a precedent. It is well observed by that learned Chancellor * of Paris, that some filthy and blasphemous cogitations are better overcome, by contemning them, than by answering them. If, either way, they be repulsed, the heart is safe from security.

--Care of Speedy Recovery, after our Fall:

[3.] But, thirdly, if we have been so far overtaken, as to give way to the penetration of evil, our Care must be, to work our hearts to a Speedy Renovation by repentance. If sin have seized upon the soul, it may not settle there: this is that, which will else work a palpable indisposition. Let a knife be wet with the strongest aquafortis, and presently wiped dry again, the metal is yet smooth, and bewrayeth no change; but, if that moist fire be suffered to rest upon it a while, it eats into the blade, and leaves behind some deep notes of corrosion. It is delay, in these cases, that breeds the utmost danger: let a candle, that is casually put out, be speedily rekindled at the next flame, neither is the scent offended nor the wick unapt to be straightway re-enlightened: stay but awhile, the whole room complains of the noisome smell; and it will cost, perhaps, much puffing, and dipping in ashes, ere it can recover the lost light. That which Solomon advises in matter of suretyship, (Prov. vi. 4, 5.) we must do in the case of our sin; speedily extricate ourselves, and give no sleep to our eyes till we be freed from so dangerous an engagement.

--Due heed Not to Check the Conscience:

[4.] Moreover, unto these, it must be our main care, Not to give any Check to the Conscience, upon whatsoever occasions. That power hath, as a keen, so a tender edge; and easy to be rebated. When that dictates to a man some duty, or the refraining of some doubtful action, he, that disobeys it, makes way for an induration: for, when that faculty hath once received a discouragement, it will not be apt to control us in evil; but grows into a careless neglect of what we do or omit, and so declines to an utter senselessness.

* *Cogitationes fœdæ, blasphemæ, noxiæ, potiùs vincuntur contemnendo, quàm respondendo.* Gerson. de Precept. Theolog.

As, therefore, we must be careful to have our consciences duly regulated, by the infallible word of God; so must we be no less careful still, to follow the guidance of our conscience, in all our ways. And, that all these things may be performed with effect, we must be sure that we do constantly observe all our set exercises of piety; hearing; reading; receiving the blessed sacrament; prayer; and, especially, strict self-examination, whereby we may come to espy our first failings, and correct our very propensions to evil. One * said well, that "nature doth not more abhor vacuity, than grace doth idleness." Now all these, if they seem harsh and tedious to corrupt nature; yet, to the renewed heart, familiarly conversant in them, nothing is more pleasing and cordial. The Philosopher could say, and find, that "virtuous actions are delightful to well disposed minds;†" insomuch as it is defined for the surest argument of a good habit fully acquired, that we find contentment and delectation in good performances.

—A Right Estimation of Worldly Things:

[5.] Lastly, because ill-used prosperity is apt to obdure the heart, we must be sure to settle in ourselves a Right Estimation of all these Worldly Things: which, indeed, are, as they are taken.

I may well say of riches, as the Jewish Rabbins had wont to say of their Cabala; with a good heart, they are good: otherwise, they are no better than the mammon of iniquity; and, indeed, worse than want: but, at their best, they are such, as are utterly unable to yield true contentment to the soul. They are good, for use; ill, for fruition: they are for the hand to employ, not for the heart to set up his rest in.

Hereupon it is, that the holiest men have still both inclined and persuaded to their contempt. That great master ‡ of meditation applauded it in his friend, the Cardinal of Cambray, as the happiest condition; That all these earthly and temporal things, which his eye beheld, were tedious unto him. And St. Bernard § magnifies, in this name, his dear acquaintance, Gilbert, Bishop of London; That, even in that state, he would live poor: and the same Father ‖ would have his Monk to take most joy, and think himself then welcomest, when the coarsest fare was set before him. Answerable whereunto, but beyond it, was the diet of Valentine ¶, a rigorous votary; who, for ten years together, would eat nothing but bread dipt in water, wherein wormwood was steeped: and of that other his fellow, who steeped his bread in lye, that he might eat ashes, with the Prophet.

Not to run into extremities, it is sure and necessary counsel, which the Psalmist gives us, to resolve, if riches increase, not to set our hearts upon them; Ps. lxii. 10. to account them no other,

* Gers. ser. de Domin. Evangel. *Plus abhorret gratia otium, quàm natura vacuum.* † Αι κατ' ἀρετὴν πραξεις τοῖς φιλοκάλοις ἡδεῖαι Arist. Eth. lib. i. ‡ *Bene habet, quòd molestant te omnia, quæ cernis, utique temporalia et mortalia, &c.* Gers. epist. ad Card. Cameracens. § Ep. 24. ad Gilbertum Londini. ‖ Ber. Specul. Monachorum. ¶ Lib. Conformitat: Conform. 8.

than as good helps, and needful impediments; and all worldly contentments such, as are not worthy to take us up.

It was a question, moved to the founder of some strict devotionists, "Whether they might laugh with all their heart *?" and it is answered negatively; *Non licet*. And the devout governor of the votaries of Clareval could give charge to his religious; *Non debet totus manducare*: and it is reported by the writer of his life, if he heard any of his Dorter snorting in his sleep, he would chide that man, as sleeping carnally and securely. Surely, the world is and should be the same to them and us, who have no less engaged ourselves to a professed hostility unto all the vanities thereof; and have no more hearty share in the pomps and pleasures of it, than the most reclused Anchorites.

At the best, this earth can be no other than our valley of tears, and region of our pilgrimage. Our Giraldus Cambrensis † tells us, that his St. Brendan, upon long and wearisome travel, at last went so far, as to come to the sight of the earthly Paradise. They may, that list, believe it: but, sure I am, never any mortal eye, since the angel brandished his sword there, could find ought worthy the name of a Paradise, in this inferior world. Here is purgatory enough; and, perhaps, some hell above ground: but if, as Ortelius ‡ of late held, that all the whole earth was, at the first, Paradise, any man shall now think that any part of it is so still; I shall pity him, and think him worthy the pleasure of these earthly torments.

For us, if we would have our souls safe, we must learn, with the blessed Apostle, so to use the world, as if we used it not: and strive to attain to the equable temper of that holy man §, whose face was neither darkened with sorrow nor smoothed with laughter; as well knowing, that, what affection soever the world wins of us, is lost unto God ‖. Thus, if we shall keep ourselves carefully from the trade of sin, and from the fascination of the world, we shall be sure that our hearts shall not thus be deaded with security.

Of Presumption; another opposite to Fear.

2. The no less direct, but more active opposite to holy fear, is PRESUMPTION.

Presumption of the Way:

(1.) We presume, when, out of an unjust self-love, we entertain a higher opinion of our spiritual estate, than there is cause; whether *in respect of the Way*, or of the End: God's Favour, as the Way; Salvation, as the End. We are apt to over ween our interest in God's favour, and our assured safety thereby: commonly, upon a double ground, either matter of Event, or matter of Ability: for,

* *Si ex toto corde ridere non licet*: Resp. *negativè* Reg. Benedicti. c. 32.

† Girald. Cambr. Prefat. ad Tract. de Mirac.

‡ Abrah. Ortel. In the Geograph. *Ego verò Paradisum ubique fuisse puto, nempe ante Adami lapsum; et non locum significare, sed loci naturam et qualitatem.* § S. Martin. *Cujus faciem non fuscavit mœror, nec levigavit risus.* Ber. Spec. Monach. ‖ *Quanto inferiùs delectamur, tanto à superno amore disjungimur.* Bër. de Interiore Domo.

either we misinterpret fair events, as pledges of happiness and safety; or, we mistake those qualities, for true graces, which are either mere appearances, or, perhaps, no better than very enormities. Millions of men miscarry, both ways; and are, therefore, so far from fear, as that they go dancing towards their hell.

[1.] It was the strong bulwark, which the Egyptian Jews set up against all Jeremy's menaces, *We will burn incense to the Queen of Heaven, and pour out drink-offerings to her, as we have done, we and our fathers, our kings and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem: for then, we had plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil;* Jer. xliv. 17. Had their belly been their God, the argument had held well: that deity is best pleased with store of cates; but the true God, many times, even with quails sends leanness. —*in matter of Event:*

Carnal hearts know not how to measure felicity, but by the affluence of what most pleases them; and that pleases them most, which gives most contentment to their sense and appetite: wherein, if their desires be answered, they are soon transported from themselves; and now, can be no other, than the great favourites of heaven. If Uzziah once feel himself grown strong, his heart is lifted up; 2 Chron. xxvi. 15, 16: why should not a censer fit him, no less than a sceptre? The great dragon of Egypt, when he hath lain at ease a while, in the swollen waters of his Nilus, can say, *My river is my own, and I have made it for myself;* Ezek. xxix. 3. And, who is there, that hath fished successfully in this sea of the world, but is ready to sacrifice unto his own nets; and says within himself, "Had I not been so good, I had not sped so well?"

Our naturalists truly observe, that the most poisonous flies are bred in the sweetest fruit-trees: so are these most dangerous presumptions, in an outward happiness of condition. Let an Amalekitish Agag be but a little made of, he comes in delicately, and says; "*Surely, the bitterness of death is overpast;* 1 Sam. xv. 32: when a king hath been indulgent, a prophet will not be bloody: all is safe: there may be hope of my crown; there can be no danger of my head." Hereupon it is, that, as those whose heads are laid upon down pillows are not apt to hear noise, the over-prosperous have their ears precluded against all threats of peril, all counsels of reformation; as thinking, they neither need to wish themselves better, nor to fear being worse.

And, while they applaud themselves as the only darlings, they look overly and scornfully upon the meaner estate of others; and pass deep censures upon the adversities of their miserable neighbours, as if they could not fare ill, if they were not so. Job cannot be afflicted, if he were not a hypocrite. Doth the tower of Siloe, like some dreadful pitfall, overwhelm eighteen citizens of Jerusalem? Luke xiii. 4. they were more heinous sinners than their fellows. Doth a viper seize upon St. Paul's hand? Acts xxviii. 4. *Doubtless, this man is a murderer, whom vengeance would not suffer to live.*

Thus, the vain hearts of sensual men are carried with those outward events, which God never meant for the distinction of either love or hatred. Those, that are rich in these proud conceits, make their imaginary wealth their strong city; which they please themselves, in thinking impregnable: and, as foolish Micah argued a necessity of God's future beneficence to him, by the good that he had done, in procuring a levite to his priest; Judges xvii. 13. so these flatter themselves, with an assurance of God's present favour, by the benefits which God hath showered down upon them: wherein it falls out oft, as it did with the riflers of Semiramis's tomb; who, where they expected to find the richest treasure, met with a deadly poison.

—in matter of Ability. [2.] Neither is it easy to know, whether that other presumption of Abilities be not, at least, equally frequent and dangerous. The proud Angel of the Church of Laodicea could say, *I am rich, and encreased with goods, and have need of nothing;* not knowing, that he was *wretched, miserable, poor, blind, naked.*

How many have we heard to boast of those graces, whereto they have been perfect strangers! How have we known some, that have pretended to no less illumination than Pisanus * reports of John of Alverne; who, in a rapture, was elevated above every creature, and his soul swallowed up in the abyss of the Divinity: when it hath been, indeed, nothing but a fanatical illusion! How ordinarily do we find men challenging no mean share in a lively faith, spiritual joy, fervent zeal, true sanctity; when, in the mean while, they have embraced nothing but the clouds of their own fancies, instead of these heavenly graces; and, by this means, have stript themselves of the possibility of those holy virtues, which they falsely soothed in themselves! For, who can care to seek for that, which he thinks he hath already?

Men do not so much covet, as arrogate spiritual gifts. Every Zidkijah can say, *Which way went the Spirit of God, from me, to speak unto thee?* 1 Kings xxii. 24: and, like a spiritual epicure, can clap himself on the breast, with, "*Soul, take thy ease, thou hast* grace *enough laid up for many years.*"

From this opinion of satiety, arises a necessary carelessness of better endeavours; and a contemptuous undervaluation of the poor stock of grace in others: it being commonly incident into these presuming souls, that was of old wont to be said of the Tartars, that they are better invaders of other men's possessions, than keepers of their own: those censures then, which they should spend upon their own secret corruptions, they are ready to cast upon the seeming enormities of their neighbours; and, as if they would go contrary to the Apostle's charge, *Be not high-minded, but fear;* these men are high-minded, and fear not.

Presumption of the End. (2.) The Way leads to the End; the presumption of the way, to the *presumption of the End;* over-ween-

* Lib. Conformit.

ing and misprision of grace, to an over-reckoning of an undue salvation.

Good God*, with what confidence have I heard some, not over-conscionable men, talk of the assurance of their heaven! as if the way thither were so short and so plain, that they could not miss it; as if that passage had neither danger nor difficulty; as if it were but a remove from the lobby to the great chamber, wherein they can neither err nor fail. Here need no harsh exercises of mortification. Here are no misdoubts of God's desertions; no self-conflicts; no flashes of troubled consciences: but all fair and smooth. Have they sinned? the score is crossed by their surety: have they forfeited their souls? their ransom is paid: is justice offended? mercy hath satisfied. Shortly, they have, by Acesius's ladder, climbed up into heaven; and stolen the sight of the Book of Life, and found their name there; and who can obliterate it?

I cannot forget a bold word, which, many years ago, I heard fall from a man, whom I conceived not to have had any extraordinary reason of confidence: "If I should hear God say, 'There shall but one man be saved;' I would straight say, 'That is I, Lord'." Surely, the man was in good favour with himself, in what terms soever he stood with the Almighty.

Not that I condemn a holy and well-grounded resolution of our spiritual estate. I know who hath charged us, to give diligence to make our calling and election sure: had it not been at all feasible, our wise and good God had not tasked our diligence with it; and, had it been easy and obvious, it might, even without diligence of study and endeavour, have been effected.

Now, as one† said of Evangelical Councils, I must say of this high pitch of Christianity; It is not for every man, to mount up this steep hill of assurance: every soul must breathe, and pant towards it, as he may; even as we would and must, to perfection: he is as rare as happy, that attains it. Give me a man, that hath worn out himself with a strict austerity; who, by many secret bickerings, hath mastered his sturdy and rebellious corruptions; who, in a trembling awfulness, walks constantly with his God, keeping a severe watch over all his ways, assiduous and fervent in his devotions; shortly, who hath spent his time in heaven, beforehand: why should I not believe, that God hath sealed up to such a soul an assecurance of his future glory? Some transient acts of interposed doubting may and will glance into the holiest heart; but, a formed habit of doubt falls not into such an eminence of grace. This is not a lesson for every novice to take out; whose main care must ever be, to work out his salvation with fear and trembling. As for spiritual security, let him labour towards it, as that, which

* The reader must be aware, that the author uses this exclamation, here and in a few other places where it occurs, in a very grave and serious sense; and with nothing of that profanation of the Third Commandment, with which it is almost universally attended, in present usage. EDITOR.

† *Non est omnium volare ad alta montana Consiliorum.* GERS.

he would most gladly compass; but not brag of it too soon, as that, which he hath already compassed.

The Remedy of Presumption in respect of the Way.

(3.) As there is no disease incident into the body, for which nature hath not provided a Remedy; so neither is there any spiritual complaint incident into the soul, for which grace affords not a *Redress*. The way of the general cure of presumption is, to take a just estimate of our privileges and abilities; and to work the heart to a true self-dejection and humiliation, under the mighty hand of God.

—in matter of Event: of our due valuation of outward events.

[1.] Particularly, He can never presume upon those Outward Commodities, that seriously considers how they are valued by the Owner and Giver of them. Where are the most curious and rich pearls laid up, but in the mud of the sea? And what is the earth, but *marsupium Domini*, as St. Malachy termed it of old: "God's purse," wherein he puts his most precious jewels and metals. And what baser piece hath the world, than this repository?

And, if it please him to lay them out, how doth he think them worthy to be bestowed? *He fills the belly of the ungodly, with his hidden treasure*, saith the Psalmist; and, *The earth is given into the hands of the wicked*, saith holy Job in his answer to Bildad; Job ix. 24: neither is it other, that he observes in his reply to Zophar; *The Tabernacles of the robbers prosper; and they, that provoke God, are secure; into whose hands God bringeth abundantly*; Job xii. 6. How, then, can we esteem those things as pledges of favour, which God makes choice to cast upon enemies? which mere natural men have contemned, as not worthy their affectation or regard? With what scorn, did those naked Brachmanni (the relation is fathered upon St. Ambrose) repel the proffered gold?

And if, at any time, it hath pleased him, whose the earth is and the fulness thereof, to lade his dear ones with this *thick clay*, as himself styles it; and to store them with abundance; he doth it not, without a further blessing of sanctification. Some kinds of fishes there are, that pass for delicate, with our great masters of the palate; which yet must have the dangerous string in their backs pulled out, ere they can be safely fed upon: such is worldly wealth and prosperity: the wise and holy God plucks out their venom, when he will have them served up, for dainties to his children's table. Or, if he find that the deceitfulness of riches will be apt to beguile good souls, he deals with them, as careful gardeners are wont to do by those trees, from which they expect fair fruit; abate the number of their blossoms, as more caring they should be good, than full.

Lastly then, how can we account those arguments of favour, which the best have had least? Even the great Lord of all the World, for whom heaven itself was too strait, when he would come down and converse with men, could say, *The foxes have holes, and the fowls of heaven have nests; but the Son of Man hath not*

where to rest his head: and when the tribute money was demanded, is fain to send for it, to the next fish: shortly, wore out his few days upon earth, in so penal a way, that his sorrows were read in his face: insomuch as, when he was but two-and-thirty years of age, the by-standers could say, *Thou art not yet fifty.*

What proofs of divine favour then are these to presume upon, which the worst have; which the best want; which God ofttimes gives in judgment, denies in mercy?

—in matter of Ability: an exact survey of our Grace.

[2.] There cannot be a more sure Remedy for Presumption of Abilities, than to take an exact survey of our graces; both of their truth, and degrees. Satan is a great impostor, he, that was once an angel of light, knows how to seem so still: when he left to be an Angel, he began to be a Serpent: and his continual experience cannot but have added to his art; so as he knows how to counterfeit graces, both in himself and his, in so exquisite a fashion, that it is not for every eye to discern them from true. We see to what perfection mechanical imitation hath attained: what precious stone hath nature yielded, which is not so artificially counterfeited, both in the colour and lustre, that only the skilful lapidary can descry it? pearls, so resembled, that, for whiteness, clearness, smoothness, they dare contend with the true! gold, so cunningly multiplied and tinctured, that neither the eye can distinguish it, nor the touch, scarce the crucible: so as Art would seem to be a Havilah, *whose gold is good*; while Nature is an Ophir, *whose gold is exceeding good!* What marvel is it then, if crafty spirits can make so fair representations of spiritual excellencies, as may well deceive ordinary judgments? the Pythoness's Samuel was so like the true, that Saul adored him for such; and Jannes and Jambres made their wooden serpent to crawl so nimbly, and hiss so fiercely, that till Moses's serpent devoured theirs, the beholders knew not whether were more formidable. Some false things seem more probable, than many truths. There must be, therefore, much serious and accurate disquisition, ere we can pass a true judgment, betwixt apparent and real graces.

The differences betwixt counterfeit virtues and true.

Neither would it ask less than a volume to state the differences, whereby we may discriminate counterfeit virtues from true, in all their several specialties. They are faced alike: they are clad alike: the marks are inward: and scarce discernable, by any but the owner's eyes. In a generality, we shall thus descry them in our own hearts. True grace is right-bred, of a divine original; and comes down from above, even from the Father of Lights; God's Spirit, working with and by his own ordinances, produceth it in the soul, and feeds it by the same holy means it is wrought: the counterfeit is earth-bred; arising from mere nature, out of the grounds of sensuality. True grace drives at no other end, than the glory of the Giver; and scorns to look lower than heaven: the counterfeit aims at nothing, but vain applause, or carnal advantage; not caring to reach an inch above his own head. True grace is apt to

cross the plausiblest inclinations of corrupt nature; and cheers up the heart to a delightful performance of all good duties, as the best pastime: the counterfeit is a mere parasite of fleshly appetite; and finds no harshness, but in holy devotions. True grace is undauntedly constant, in all opposition; and, like a well wrought vault, is so much the stronger, by how much more weight it undergoes; this metal is purer, for the fire; this eagle can look upon the hottest sun: the counterfeit shows most gloriously in prosperity; but, when the evil day cometh, it looks like the skin of a dead chamelion, nasty and deformed. Lastly, true grace is best alone: the counterfeit is all for witnesses.

In brief, if, in a holy jealousy of our own deceitfulness, we shall put daily interrogatories to our hearts, and pass them under severe examinations, we shall not be in danger to presume upon our mistaken graces: but, the more we search, the more cause we shall find of our humiliation; and of an awful recognition of God's mercy, and our own unworthiness.

The Remedy of our Presumption of the End, which is Salvation: of our modest Consideration of the Ways and Counsels of God.

(4.) The *way not to presume upon salvation*, is, in an humble modesty, to content ourselves with the clearly revealed will of our Maker: not prying into his counsels; but attending his commands. It is a grave word, wherein the Vulgate translation expresses that place of Solomon, *Scrutator majestatis, opprimetur à gloriâ: He, that searcheth into majesty, shall be overwhelmed with glory;* Prov. xxv. 27. Amongst those sixteen places of the Bible, which, in the Hebrew, are marked with a special note of regard, that is one: *The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things, which are revealed, belong unto us and to our children for ever; that we may do all the words of this Law;* Deut. xxix. 29. Wherein our main care must be, both not to sever, in our conceit, the end from the means; and, withal, to take the means along with us, in our way to the end. It is for the heavenly angels, to climb down the ladder from heaven to earth: it is for us, only to climb up from earth to heaven. Bold men! what do we begin at God's eternal decree of our election; and thence descend to the effects of it, in our effectual calling, in our lively and stedfast faith, in our sad and serious repentance, in our holy and unblameable obedience, in our unfailable perseverance? This course is saucily preposterous. What have we to do, to be rifling the hidden counsels of the Highest? Let us look to our own ways. We have his word for this; that if we do truly believe, repent, obey, persevere, we shall be saved; that if we do heartily desire and effectually endeavour, in the careful use of his appointed means, to attain unto these saving dispositions of the soul, we shall be sure not to fail of the success. What need we to look any further, than conscionably and cheerfully to do what we are enjoined; and faithfully and comfortably to expect what he hath promised? Let it be our care, not to be wanting, in the parts of our duty to God; we are sure he cannot be wanting, in his gracious performances

unto us. But if we, in a groundless conceit of an election, shall let loose the reins to our sinful desires and vicious practices, thereupon growing idle or unprofitable; we make divine mercy a pander to our uncleanness, and justly perish in our wicked presumption.

The Extremes on the other hand:—of the Fear of Horror:

3. The other extreme follows. It may seem a harsh word, but it is a true one; That there may be an evil fear of a good God: a FEAR OF HORROR, and a Fear of Distrust. That God, who is love itself, is terrible to a wicked heart. Even in the beginning, our first progenitor ran from the face of his late Maker, and hid him in the thickets: for it is a true observation of Tertullian, No wickedness can be done without fear, because not without the conscience of doing it. Neither can any man flee from himself, as Bernard wittily: and this conscience reads the terrible things, that God writes against the sinner; and holds the glass, wherein guilty eyes may see the killing frowns of the Almighty. Now offensive objects cause the spirits to retire; as philosophy, and experience, teacheth us: whereupon follows a necessary trepidation, in the whole frame of the body. And now, the wicked heart could wish there were no God; or, which is all one, that this God had not power to avenge himself: and finding, that, after all his impotent volitions, the Almighty will be still and ever himself, he is unspeakably affrighted with the expectation of that just hand, which he cannot avoid. This terror, if, through the improvement of God's mercy, at the last it drive the sinner to a true penitence, makes a happy amends for its own anguish: otherwise, it is but the first flash of that unquenchable fire, which is prepared for damned souls. In this case, men do not so much fear God, as are afraid of him; and such a torturing fear is never but joined with heart-burning and hatred: wherein sinners demean themselves to God, as they say the lamprey doth to the fisher; by whose first blow that fish is said to be dulled and astonished, but enraged with the next and following. Wretched men! it is not God's fault, that he is terribly just: no; it is his glory, that he is mercifully terrible. It is not for me to say, as Spalatensis* cites from Cyril, that those, who would not be saved, are no less beholden to the bounty of the good God; than those, that are brought home to glory. I know and bless God for the difference: but, certainly, God is wonderfully gracious, as he is also infinitely just, even to those, that will needs incur damnation: having tendered unto them many powerful helps to their repentance; which he hath, with much patience and longanimity, expected. That God therefore is just, it is his own praise; that he is terrible, we may thank ourselves: for, were it not for our wickedness, there were nothing in God, not infinitely amiable.

* Lib. 7. de Repub. Ecclesiast. cap. x. nu. 121.

—How to be remedied. Seest thou then, O sinful man, nothing at all in God's face, but frowns and fury? Doth every beam of his angry eye dart vengeance into thy soul? so as thou wouldst fain run away from his presence; and wooest the rocks and mountains to fall upon thee, and hide thee from the sight of that dreadful countenance? Cleanse thy hands: purge thy heart: clear thine eyes, with the tears of true contrition: and then, look up; and tell me, whether thou dost not see a happy change of aspect; whether thou canst now discern ought in that face, but a glorious loveliness, fatherly indulgence, unconceivable mercy; such as shall ravish thy soul with a divine love, with a joy unspeakable and glorious.

Of the Fear of Distrust. 4. Seldom ever is the Fear of Horror separated from a FEAR OF DISTRUST; which, in the height of it, is that, which we call despair: for, when the soul apprehends a deep fear of God's dereliction, it cannot but be filled with horror. Now, as the holy and well moderated fear gives glory to God, in all his attributes: so this extremity of it affronts and dishonours him, in them all; but, especially, in his mercy and truth. In his Truth; suggesting that God will not make good his promises: in his Mercy; suggesting, that he either cannot or will not forgive and save. It was a true observation of St. Hilary*, that "it is not the least office and effect of faith, to fear:" for that it is said by the prophet Isaiah, *He shall fill them with the spirit of the fear of the Lord*; and, again, we are charged to work out our salvation *with fear*. But there cannot be an act more opposite to faith, than to fear distrustfully; to despair, in fearing: none more injurious, either to God, or our own souls. For, surely, as Cyril † well, "The wickedness of our offences to God, cannot exceed his goodness toward us:" the praise whereof from his creature, he affects and esteems so highly, as if he cared not, in any other notion, to be apprehended by us; proclaiming himself no otherwise in the Mount, than, *The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands; forgiving iniquity, and transgressions, and sin*; adding only one word, to prevent our too much presumption, *that will by no means clear the guilty*; Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7: which to do, were a mere contradiction to his justice. Of all other, therefore, God hates most to be robbed of this part of his glory. Neither is the wrong done to God more palpable, than that, which is done herein unto ourselves; in barring the gates of heaven upon our souls; in breaking open the gates of hell, to take them in; and, in the mean time, striving to make ourselves miserable, whether God will or no. And, surely, as our experience tells us concerning the estate of our bodily indispositions, that there is more frequent sickness in summer, but more deadly in

* *Non est minimum officium fidei metus.* Hilar. in Ps. lxv.
† *Non superat bonitatem Dei, malitia delictorum.* Cyril. in Levit. l. ix.

winter; so we find it here: other sins and spiritual distempers are more common; but this distrustful fear and despair of mercy, which chills the soul with a cold horror, is more mortal.

—with the Remedy thereof.

For the remedy whereof, it is requisite, that the heart should be thoroughly convinced of the superabundant and ever-ready mercy of the Almighty; of the infallible and unfailable truth of all his gracious engagements: and, in respect of both, be made to confess, that heaven can never be but open to the penitent. It is a sweet word, and a true one, of St. Bernard; "In thy book, O Lord, are written all, that do, what they can; though they cannot do, what they ought*." Neither doth God only admit, but he invites, but he entreats, but he importunes men to be saved: what could he do more, unless he would offer violence to the will; which were no other than to destroy it, and so to undo the best piece of his own workmanship? It is the way of his decree and proceedings, to dispose of all things sweetly: neither is it more against our nature, than his, to force his own ends; and, when he sees that fair means will not prevail to win us from death, he is pleased feelingly to bemoan it, as his own loss: *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* As for the stable truth of his promises, it is so everlasting, that heaven and earth, in their vanishing, shall leave it standing fast: his title is, Amen; and, *Faithful is he, that hath promised, who will also do it:* his very essence can no more fail, than his word. He, that fears therefore, that God will be less than his promise; let him fear, that God will cease to be himself. It was the motto of that witty and learned Doctor Donne, the late Dean of Paul's, which I have seen, more than once, written in Spanish with his own hand, "Blessed be God, that he is God:" divinely, like himself: as the being of God is the ground of all his blessed ascriptions, so of all our firmitude, safety, consolation: since the veracity and truth of God, as his other holy attributes, are no other than his eternal essence. Fear not, therefore, O thou weak soul, that the Almighty can be wanting to himself, in failing thee. He is Jehovah, and his counsels shall stand. Fear and blame thine own wretched infirmities: but, the more weak thou art in thyself, be so much the stronger in thy God: by how much more thou art tempted to distrust, cling so much the closer to the Author and Finisher of thy salvation.

Conclusion. A Recapitulation of the Whole.

Thus, if we shall hold an even course, betwixt security on the one part, and horror and distrust on the other: if the fortified and exalted eyes of our souls, being cleared from all inward and ambient impediments, shall have constantly fixed themselves upon the ever-present Majesty of God; not without a spiritual lightsomeness and irradiation, and, therewith, an awful complacency of soul in that glorious sight; and, from thence, shall be

* *In libro tuo scribuntur omnes, qui, quod possunt, faciunt; etsi, quod deleut, non possunt.* Bern. Apol. ad Gulielm. Abbat

cast down upon our own vileness, thoroughly apprehending how much worse than nothing we are, in and of ourselves, in the sight of God: WE SHALL BE PUT INTO A MEET CAPACITY OF A HOLY AND WELL MIXED FEAR. And, if now, our hearts, thus enlightened, shall be taken up with an inward adoration of the infinite power and greatness of God, manifested in the framing and ordering of this visible world; and of the infinite goodness and mercy of God, shewed in the marvellous work of man's redemption; and shall be careful to express this inward worship in all due reverence, upon all occasions, to the name, the word, the services, the house, the messengers of the Almighty: withal, if our humble souls shall meekly subject and resign themselves over to the good pleasure of God, in all things; being ready to receive his fatherly corrections with patience, and his gracious directions with obedience: lastly, if we shall have settled in our hearts a serious care of being always approved to God, in whatsoever actions; and a child-like lothness and dread to give any offence unto so dear and glorious a Majesty: WE SHALL HAVE ATTAINED UNTO THIS BLESSED FEAR, which we seek for; and be happily freed from that wicked indevotion and profaneness, to which the world is so much and so dangerously subject: which I beseech the God of Heaven to work out in all readers, to his glory in their salvation. Amen.

CHRISTIAN MODERATION:

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY JOSEPH EXON.

TO ALL

CHRISTIAN PEOPLE WHERESOEVER;

BUT ESPECIALLY TO THOSE OF THIS WESTERN DIOCESE;

AND, THEREIN,

TO THE HONOURABLE NOBILITY, THE REVEREND AND LEARNED CLERGY, THE WORSHIPFUL GENTRY, THE HONEST AND FAITHFUL COMMONALTY, OF THE COUNTIES OF DEVON AND CORNWALL,

J. EXON

WISHETH THE CONTINUANCE AND INCREASE OF (THAT WHEREOF HE TREATS) ALL CHRISTIAN MODERATION, BOTH IN OPINION AND PRACTICE.

RECENSUI Dissertationem hanc de Moderatione Christianâ, duabus partibus absolutam, quarum altera de Moribus agit, altera de Doctrinâ; utraque et bonis moribus, et doctrinæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ consentanea.

OCT. 4, 1639. IMPRIMATUR.

JO. ALSOP.

CHRISTIAN MODERATION.

THE FIRST BOOK.
OF MODERATION IN MATTER OF PRACTICE.

INTRODUCTION.

Of the Use and Necessity of Moderation, in general.

I CANNOT but second and commend that great Clerk of Paris, who, as our witty countryman Bromiard* reports, when King Louis of France required him to write down the best word that ever he had learnt, called for a fair skin of parchment; and, in the midst of it, wrote this one word, MEASURE; and sent it sealed up to the king. The king, opening the sheet, and finding no other inscription, thought himself mocked by his philosopher; and, calling for him, expostulated the matter: but when it was shewed him, that all virtues, and all religious and worthy actions, were regulated by this one word; and that, without this, virtue itself turned vicious; he rested well satisfied. And so he well might; for it was a word, well worthy of one of the seven Sages of Greece; from whom, indeed, it was borrowed, and only put into a new coat: for, while he said of old, for his motto, "Nothing too much†," he meant no other, but to comprehend both extremes under the mention of one. Neither, in his sense, is it any paradox to say, that too little is too much: for, as too much bounty is prodigality, so too much sparing is niggardliness‡; so as in every defect there is an excess, and both are a transgression of Measure.

Neither could ought be spoken, of more use or excellency: for, what goodness can there be in the world, without Moderation; whether in the use of God's creatures, or in our own disposition and carriage? Without this, justice is no other, than cruel rigour; mercy, unjust remissness; pleasure, brutish sensuality; love, frenzy; anger, fury; sorrow, desperate mopishness; joy, distempered wildness; knowledge, saucy curiosity; piety, superstition; care,

* Brom. Sum. Prædic. † Μηδὲν ἄγαν, *Nequid nimis*. So Pythagoras: πάντα μέτρια. ‡ *Non est ergo temperantia in solis rescindis superfluis, est et in admittendis necessariis.* Bern. de Consid. l. i. c. 8.

wracking distraction; courage, mad rashness: shortly, there can be nothing under heaven, without it, but mere vice and confusion. Like as in nature, if the elements should forget the temper of their due mixture, and encroach upon each other by excess, what could follow, but universal ruin? or, what is it, that shall put an end to this great frame of the world, but the predominancy of that last devouring fire? It is therefore Moderation, by which this inferior world stands: since that wise and great God, who hath ordained the continuance of it, hath decreed so to contemper all the parts thereof, that none of them should exceed the bounds of their own proportion and degree, to the prejudice of the other. Yea, what is the heaven itself, but, as Gerson compares it well, as a great clock regularly moving in an equal sway of all the orbs; without difference of poise, without variation of minutes; in a constant state of eviternal evenness, both of being and motion? Neither is it any other, by which this little world of ours, whether of body or mind, is upheld in any safe or tolerable estate: when humours pass their sünt, the body sickens; when passions, the mind.

There is nothing, therefore, in the world, more wholesome, or more necessary for us to learn, than this gracious lesson of Moderation: without which, in very truth, a man is so far from being a Christian, that he is not himself. This is the centre, wherein all both divine and moral philosophy meet; the rule of life; the governess of manners; the silken string, that runs through the pearl-chain of all virtues; the very ecliptic line, under which reason, and religion, moves without any deviation: and, therefore, most worthy of our best thoughts, of our most careful observance.

CHAP. I.

PRACTICAL MODERATION IN MATTER OF PLEASURE.

WHAT then is there incident into the whole course of human life, but matter of practice, or matter of speculation and judgment? and both these are swayed and ordered by Moderation.

Practical Moderation shall lead the way; as that, which is most worthy; and whereto the Speculative is, for the most part, reduced; and whereby it is mainly governed. This, howsoever it reacheth to the managing of all the inward dispositions of the soul, and all the outward carriages of life; may therefore admit of so many severalties of discourse, as there are varieties of desires, inclinations, actions, passions of man: yet shall, for the tractation of it, be confined to some few of those noted heads, which we meet with in every turn of this our earthly pilgrimage.

The chief employment of Moderation is, in the MATTER OF PLEASURE; which, like an unruly and headstrong horse, is

ready to run away with the rider, if the strict curb of just Moderation do not hold it in: the indiscreet check whereof, also, may prove no less perilous to an unskilful manager.

SECT. 1.

Of the Extremes, (1) *in the Pleasures of the Palate;* (2) *in other Usages of the Body;* (3) *in the cases of Lust.*

THE EXTREMES of Pleasures are in matter of Diet, and other Appurtenances of Life, or in matter of Lust.

(1.) We begin with the *Pleasures of the Palate:* wherein the Extremes of both Kinds are palpable, and worthy both of our full consideration and careful accordance.

[1.] How prone we are to Excess in these pleasures of the palate, appears too well, in that this temptation found place in Paradise itself. The first motive, that inclined our liquorish grandmother Eve, was, that she saw the tree *was good for food;* and then follows, that it *was pleasant to the eyes:* her appetite betrayed her soul. And, after, when, in that first world, *men began to be multiplied,* (Gen. vi. 1.) that giantly brood of men-eaters, if we may believe Berosus*, procured abortions, to pamper their gluttony with tender morsels. Afterwards, even in the holy seed, we find an Isaac, apt to misplace the blessing for a dish of venison; and his son Esau, selling his birth-right for a mess of broth: we find Israel, *tempting God in the desert,* and longing to be fed with flesh, and cramming it in till it came out of their nostrils; Ps. lxxviii. 29. Num. xi. 20. We find too many under the Gospel, whose belly is their God; and, therein, their bane. "By unsatiable greediness have many been dead," saith Ecclesiasticus; ch. xxxvii. 31: and how many do we see daily, that dig their graves with their teeth; and do therefore perish, because they do not put their knife to their throat! Prov. xxiii. 2.

And as for immoderation in drinking, the first news that we hear of wine, is, in Noah's drunkenness: he was the true Janus, the inventer of the scruzing of the grape to his cost; whom, if the heathens celebrated, we justly censure, as beginning this glory in shame. The next was in Lot's incest and stupidity; and, ever since, *wine is a mocker,* as wise Solomon well styles it; Prov. xx. 1. The heathen have made a god of it, and given it the title of Freedom†. Abuse hath made it a devil, and turned that liberty into licentiousness: whereupon, some foolish heretics have absurdly ascribed it to that hellish original. *Wine,* saith the Apostle, *wherein is excess;* Eph. v. 18. How many have our eyes been witnesses of, whom their unruly appetite, this way, hath turned into beasts! how many, into monsters of wickedness! Certainly, a drunkard is in, at all: neither is there any vice under heaven,

* Beros. Baylonic. † Ἐλευθέριος. *Liber Pater.*

from which he can secure himself. It is memorable, that our Jewish Doctors* tell us of a certain Gentile King; who, lighting upon eleven of their learned and holy Rabbins, put them to their choice, whether they would eat swine's flesh, or drink of their ethnic wine, or lie with harlots: swine's flesh, they hated; harlots, they professed to abhor; wine, they yield unto: but, by that time they had awhile plied that bewitching liquor, all came alike to them; both the flesh of swine and of harlots were easily admitted. Experience yields us so woeful instances of the lamentable effects of drunkenness, every day, that we need not dwell upon particulars.

[2.] The Other Extreme is more rare; and, though faulty enough, yet less brutish. How many have all ages afforded, who, out of a fear of complying too much with their appetite, have not stuck to offer hard measure to nature! not thinking they could be godly enough, except they were cruel to themselves.

It is hard to believe the reports of the rigorous austerity of some of the ancients: one of whom, Macarius, could profess to Evagrius, that, in twenty years, he had not taken his fill of bread, or water, or sleep: another, Arsenius, would not give himself so much ease, as to sit or stand, in taking repast; but was still wont to eat walking; professing that he would not gratify his body so much, as to yield it so much ease, and holding the time but lost, which he bestowed in feeding†.

And, for the quality of their sustenance, what shall we say to the diet of some votaries? Amongst whom, Laurence‡, Bishop of Dublin, was wont to eat no other bread, than that, which was mixed with lye; in emulation of him, that said, *I have eaten ashes as bread*; Ps. cii. 9. Friar Valentine § went beyond him; who, for ten years together, did eat nothing but only bread dipt in the juice of wormwood. I shall not need to press any other instance of this kind, than that, which St. Jerome‖ gives of Paul, the first hermit; who, living in a cave, within the desert, was beholden to a palmtree, both for his diet and clothes; whereto he adds, *Quod ne cui impossibile, &c.* "Which that it may not seem impossible to any man, I take the Lord Jesus and all his angels, to witness, that I have seen Monks, whereof one, shut up for thirty years together, that lived only with barley bread, and muddy water." Thus he. Had not these men placed a kind of holiness in crossing their palate, they might have fared otherwise. When Francis of Assise was bidden to the great Cardinal Hostiensis to dinner, he pours down upon that curious damask cloth, spread for better viands, before them, all those scraps of alms out of his sleeve, which his good dames of the city had given him; and could say, that if the Cardinal's cheer were better, yet his was holier¶. Yet even these

* Schichard. de Jur. Reg. Hebr. V. Bell. Gentilis Rex Pirgandicus, &c.
† Socrat. l. iv. c. 23. ‡ Vita S. Laur. § Lib. Confor. 8.
‖ Hieron. in vit. Pauli. ¶ *Panis eleemosynæ, panis sanctus.* Confor. Fruct. separatur.

parcels might be delicate *(panis desideriorum)*, in comparison of Daniel's pulse, or the Baptist's locusts, or the Fuilletan's salads.

That, which Eusebius casts upon St. James, we see now practised by the Carthusians and Minims, abstinence from flesh. Some antiquity of tradition hath dieted St. Peter*, with lupines; St. Matthew, with berries and herbs. Howsoever, I know those Saints had fared better: the one feasted his Master, at his own house: the other fed on fish and honeycomb, at his Master's last table; and saw the sheet let down, with all varieties of dainties; and heard, *Arise, Peter, kill and eat.*

And, if we yield so much to Baronius, as to grant that St. Paul was always abstemious, (though it follows not, as Lorinus well, because for thirty days he complied with Nazarites in the Temple) it is more than we owe him; since it is not like, he, that prescribed wine to Timothy, a younger man, would forbear it himself, upon the like or greater necessities.

This we are sure of, that this Chosen Vessel was careful *to beat down*† his body: and that many of those ancient Worthies, the great patterns of mortification, stinted their flesh with the straitest. Good Hilarion‡, instead of barley, could threaten to feed this ass of his with chaff: and devout Bernard § professes how much wrong he had done to himself, by this well meant rigour, in disabling him for better services: complaining, that he had, by this means, turned a virtue into vice; and killed a subject, while he meant to subdue an enemy. And even their St. Francis‖ himself, at his death, could confess too late, that he had used his brother body too hardly.

A faint ¶ imitation of which severity, we find in those, who now-a-days turn religious abstinence into change of diet; and therein place no little merit. For my part, I cannot yield there is more delicacy in flesh, than in other dishes. I remember it was the word of that wise Statesman of Rome, that it was never well with them, since a fish was sold for more than an ox: and that famous glutton could say of old; "That is the best flesh, which is no flesh:" and all experience shews, that oil, wine, shell-fishes, are more powerful to stir and inflame nature, than other duller liquors; and viands of flesh, which are of more gross and heavy nourishment: neither was it for nothing, that the mythologists feigned Venus to be bred of the sea. The ingenuity of Lindanus** can confess, how little these kinds of fasts differ from the most exact gluttonies.

Let the fond Ebionites, Encratites, Manichees, hate the very nature of some meats: I am sure they are all alike to their Maker.

* De se Petrus, *Solo pane et olivis, raroque cleribus utor.* Clem. de gestis Petri.
† ὑπωπιάζω. ‡ Socrat. l. iv. c. 23. § Bern. Meditat. Devotiss.
‖ Conform. l. ii. fruct. 3. p. 211. ¶ *O quantum distamus ab his, qui, tempore Antonii, fuêre Monachi!* Bern. Apolog. ad Gul. Abbat.
** *Jejunia nostra vini copiâ natant; piscium varietate carnium superant delicias.*

There is one flesh of fish, saith the holy Apostle; 1 Cor. xv. 39. *That, which goes into the body, defiles not the man*, saith our Saviour. However, therefore, these differences are fit for civil considerations; and, in that regard, are, in all due obedience, to be strictly observed; yet, in spiritual respects, they come not within any view: as those, which the Creator of Sea and Land hath left, both in themselves and to him, equally indifferent.

(2.) The like austerity hath been affected of old in *Other Usages of the Body*; whether in apparel, lodging, restraint of recreations.

It is well known *, how some over-devout, amongst the seven kinds of Pharisees, guarded their fringes with thorns; and knocked their heads against the walls, till the blood issued forth. And, even amongst the Manichees, in St. Austin's † time, there were some more strict than their fellows; which called themselves Mattarios, who gloried to lie upon hard mats, not envying Faustus his featherbeds. It was a great competition ‡ betwixt two pretended Saints, St. Francis and St. Clare, whether should have the rougher coat: although all was one to that incurious Saint of Assise; for, had his coat been better, it had gone to the next beggar. Wherein I cannot but wonder, at the difference of humours, in two, that go for their Saints: it is spoken ‖ to the praise of Anthony the hermit, that he never saw himself naked; whereas, to the wonder of the other's mortification, it is said §, that other forenamed Saint of theirs, stript himself stark naked, before the Bishop of Assise, and, in that form, like a Mahometan dervise, ran through the streets.

Yet these are but small self-penances, in comparison of some others. Our story tells ¶ us, that the monk Acepsemas lay threescore years close hid in a blind room; where he never spake with any man; never was seen of any man. But Didymus ** went yet beyond him, who, in his whole life of ninety years, never conversed with any.

Yet these might pass their time with ease, in comparison of a Hilarion ††, who put himself into a little-ease; so penal a lodging, that he could neither stand upright for the height, nor stretch out his legs for the length: or, a Simeon Stylites, that chained himself to a hollow pillar, of the like incapacity.

Yet all this task was tolerable, in respect of the cruel piety of those men, that stuck not to tew and lancinate their bodies; like that Superianus, the scholar of Lacharis, of whom Suidas speaks; that would scourge himself into learning. Such were the famous whip-stocks, in the time of Gregory the Tenth; which, out of Italy passing into Germany, astonished the beholders with their bloody shoulders; affecting glory and merit, in that self-martyrdom ‡‡. And, though the dangerous opinions, which attended this

* 3. Genus קנאי ex Thalm. Drus Trihæres. † August. l. v. contr. Faustum. ‡ Conform. p. 105. *Vidi tunicam B. Francis. et S. Claræ: grossior et rudior erat tunica S. Claræ.* ‖ Socr. l. i. c. 13. § Conform. p. 211. ¶ Theod. l. iv. c. 28. ** Socrat. l. iv. c. 18. †† Sozom. l. iii. c. 13. ‡‡ Binius Anno 1275.

practice in the first authors, were condemned, as heretical; yet the usage itself is continued in Spain, and some other parts; and, not without a secret kind of horror, applauded by the multitude, as an undoubted argument of serious and deep mortification. And, what marvel, when that, which is acted in the streets but once, by a few muffled penitents, is pretended to be done in cells and closets, as in a set course of discipline, by the most of their strict votaries?

But all these, and whatever acts of penance, must yield to that of Goderannus, a Soldier of Christ, as our Capgrave* styles him; who, when the Host, given by his St. Hugh to a leprous man in the height of that loathsomeness, was rendered again, with the interest of some other odious ejections, did that, which, in favour of the queasy stomach of my reader, I must conceal: only this, that their Saint, which beheld it, could say, that St. Laurence's gridiron was far more tolerable. To shut up all, St. Martin would needs die in sackcloth and ashes †.

Such hard usages have some zealous self-enemies put upon their bodies: no doubt in a misgrounded conceit of greater holiness, and higher acceptance at the hands of God; from whom they shall once hear that old question, in the like case to the Jews, *Who required this of you?* as if God took pleasure in the misery of his best creature; and had so ordered it, that grace could not consist with prosperity and contentment.

We have seen, then, both those extremities, wherewith men are miscarried, in matter of the Palate, and some Outward Usages of the Body.

(3.) As for the *Delight of the Marriage Bed*, which some salacious spirits have thought fit, in an eminence or propriety, to call pleasure, how far it hath betwitched men, it is too apparent.

[1.] How many are thus drunk with their own wine! spending their bodies, to satisfy those sensual desires, wherewith they are impotently transported; like that bird ‡, of whom Suidas speaks, which dies in the very act of his feathering. Certainly, there is no such tyrant in the world, as lust: which, where it prevails, enslaveth the soul; and sendeth his best subjects, not to the mill with Sampson, or to the distaff with Hercules, but *to the chambers of death*, (Prov. vii. 27.) to the dungeon of hell.

The witty Athenians could enact a law for bigamy: and Socrates himself, who was by the oracle named for the wisest man of his time and the greatest master of his passions, could be content to practise that, wherein he was well punished. And how their famous philosophers were affected, I would rather St. Jerome ‖ should speak than I. And the Turks at this day, whom their Alcoran re-

* Jo. Capgrave de S. Henrico. Herem. † *Cinere et cilicio recubabat ægrotus: rogárunt discipuli, ut sineret villa stramenta supponi: respondit, Non decet Christianum, nisi in cinere et cilicio mori.* Sever. Sulp. l. ii. ‡ Cigelus. ‖ *In tantum Græci et Romani hoc quondam vitio laborárunt, ut et clarissimi philosophorum Græciæ haberent publicè concubinos, &c.* Hieron. in illa Is. ii. 6. *et pueris alienis adhæserunt.*

strains from wine; yet are, by their law, let loose to this full scope of sensuality.

What speak I of these, when the very Patriarchs and Princes of God's peculiar people were palpably exorbitant in this kind: the man after God's own heart, in respect of the sincerity of his soul, divided himself betwixt six partners of his bed; 2 Sam. xii. 8. the mistaking of which permission hath drawn the modern Jews * into a false opinion of no less than eighteen wives allowed still to their princes: but, for his son Solomon, in other things the wisest under heaven, from whom the eastern potentates have borrowed their seraglios, what stint was there of his bedfellows? he could not so much as know all their faces.

Neither was it for nothing, that the all-wise God saw it fit, in his royal law, to give us two commandments against lust, and but one only against murder or theft: doubtless, as Gerson well observes, because he saw us naturally more prone to these wanton desires, than to those violent.

[2.] Contrarily, there have not wanted some, who, out of a strong affectation of continency, and an over-valuation of the merit of virginity, have poured too much water upon the honest flames of their lawful desires, and have offered a willing violence to nature.

Not to speak of Origen, and some others that have voluntarily evirated themselves, a practice justly cried down by some Councils; such were Amnon the hermit, and Pelagius the monk, in the Ecclesiastical History, who, the first day of their marriage, took up a resolution of the continuance of a virginal chastity, (a fashion, which some improbable Legends have cast upon St. John, the beloved disciple, in his mis-imputed marriage in Cana) and retired to an agreed solitariness.

Many formal votaries have made profession of no less continency; but with what success, I take no pleasure to relate. Let an indifferent man speak; Erasmus †, in an Epistle to his Grunnius: who tells us of store of monasteries; such, as, in comparison whereof, the stews were more sober, more modest. Out of their own ingenuous casuists; out of the woeful complaints of their Alvarez, Pelagius, St. Brigit, Gerson, others; it were easy to tell shameful tales, if we made disgrace our aim: it shall be enough, to desire any reader to inform himself of the reason alledged in the Council of Mentz ‡, under Pope Stephen, of so strict an inhibition to their clergy; not to admit of so much as their sister, to come within their doors: and to take notice of that old bye-word, *In Hispania preti &c* ‖.

I take no joy to discover the miserable nakedness of Christians. Inordinate minds, where is no restraint of grace, are apt to run

* Munster in præcept. Mosaica. Schichard. de Jur. Reg. Hebr. † *Non huc adducam, quanta sit turba monasteriorum, in quibus adeo nulla viget disciplina pietatis, ut præ his lupanaria sint et magis sobria et magis pudica.* Illust. Ep. Grunnio. ‡ Concil. Mogunt. sub Stephano. c. x. Bin. ‖ Rivet. Resp. ad Sylv. S. Petra.

thus wild; whether amongst them, or us: but there, so much more, as there is less allowance of lawful remedies; a point, which some of the most ingenuous spirits of the Roman correspondence have seriously wished to have recommended to wiser consideration and redress.

SECT. 2.

The Liberty, that God hath given us, in the use of his creatures, both for Necessity, and lawful Delight.

I MEANT to dwell only so long in the Extremes, as to make my passage to the Mean; which is the sole drift of our endeavour.

There is, therefore, betwixt excess and defect, whereof we have spoken, a LAWFUL AND ALLOWED LATITUDE OF JUST PLEASURE; which the bounty of our good God hath allowed to his dearest creature, man; whereof it is meet for us to take knowledge.

(1.) To begin with the *Palate*. He, who is the author of appetite, hath provided and allowed means to satisfy it: not with a sparing hand, as for mere necessity; but sometimes also liberally, for delight.

I have oft wondered to see, how providently the great Housekeeper of the World hath taken seasonable order, for the maintenance of all his creatures; so as, their mouths are not sooner ready, than their meat. Whether in man or beast, conception is immediately seconded with nourishment; neither is the issue brought forth into the light of the world, before there be bottles of milk ready prepared for the sustenance. The birds, except some domestic, hatch not their young in the dead of winter; but when the growing spring hath yielded a meet means of their food. In the very silk-worm I have observed, that the small and scarce sensible seed, which it casts, comes not to life and disclosure, until the mulberry, which is the slowest of all trees, yields her leaf for its necessary preservation.

And the same God, who hath given the creature life, appetite, meat, hath, by a secret instinct, directed them to seek it: so as the whelp, even before it can see, hunts for the teat; and those shell-fishes, to which nature hath denied means of sight or smelling, yet can follow and purchase their food.

And if all thy creatures, O God, *wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season*; if *thou openest thy hand, and they are filled with good*; how much more magnificent art thou to that creature, for whom thou madest all the rest! Thou, who at the first broughtest him forth into a world furnished beforehand with all varieties, hast been graciously pleased to store him still with all things, that might serve for the use of meat, medicine, delicacy.

Hadst thou only intended our mere preservation, a little had been enough. Nature is neither wanton, nor insatiable. We know

what those Brachmanni are reported * to have said, to the great conqueror of the world, in shaming his conquest by their own. We know what the Roman commander said to his soldiers, in a just indignation at their niceness: "Ye have the river Nilus running by you, and do you ask for wine †?" and how he upbraided them, with this scornful taxation; "Blush for shame: those, that overcome you, drink water." We know what the wise and just Socrates returned to Archelaus, tempting his fidelity with large proffers: "Go," said he, "tell your master, that four gills of flour are sold at Athens for a halfpenny, and that our wells yield us water for nothing."

But now, since our liberal Creator hath thought good to furnish our tables, with forty kinds, at the least, of beasts and fowls; with two hundred, as they are computed, of fishes; besides the rich and dainty provenues of our gardens and orchards, and the sweet juice of our canes, and the cells of our hives; what should this argue, but that he, who made nothing in vain and all for man, intended to provide, not for our necessity only, but for our just delight?

The father of the faithful, though he promised only to comfort the hearts of his great and divine guests with *a morsel of bread*; Gen. xviii. 5: yet he entertains them with a tender and fat calf, with butter and milk, the delicacies of those homelier times.

But this, in all likelihood, was but small cheer, in comparison of that, which he prepared for the celebrity of his son Isaac's weaning; which is by Moses styled *a great feast*; Gen. xxi. 8. After this, when his son Isaac feasted a king ‡, do we not think there were all the choice services, the times would afford? Sampson, though by God's destination a Nazarite, yet kept his wedding feast seven days long; Judges xiv. 17. Samuel, a Prophet of God, feasted thirty persons; and reserved a choice bit for his best guest; 1 Sam. ix. 22. What speak I of this; when every new moon was wont to be celebrated, with a solemn feast, by God's people? and David shelters himself under this excuse, for his absence from the table of Saul? I might well have silenced all the rest, if I had only mentioned great Solomon's both practice and counsel. *There is nothing better*, saith he, *for a man, than that he should eat and drink; and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour: this also I saw, that it was from the hand of God; for who can eat, or who can hasten hereunto, more than I?* Eccl. ii. 24, 25. Certainly, this challenge is unanswerable. Neither hath the Spirit of God thought it unfit, to give us a bill-of-fare of that mighty king: and to record, in those holy archives, the particulars of his daily expences of meal, flour, oxen, sheep; besides harts, roebucks, fallow-deer, and fatted fowls; which the monarchs of all ages may admire, none can emulate.

What speak I yet of this, when he, that was greater than Solomon, sanctified feasting by his own blessed example? He, the

* Ambros. † Pescen. Niger. ‡ Viz. Abimelech: Gen. xxvi. 30.

Lord of Glory, that took up with a manger for his cradle; and, after the carpenter's cottage, owned no house, but heaven; is invited to a bridal feast, the jolliest commonly of all meetings; carries his train with him; helps on the cheer, by turning water into the richest wine. Had he been so sour, as some sullen hypochondriacs, who place holiness in a dull austerity, would fancy him, it had been an easy answer, *They want wine:* "All the better: water is more fit: this safe liquor will send the guests home coolly tempered." But now, as one, that would be known to be a favourer of honest and moderate delight, he bids, *Fill the water-pots with*, that which he would make better, *Wine.* Neither was it any rare or strange matter, for our Saviour to honour and bless other feasts with his presence. Matthew the Publican, when he was called from his toll-booth to a discipleship, and was now to be matriculated into the family of Christ, entertained his new Master with a sumptuous banquet: himself, now an Evangelist, speaks modestly of his own cheer, as if it had been but common fare; Matt. ix. 10: but St. Luke tells us, it was *a great feast*; Luke v. 29. What should I speak of the tables of Zaccheus, of Simon the Pharisee, of Martha and Mary? so did our Saviour, in a sweet sociableness of carriage, apply himself to a free conversation with men, in the cheerful use of God's good creatures; that his envious maligners took occasion hereupon, to slander him with the unjust and blasphemous imputation of *οἰνοπότης, a wine-bibber; a friend to publicans and sinners.*

He, that made the creatures, can best tell how to use them: his practice is more than all laws: those men, therefore, are not more injurious to themselves, than to the divine beneficence; who, in an opinion of greater sanctity, abridge themselves of a moderate participation of those comfortable helps, God hath allowed them; and sit sullenly at a liberal board, with their hat pulled over their eyes; not so much as removing their napkin from their trencher; unjustly scrupling their conscience, with *Touch not, taste not, handle not.*

There are times of abstinence: and not of a private fast, only; but, much more, of a *bannitum jejunium*, as that Council * styled it; solemn and sacred. There are, out of civil grounds, wholesome laws, for either forbearance, or change of diet: far be it from us to detract our strict obedience to these. Surely, unless we will take up that lawless resolution, of *Disrumpamus vincula, Let us break their bonds, and cast their cords from us*, we must be content to be tied by the teeth; and, in these cases, to determine, with friar Giles †, that the best diet is to eat nothing: but, where we are left open from all just restraint of divine and human laws, to pine ourselves in an affectation of holiness; and so partially to carve unto ourselves, as if all things were not clean unto the clean; it is but a wayward and thankless austerity.

(2.) The like may be said for *Other Usages of the Body*: in matter of attire, sleep, lodging, recreation. Socrates ‡, the His-

* Concil. Salegunstad. Anno 1022. † *Si vis benè comedere jejuna.* Confor. 8.
‡ Socrat. l. vi. c. 22.

torian, tells of Sisinnius, the witty Bishop of the over-strait-laced sect of the Novatians, a man of singular temperance and moderation; yet somewhat more spruce, liberal, and costly in his apparel, and more nice in his frequent bathings, than ordinary; that, being asked where he found it written, that a priest for his daily array should be suited in white, answered, "Yea, tell me first, where you find it written, that a Bishop should be clothed in black: you cannot shew me this: I can shew you the other; for Solomon says, *Let thy garments be white.*"

How fitly the text is applied, I labour not: sure I am, that no wise man need to be more nice than a Novatian; and that the kingly preacher, in that liberal concession of his, gives large scope to our lawful liberty, in the use of God's blessings. He allows, within the compass of our callings, rich suits to the back, sweet oils for the head, comfortable drinks for the stomach: neither ought we to be scant, where God meant to be bountiful: and, if he have made us the lords of the world, why are we wilful beggars? Wherefore hath he given the warm fleece to the sheep, the rich hides to the beaver and ermine, the curious case to the silk-worm, the soft and fair feathers to the fowls of the air; but, after their own use, for ours? Wherefore hath he clothed the trees with cotton, or the fields with flax; wherefore hath he enriched the earth, with variety of sweet and delicate flowers, with precious metals, and with more precious stones; the sea, with beautiful and costly pearls; why hath he treasured up such orient and pleasing colours in grains and fishes; if not for the use and behoof of man? what other creature knows, wherefore they serve? or, how can our blessed Creator be any other than a greater loser, by our either ignorance or wilful neglect?

(3.) As for the comfort of *Conjugal Society*, what other did our good God intend, in the making of that meet helper? He, that made those creatures, could have made many more; and, having set this stint to his creation, he, that made the woman of the man, could as well have made man of man; and could, in the infiniteness of his wisdom, have appointed thousands of ways for the multiplication of mankind: but now, having thought meet to pitch upon the traducing of man by this living rib of his own, he hath holily ordained, that they two shall be one flesh; not only, as two bodies animated with one soul, but rather, as one body animated with two united spirits; so as it is equally lawful for them, to enjoy each other in a mutual and holy communion, and to enjoy themselves in their single and personal contentments.

How safely then may we take wise Solomon's word, for this innocent and sweet conversation: *Let thy fountain be blessed; and rejoice with the wife of thy youth: let her be as the loving hind, and pleasant roe: let her breasts satisfy thee, at all times; and be thou ravished always with her love!* Prov. v. 18, 19. And when, towards the latter end of his days, he had found *more bitter than death, the woman, whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands;* Eccl. vii. 26: yet, even then, he renews this charge, in the height of

his mortification; *Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in this life; and in thy labour, which thou takest under the sun;* Eccl. ix. 9.

SECT. 3.

Together with our liberty, the Just Bounds of our Moderation, in the liberal use of God's creatures: and, therein, our limitation, (1.) *in our respects to God;*—(2.) *in respect of the Pleasures themselves:* [1.] *for their Kind;* [2.] *for their Quality;* [3.] *for their Quantity;* [4.] *for the Manner of Using them.*

So, then, that God, who hath given us meat, drink, apparel, wife, children, recreations, and whatever other conveniences of this life, intended no other, but that we should make our use, and have the fruition of these comforts: and, if he meant not that we should take some pleasure in the fruition of them, wherefore are they given us as blessings? or what place is there for our thankfulness?

If I may take no pleasure in one food above another, what use is there of my taste? What difference do I make, betwixt a coarse crust, and the finest of the wheat? Why am I more bound to God for giving me wine, than water; many dishes, than one; better, than worse? or, how can I be more sensible of my obligation? If I may not take contentment in the wife of my youth, wherefore is she mine? What is left to me to counterpoise those household distractions, which do unavoidably attend the state of matrimony? If I may not joy in my children, what difference is there to me betwixt my own and other men's; save that my care is more without hope of requital? And, if I may not take pleasure in my recreation, how is it such? what difference is there, betwixt it and work? Yea, if I may not take pleasure in the works of my calling, what difference is there, betwixt a slave and me?

But, the same God, who hath allowed us to take pleasure in all these, hath also thought good to set Bounds and Stints to our pleasure, which we may not exceed. He hath indulged to us a lawful freedom, not a wild licentiousness. If we pass our limits, we sin.

Now, because, in our natural proneness to excess, there is nothing more difficult, than to keep within due compass, and to be at once delighted and holy: it highly concerns us, to take notice of those just BOUNDARIES, within which our freest pleasure must be ranged.

(1.) First, then, we cannot offend in our delectations, if we be sure to *take God with us.* More plainly, we shall safely partake of our pleasures, if we receive them as *from* God; if we enjoy them *in* God; if we refer them *to* God: *from* God, as the author and giver of them; *in* God, as the allower and sanctifier of them; *to* God, as to the end and scope of them. The least deviation from any of these, makes our delights vicious.

[1.] We receive them as From God, when we know them to be allowed of him, and granted to us by him. Herein, therefore, lawful pleasures differ from sinful: we have his warrant, for the one; for the other, his inhibition. The act may be alike, in both; but differs, both in the subject and ground of it. God's institution justifies that act in a lawful conjugal society, which he abhors and condemns in a stranger: marriage is made in heaven; adultery is brewed in hell. The teeth kept the same pace, under the Law, in eating the clean flesh and the unclean; and still do, in the morsels of sufficiency and surfeit: the first draught of the wine, which is for refreshing, goes down the same way, with the lavish and supernumerary carouses of drunkenness. That holy God, whose will is the rule of goodness, cannot give any approbation of evil.

If, then, I can boldly present my pleasure in the face of God, and say, "Lord, this is the delight thou hast allowed me: the liberty thou givest, I take; here is thy word, and my deed:" my heart cannot but sit down, in a comfortable assurance.

[2.] We enjoy them In God, while we can enjoy God in them: not suffering ourselves so to be possessed of them, as that we should let go the sweet hold of the divine presence and complacency; the very thought whereof, must necessarily exclude all disorder and excess. It is the brand, which St. Jude sets upon the sensual false-teachers of his time, *feeding without fear;* Jude 12: and the Prophet Isaiah, to the same purpose; *The harp, and the viol, the tabret, and the pipe, and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands;* Isaiah v. 12. If, then, we be so taken up with any earthly pleasures, that they do either banish God from our hearts, or steal our hearts from God; our tables are made snares to us; and our wives, instead of ribs, become thorns in our sides.

For me, let me rather want delights, than be transported by them from better joys: they shall not pass with me, for pleasures; but for torments, that shall rob me of the fruition of my God.

[3.] We refer them To God, when we partake of them with an intuition of the glory of him, from whom we receive them, and in whom we enjoy them: not making any pleasure its own end, wherein we shall rest; but the way to a better. *Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do,* saith the Apostle, *do all to the glory of God.* We do well to look up to heaven, and to say grace at our meals: but I have read of a holy man, that was wont to give thanks for every morsel that he put into his mouth; and I could envy his holy and free thoughts: but sooner could I take up the resolution of that votary, who professed, that he did, in every creature of God, find both edification and matter of devotion; and, when one shewed him a lewd and debauched ruffian, and asked him what good he could pick out of such a prospect, "Yes," said he, "I can so far enjoy his wickedness, as to be thankful to God, for giving me that grace which he wants."

Shortly, let me never have any pleasure, upon which I cannot pray to God for a blessing; and, for which, I cannot return my thanksgiving.

(2.) Our pleasures cannot be amiss, while they have these respects to God. There are also considerable *limitations, which they have Within Themselves.*

[1.] The first whereof must be, that they be, in their very Kind, lawful: for, as there is no dish, whereof we may warrantably surfeit; so there are some, whereof we may not taste. For our first parents, to but set their teeth in the forbidden fruit, yea to touch it, was not free from evil; Gen. iii. 3. Any morsel of an unclean meat, under the Law, was no less sinful, than the whole dish. The wholesomest of all foods, if taken in excess, may destroy nature; insomuch as we find * one, that died of strawberries, the most harmless fruit that the earth beareth: but the least measure of poison is too much.

Whereto we may also add, that the same thing may be poison to one, which to another is either meat or medicine; even as it is in bodily diets: a Turk eats in one day so much opium with pleasure, as would be the bane of many western Christians; and Erasmus professes that fish was death to him, which to others is both nourishing and delicate. For a Socrates to ride upon a stick, or to learn to fiddle, or dance in his old age, was a sight as uncouth, as it was, in his boys, becoming and commendable. It was said of Thales Milesius, one of the great sages of Greece, that he was pressed to death in a throng, at their gymnic sports: any wise man would presently ask, what that wise man did there. To personate a history on an academical theatre, may be a mutual delight to the actor and beholders; but, for a professed divine to do it, can be no other than unmeet, and that which is justly forbidden in some synods. The wild carnivals abroad, however they may be tolerated in the young laity, by their indulgent confessors; yet, for persons that profess to be clerks or religious votaries, what pretences soever may be set upon it by favourable casuists, cannot but be extremely faulty.

The Kind yielded to be lawful and meet, both in itself and to the person using it, there must be due consideration had of the Quality, Quantity, Manner; circumstances, that are able to make even good things evil.

[2.] For the Quality; both religion and right reason require, that we should not be wanton and over-delicate in our contentments; that our pleasures should be like ourselves, masculine and temperate.

It was a check, that fell seasonably from Vespasian, and recorded to his great honour by Suetonius, that, when a young man came to him curiously perfumed, "I would rather," said he, "thou hadst smelt of garlic:" and that praise is no mean one, which

* Melchior Suerinensis Episc. ex ducibus Brunswic. Kranz. Metrop. l. x. c. 36.

Gerson *, the Chancellor of Paris, gives to King Lewis the Saint, That he regarded not of how dainty composition his excrement were made, neither meant to be a cook for the worms.

Surely, that curiosity of mixture, whereby not the eye and the palate, but the scent also must be feasted, is more fit for Sybarites, than for Christians. Dissolved pearls are for the draught of Æsop, the tragedian's son; or Antony's great mistress. Let a Vitellius or Heliogabalus hunt over seas and lands, for the dainty bit of this bird's tongue, that fish's roe, or that beast's sweet-bread; the oysters of this coast, the scollops of that other; this root, that fruit. What do Christians, with this vain Apician-like gluttony? It was a fit rule for that monster † of the gut, whom even the Roman luxury censured, That those dishes please best, which cost most.

I have both heard and read, that, when some of our English merchants in Germany entertained Martin Luther, with some other of his Dutch friends, at their table; when, amongst other liberal dishes, he saw a pasty, at the first cutting up, reeking upwards, and filling the room with a hot and spicy steam, instead of thanks, he frowned; and angrily said, "Now woe be to them, that bring these delicacies into our Germany."

It is not easy to set stints to the quality or price of diets: for that, which to one nation or person may pass for mean and coarse, may to another be costly and delicious. If we may believe relations ‡, in Angola dogs' flesh is held for the daintiest meat; insomuch as one mastiff hath been exchanged there for twenty slaves, the price of one hundred and twenty ducats. Our frogs, snails, mushrooms, would somewhere be accepted for a good service. And we know what the Tartars are wont to esteem of their Cosmo, while we make a face at the mention of it.

Laertius tells us, that when Plato, in a thrifty discourse with rich Aristippus, was saying, that a halfpenny was enough to furnish a temperate man's dinner; "Well then," said he, "and fifty drachmas are no more than so, to me."

Custom of the place, care of health, regard to our ability, are fit moderators of every man's palate: but the true Christian is governed by a higher law; giving only such way to his appetite, as may well consist with due mortification.

It was the rule, which Columbanus, of whom there are many monuments in these Western parts, gave to his followers; "Let the diet of Monks be coarse, and late; so as it may sustain, and not hurt §." We are no Rechabites, no votaries; free from all yokes, of this kind, save the Almighty's, which is no other than a holy temperance. He hath allowed us the finest of the wheat; and wine, that makes glad the heart: we are not tied to Prodicus's

* Gers. Serm. de B. Ludovico. † Heliogab. Ælius Lamprid.
‡ Jo. Pory, Append. to Leo's Hist. of Africk.
§ *Cibus sit vilis Monachorum, et vespertinus; ut sustineat, et non noceat.* Reg. Columb. c. iii.

sauce, which is the fire; nor to Bernard's, which is salt and hunger: we may, with old Isaac, call for *savoury meat, such as we love*; Gen. xxvii. 4. Happy are we, if we know how to use our blessings; and have learned so to order our appetite, as that we make it neither a slave nor a wanton *.

[3.] For the Quantity.

(a.) Pleasure is honey: *Eat not too much honey*, saith Solomon: that is to be tasted on the top of the finger; not to be scooped up with the whole hand.

We may be too great niggards to ourselves, this way; denying those helps to nature, whereby it may be more cheerfully enabled unto good: Jonathan complained justly, that Saul's rash vow, of not tasting any food that day, had troubled the land: *See, I pray you, how mine eyes are enlightened, because I tasted a little honey: how much more, if the people had eaten freely to day, had they prevailed?* 1 Sam xiv. 29, 30. It was a rule † of a great pattern of strict devotion, "If abstinence go beyond the bounds of a virtue, it turns vice:" and our Alensis ‡ well, "If our fast must be afflictive, yet with due moderation; neither is it required, that a man should fast his utmost, but so much as may well stand with the conservation of nature in her meet vigour." Neither are we tied to the old man's diet in Suidas, salt, and two barley-corns §; or to the liberal allowance, which Francis of Assise made to his St. Clare, an ounce and half of bread in a day: neither need we be driven, as Socrates counselled poor Eschines, to borrow of ourselves ‖.

But, on the other side, we may not let loose the reins of our appetite; and, as gluttons are wont to do, cram in so much to breakfast, that we have no stomach to supper: *Not in surfeiting and drunkenness*, saith the blessed Apostle. It seemed a strange thing to Anacharsis the Scythian, as Laertius observes, to see the Greeks drink in small cruses at the beginning of their feasts, and in large bowls at the latter end: an order ill imitated by the lavish Healthists of our time; as if they intended, not satisfaction and refreshing of nature, but wilful excess. If the bounty of God allow us to be sometimes merry, in our moderate feasts; yet never mad. He is so far from crowning any man for drinking, as it is said Alexander the Great did his Promachus, that he hath passed a *woe unto them, that are mighty to drink wine; and men of strength, to mingle strong drink*; Is. v. 22. Well may we say of our cups, as was wont to be said of the Ionians: They are good servants; ill free-men, and masters. Too much oil puts out the lamp: both reason and health are drowned in over-deep cups. Our body is as a well-set clock, which keeps good time: if it be too much or indiscreetly tampered with, the larum runs out before the hour.

(b.) The like care of avoiding extremity must be had in all other

* *Patriæ est, non exilii, frequentia hæc gaudiorum, &c.* Bern. Ep. 176.

† *Qui carnem suam supra modum affligit, civem suum occidit: si plus quàm oportet alimentis reficit, hostem nutrit.* Hugo. Instit. Monast. in reg. D. Augus. c. iii. ‡ Alens. To. 4. q. 28. mem. 6. *Eisi æquinium, &c.*

§ Ἔχων ἅλα καὶ δύο κέμμακα. ‖ Παρ' ἑαυτὸ δανίζεσθαι. Suid.

delights. The very heathen orator could say, "He is not worthy of the name of a man, that would be a whole day in pleasure." Sleep and recreations are as necessary as meat; but both must know their stint *. If a bear or a dormouse grow fat with sleep, I am sure the mind of man is thus attainished. *Slothfulness*, saith Solomon, *casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger*; Prov. xix. 15. It was a dead sleep, wherein Adam lost his rib; Gen. ii. 21: Ishbosheth, his life; 2 Sam. iv. 5: the Harlot, her son; 1 Kings iii. 20: the Foolish Virgins, their entrance: Matt. xxv. 5. *How long, then, wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that traveileth, and thy want as an armed man.*

(c.) As for sports, when they take up so much time and labour as to turn trades, they have lost themselves, and perhaps marred their masters. It was a just exception, that Salustius took to Sempronia, not that she danced, but that she danced too well: and our story tells us, when rich Clisthenes would choose a fit match for his only daughter, and amongst other suitors the son of Terpander the Athenian was most likely to speed, the young man, to ingratiate himself the more, after dinner danced some attic jigs, with much cunning and activity. "Well, wed," said Clisthenes; "Terpander's son, you have danced away your marriage." *If the iron be blunt, the edge must be whetted*, saith Solomon; but, if we shall wear away all the steel with too much whetting, the tool must needs be left unprofitable.

(d.) But the greatest danger of immoderation, is, in matter of lust: an impetuous passion; and that, which commonly bears down reason before it; and too often even there, where the strongest resolutions and most religious vows have made head against it: insomuch as Alvarez Pelagius † sticks not to confess, that there was scarce any of the holy sisters in his time, *sine devoto carnali*; and Dominicus à Soto professes he cannot deny, that their clergy abounds with concubinaries and adulterers. What should I mention the toleration and yearly rent of public stews ‡? these known courtezans in Spain and Italy, pay to their great landlords for their lust: whereas, amongst the Abassines §, wages are given them out of the common purse.

Yea, even those, who are allowed lawful remedies, shall find it task enough, so to order their desires, as they may not offend in their application. To deny the lawfulness of matrimonial benevolence, were to cast mire in the face of our Creator ‖: yet there may be such deordination in the acts thereof, as may draw sin into the

* *Quær. Si ex toto corde ridere non licet? Negatur.* Reg. Basilii. c. xxxii.

† *Vix ullus sanctimonialium sine devoto carnali.* Alv. Pel. de Planctu. l. ii. 73.

‡ *Curent in unâquâque civitate locum meretricibus assignandum, ab hominum frequentiâ, et à majoribus Ecclesiæ remotum.* In Concil. Mediolan. 1. habito à Carolo Boromæo.

§ Jo. Pory: ut supra.

‖ Tatianus: *nihil differre à matrimonio Scortationem, sed idem esse.* Epiph. Hæres. de Tatianis.

marriage-bed; insomuch as Gerson * can tell us, there is less difficulty in forbearing these desires, than in curbing and moderating them once admitted. For pleasure ever, as both St. Ambrose and Jerome have observed, draws on a strong appetite of itself: and, as Chrysologus well, is like a dog; beat him off, he flees away; make much of him, he follows us the more.

The Jews † note, that, in four places of the Law, they are admonished to encrease and multiply; and therefore hold, that, after twenty years of age, whoso finds the *jezer* in himself, is bound, under pain of sin, to marry: somewhat of kin to the divinity of that old physician at Basil, of whom Erasmus ‡ speaks, who taught in his public lecture, that this *Encrease and multiply* was our Saviour's last legacy to the world; which we had thought had been, *Pacem meam do vobis, My peace I give to you:* and that it were pity, that any fruitful soul should lie fallow: positions, wildly licentious; and such, as leave no place for a gracious eunuchism for the kingdom of heaven.

Virginal chastity is a grace, worthy of our fervent prayers, worthy of our best endeavours. I hear the great Apostle of the Gentiles say, *He, that gives his virgin in marriage, doth well; but he, that gives her not in marriage, doth better*; 1 Cor. vii. 38. And why should not every one, where there is a difference of meliority, strive towards the best? All may strive; but all cannot attain. *He, that is able to receive it, let him receive it*; saith our Saviour.

But he, that cannot receive the blessing of single chastity, may receive the blessing of chaste marriage: an institution, which, if it had not been pure and innocent, had never been made in paradise, by the all-holy Maker of paradise, both in earth and heaven. In the managing and fruition whereof, we may not follow brutish appetite and lawless sensuality; but must be over-ruled with right reason, Christian modesty, and due respects to the ends of that blessed ordinance.

Our strictest casuists will grant, that, for the conservation of mankind, even a votary may, yea must marry; and we have, in our times, known those, who, for the continuation of a lineal succession of some great families, have been fetched from their cells to a bridechamber. As for the remedy of incontinency, our Apostle hath passed a plain συνέρχεσθε, *Come together again*; 1 Cor. vii. 5.

As for the pleasure of conjugal society, I do not find a more clear decision, than that of the voluminous Jesuit Salmeron §. "To a

* *Facilior est sæpe, &c. sicut febris potu, et ignis flatu, et pruritus attactu tandem magis succenduntur.* Gers. Reg. morales de Luxuria.

† Munster. in Præcept. Mos. ‡ Erasm. Epist. Danieli Stibaro. *Medicus senex Basileæ, in publicâ professione docuit, &c.*

§ Salmeron Tom. v. Tract. 9. de temporibus Luctûs. *Fideli, cui Christus omnia mundavit, illa turpitudo et absorptio non est peccatum: nam, ut ait Apostolus,* Omnia munda mundis; *ut egregiè exponit. Clem. l. iii. Strom. in fine. Ad hæc, voluptas aut delectatio quæ naturaliter consequitur opus generationis, quæ omni animanti ingenita est à Deo, nec propter se expetitur, peccatum ullum non*

faithful man," saith he, "unto whom Christ hath made all things clean, that turpitude and absorption (of reason) which commonly attends the act of matrimonial knowledge is not a sin: for, as the Apostle teacheth, *All things are clean unto the clean*; as Clemens, in the third book of his Stromata, worthily expounds it. Moreover, that pleasure or delectation which doth naturally follow the act of generation, which is by God naturally inbred in every living creature, and is not desired merely for its own sake, is no sin at all: even as the delight, which accompanieth eating, and drinking, and sleeping, is not judged unlawful. So therefore it is not only to be granted that marriage is no sin; but he, that is at liberty and free from any vow, and hath not a will to contain himself, shall not acquit himself of a grievous sin, if he seek not a wife: for of such like St. Paul saith, *If they do not contain, let them marry; for it is better to marry than to burn:* that is, as St. Ambrose interprets it, to be overcome of lust." Thus far Salmeron.

And to the same purpose the learned Chancellor of Paris determines, that, however those meetings, which have no other intention but mere pleasure, cannot be free from some venial offence; yet, that he, who comes to the marriage-bed,* not without a certain renitency and regret of mind, that he cannot live without the use of matrimony, offends not.

Shortly then, howsoever it be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to prescribe fixed limits to all ages and complexions: yet this we may undoubtedly resolve, that we must keep within the bounds of just sobriety, of the health and continued vigour of nature, of our aptitude to God's service, of our alacrity in our vocations; not making appetite our measure, but reason; hating that Messaline-like disposition, which may be wearied, not satisfied; affecting to quench, not to solicit lust; using our pleasure as the traveller doth water, not as the drunkard wine, whereby he is enflamed and enthirsted the more.

[4.] Thus much for the just quantity of our lawful delights: the Manner of our Using them remains.

Whether those of the board, or of the bed, or of the field, one universal rule serves for them all: We may not pursue them, either over-eagerly, or indiscreetly. If we may use them, we may not set our hearts upon them; and, if we give ourselves leave to enjoy them, yet we may not let ourselves loose to their fruition.

(a.) Carelessness is here our best posture: *They, that rejoice, as if they rejoiced not; they, that have wives, as if they had done; they, that buy, as if they possessed not; they, that use the world, as if they*

est: quemadmodum et delectatio, quæ consequitur edentem, et bibentem, aut somnum capientem, non censetur illicita. Non solùm ergo nuptiæ non sunt peccatum; sed ille, qui esset solutus et liber à voto, nec vellet se continere, crimen non effugeret, si uxorem non quæreret, potiùs quàm uri, i. vinci à libidine, &c.

* *Non sine renitentiâ, et dolore quodam animi, quòd sine usu matrimonii vivere non possit, &c.*

used it not; saith the blessed Apostle: 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31. Far be it from a Christian heart, so to be affected with any earthly delight, as if his felicity dwelt in it; his utter dejection and misery, in the want of it: that, as Phalliel did his wife, he should follow it weeping. It was a good charge, that the holy man* gave to his votary, that he should not *totus comedere*; and the spouse, in the Divine Marriage-Song, can say, *I slept; but my heart waketh*; Cant. v. 2. Thus, while we shall take our pleasure, our pleasure shall not take us.

(b.) Discretion must be the second guide of our pleasure: as in other circumstances, so especially in the choice of meet places and seasons†. It was a shameless word of that brutish cynic, that he would *plantare hominem in foro*: the Jews‡ made it a matter of their thirty-nine lashes, for a man to lie with his own wife in the open field: and, if it were notoriously filthy for Absalom to come near to his father's concubines, in the darkest closet; surely, to set up a tent upon the roof of the house, and, in the sight of the sun and all Israel, to act that wickedness, was no less than flagitious villainy.

The very love-feasts of the primitive Christians were therefore cried down, by the Apostle, because they were mispaced: *Have ye not houses, to eat and drink in?* 1 Cor. xi. 22: and so were the vigils, in the succeeding ages. If markets, if sports, be never so warrantable; yet in a church, not without a foul profanation.

So, likewise, there are times, which do justly stave off even those carnal delights, which else would pass with allowance: the priests under the Law, while they did eat the holy bread, which was in the several courses twice in the year, must abstain from the society of their wives. The like charge doth the Apostle impose upon his Communists: *Defraud not one another; except it be with consent for a time, that ye may give yourselves to fasting and prayer*; 1 Cor. vii. 5. It was a commendable resolution of good Uriah: *The Ark of God, and Israel, and Judah abide in tents; and my Lord Joab, and the servants of my Lord are encamped in the open fields; shall I then go in to my house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing*; 2 Sam. xi. 11.

When a solemn fast is indicted, for a man to entertain his friends with a feast, is no better than a high impiety and disobedience: neither can it be worthy of less than a just mulct and censure in those, who cast their liberalliest invitations upon those days, which, by the wholesome laws both of Church and Commonwealth, are designed to abstinence. And it is a strange charge that Alfonsus§ de Vargas lays upon the Jesuits, that, upon a slight pretence, made no bones of a fat capon on Good Friday. *There is a time for all things*, saith wise Solomon: *there is a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to mourn, and a time to dance*; Eccl. iii. 4, 5.

* Bernard. † *Nullo modo placuit his in die saturum fieri.* Cic. Tuscul. l. i.
‡ Sanchard. de Jure Reg. Hebr. § Alphons. Varg. Stratagem. Jes. c. xi.

If then our pleasure shall be rightly differenced, for the Kind; and, where that is allowable, ordered aright for the Measure, Quality, Manner of enjoying it; we shall be safely cheerful, and our life holily comfortable.

SECT. IV.

Motives to Moderation in the use of all our pleasures.

But, because it is no easy task, to keep our hearts in so meet a temper, and to curb in our appetite from a lawless immoderation, it will be necessary for us seriously to CONSIDER,

(1.) The *Shortness* of them. They are like to that time, on whose wings they are carried, fugitive and transient; gone, while they come; and, as the Apostle speaks, *in their very use perishing*. Lysimachus, when, in his extremity of drought, he had yielded himself and his crown to the Scythians, for a draught of water, "Good God," saith he, "how great a felicity have I forgone, for how short a pleasure!" Who ever enjoyed full delight a day? or, if he could, what is he the better for it, to morrow? He may be worse, but who ever is the better, for his yesterday's feast? Sweet meats and fat morsels glut the soonest; and that, which was pleasant in the palate, is noisome in the maw and gut. As for those bodily delights, wherein luxurious men place their chief felicity, alas, what poor abortions they are; dead in the very conception; not lasting out their mention! what vanishing shadows; what a short nothing! And, how great a madness is it, to place our contentment upon mere transitoriness; to fall in love with that face, which cannot stay to be saluted!

(2.) The *Unprofitableness* of them*. It is easy to name thousands, that have miscarried by the use of pleasures; who, with Ulysses's companions have been turned into swinish beasts, by the cups of this Circe: but shew me the man, that ever was the better for them. We have known want, like to the hard soil of Ithaca, breed good wits; but what can fulness yield, save fat guts, ill humours, dull brains?

The observation is as true as old, that the flesh is nourished with soft, but the mind with hard meats. The falconer keeps his hawk sharp, that would fly well; and the horses are breathed and dieted, that would win the bell, and the wager.

Sampson was not so strong, nor David so holy, nor Solomon so wise, as not to be foiled with these assaults. It was one strain in Moses's song, *Jesurun is waxed fat and kicked. Thou didst drink of the pure blood of the grape: thou art waxed fat; thou art grown*

* *Onerat quippe talis cibus voluptatis, irritatque famem, non satiat.* Gers. Serm. ad Eccles. Cautelam.—*Paupertas nemini malum, nisi repugnanti.* Senec. Ep. 123.—Γάστηρ παχεῖα μὴ τίκτοι λεπτὴν φρένα.

thick; thou art covered with fatness: then he forsook God, that made him; and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation; Deut. xxxii. 15. How many brave hopes have we known dashed, with youthly excess! how many high and gallant spirits effeminated! Hannibal could complain, that he brought men into Campania; but carried women out again.

Who ever knew any man, that, by the superfluity of earthly contentments, grew more wise, more learned, more virtuous, more devout*? Whereas, it is no rare thing, to find those, whom a strait and hard hand hath improved in all these.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, saith Solomon, *than to go to the house of feasting. Sorrow is better than laughter; for, by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better;* Eccl. vii. 2, 3. If Job's children do but meet at a kind banquet, their father is fain to expiate their feast with sacrifice; for seldom is ever jollity without excess: whereas, in a sad austerity there is no fear of over-lashing.

(3.) As there is no profit in the immoderation of these momentary pleasures, so no little *Pain* in the loss. This honey-bag hath ever a sting attending it; so as we are commonly plagued, as Bernard well, in that, wherein we were mis-delighted. Fishes and fowls are well pleased with their baits; but, when the hook or gin seizeth them, they are too late sensible of their misery. I have known potions, that have been very pleasant in the mouth, which have wrought churlishly in the guts: such are these pleasures: *What fruit have you*, saith the Apostle, *in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed?* The world deals with too many, as our Bromiard† observes, like a bad neighbour, that makes a man drunk purposely, to defeat him of his purse or patrimony: when the liquor is evaporated, the man awakes, and finds himself a beggar.

Could we foresee the issue of these sinful delights, we durst not but fall off. Had any man, beforehand, said, *Death is in the pot*, which of the children of the prophets durst have been so hardy, as to put in his spoon? It was a good answer, of a well meaning novice; who, when he was told because that he was tender and delicate he could never endure the hardship of a strict profession, answered, "Yes, I will therefore endure it the rather; for, being so tender and delicate, much less shall I be able to endure the pains of hell." Could we, then, fore-consider the everlasting torments, which attend the momentary pleasures of sin, we would say to the best and most plausible of them, as Sir Thomas is reported‡ to have said to his wife, "Gentle Eve, I will none of your apple:" and would be loth, as that Philosopher said in the like case, to buy repentance, yea torment, at so dear a rate.

* Quanto inferiùs delectamur, tanto à superno amore disjungimur. Bern. de Inter Domo. c. xlv. † Brom. Sum. Præd. V. Gula. ‡ Camden's Remaines.

CHAP. II.

OF THE MODERATION OF OUR DESIRES, *in matter of wealth and honour, &c.—Motives to that Moderation.*

NEXT to the moderation of our Pleasures is that of our DESIRES; if not rather before it: for, whereas there are three acts of our sensitive appetite, in respect of good, Loving, Desiring, Delight; love makes way to our desires, and delight follows it: but, because the desires we now speak of are rather covetous, than love-some; of outward abilities, rather than bodily pleasures; we cannot repent of this order of their tractation.

And, surely, of the two, our Desires are much more insatiable and boundless than our Delights. A glutton's belly is much sooner filled, than his eye*: for that only can quiet the appetite of an intellectual nature, which is all and infinitely good: all other things do rather whet, than satiate our longings. All this sensible world, as Gerson† well, is but as one little morsel to the stomach of the soul; and if a thousand worlds could be let down, they cannot fill it‡: for the mind is, by receiving, enlarged to receive more; and still cries, like the daughters of the horse-leech, *Give, Give.*

Every soul, as St. Austin § wittily, is either Christ's spouse, or the Devil's harlot: I add, if Christ's spouse, she takes up with him; and accounts all things in the world but dung, yea but loss in comparison of him; Phil. iii. 8: if the Devil's harlot, she runs wild, after every gaudy pleasure and profit; like the barren womb, in Solomon, which never saith, *It is enough*, Prov. xxx. 16. So then, the true Christian soul, as it can say with David, *Whom have I in heaven, but thee? and there is nothing in earth, that I desire, besides thee;* Ps. lxxiii. 25: so it can say, with St. Paul, *I have learned, both to want and to abound, to be full and to be hungry; and, in whatsoever estate, to be therewith content;* Phil. iv. 11, 12.

Our desires, therefore, are both the surest measures of our present estate, and the truest prognostics of our future. Upon those words of Solomon, *As the tree falls, so it shall lie*, Bernard wittily, "How the tree will fall, thou shalt soon know, by the store, and weight of the boughs. Our boughs are our desires: on which side soever they grow and sway most, so shall the soul fall." It was a word too good for him, that sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, *I have enough, my brother.* Jacob himself could have said no more. This moderation argues a greater good than itself: for, as nothing comes amiss to that man, who holds nothing enough ‖; since *the love of money is the root of all evil;* 1 Tim. vi. 10: so he, that can stint his desires, is cannon-proof against temptations.

* Jo. de Neapoli. q. xxviii. † *Totus iste mundus sensibilis, ad animæ ventrem, quid est, nisi bolus exiguus, &c.?* Ger. Serm. ad Eccles. Cant. i.

‡ *Cor vix ad unius mihi refectionem sufficere posset, et totus mundus ei non sufficit.* Bern. de Interiore Domo. c. lxii. § Aug. Gen. ad litteram.

‖ *Cui nihil satis est, nihil turpe est.* Timotheus in Aristophontum prodigum. Ælian.

Whence it is, that the best and wisest men have still held themselves shortest*. Even he, that had more than enough, could say, *Give me not over-much.* Who knows not the bare feet and patched cloaks, of the famous Philosophers amongst the heathen? Plutarch † wonders at Cato, that, being now old, and having passed both a consulship and triumph, he never wore any garment that exceeded the worth of a hundred pence. It was the wish of learned Erasmus, after the refused offers of great preferments, that he might so order his expences, that he might make all even at his death: so as, when he died, he might be out of every man's debt; and might have only so much money left, as might serve to bring him honestly to his grave. And it was little otherwise, it seems, with the painful and eminent Master Calvin; who, after all his power and prevalence in his place, was found, at his death, to be worth some forty pounds sterling; a sum, which many a master gives his groom, for a few years' service.

Yea, in the very chair of Rome, where a man would least look to meet with moderation, we find Clement ‡ IV. when he would place out his two daughters, gave to the one thirty pounds, in a nunnery; to the other, three hundred, in her marriage. And Alexander § the Vth., who was chosen Pope in the Council of Pisa, had wont to say, he was a rich Bishop, a poor Cardinal, and a beggarly Pope. The extreme lowliness of Celestine ‖ the Vth., who, from an anchorite's cell, was fetched into the chair, and gave the name to that Order, was too much noted to hold long: he, that would only ride upon an ass, while his successors mount on shoulders, soon walks on foot to his desert, and thence to his prison. This man was of the diet of a brother of his, Pope Adrian ¶, who caused it to be written on his grave, that "nothing fell out to him in all his life more unhappily, than that he was advanced to rule."

These are, I confess, mere Heteroclites of the Papacy: the common rule is otherwise. To let pass the report**, which the Archbishop of Lyons made in his Council of Basil, of those many millions, which, in the time of Pope Martin, came to the Court of Rome out of France alone: and the yearly sums registered in our Acts††, which out of this island flew thither, above the king's revenues: we know, in our time, what millions of gold Sixtus V., who changed a neat-herd's cloak for a Franciscan's cowl, and therefore by virtue of his order might touch no silver, raked together in five years' space. The story ‡‡ is famous, of the discourse betwixt Pope Innocent the IVth., and Thomas Aquinas.

* *Si vis cum laetitiâ animi vivere, noli multa habere.* Bern. ubi supra. c. xlv.
† Plut. in vit. Laz. Bayf. de Re Vest. ‡ Bin. in Vitâ Clem. iv. Anno 1268. § Bin. Anno 1410. ‖ Bin. in vit. Celestini Elect. Ann. 1294.
¶ Adrian IV. *Nihil sibi in vitâ infelicius accidisse, quàm quod imperarit.*
** Henr. à Token in Sylv. ex conc. Hospin. de Orig. Templ †† *Reditus Romani, computati ab Henrico iii. ad summam ascenderunt, quantum reditus regii vix. Ex millia marcarum puri reditus præter alia emolumenta.* Florilegus. Ann. 1245. ‡‡ Ciracella in ejus vit. cit. à Rivetio contr. Sylv. S. Petra.

When that great Clerk came to Rome; and looked somewhat amazedly, upon the mass of plate and treasure, which he there saw: "Lo" said the Pope, "you see, Thomas, we cannot say as St. Peter did of old, *Silver and gold have I none.*" "No," said Aquinas; "neither can you command, as he did, the lame man to arise and walk." There was not more difference, in the wealth of the time, than in the virtue.

It was a heroical word of St. Paul; *As having all things, yet possessing nothing**: and a resolution no less, that, rather than he would be put down by the brag of the false-teachers among the Corinthians, he would lay his fingers to the stitching of skins for tent-making. What speak I of those meannesses: when he tells us of holy men, that wandered about, in sheepskins and goats'-skins, in deserts, and mountains, and caves of the earth? Heb. xi. 37, 38. Yea, what do I fall into the mention of any of these, when I hear the Lord of Life, the God of Glory, who had the command of earth and heaven, say, *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head?*

It was a base and unworthy imputation, that hath been cast upon him by some ignorant favourers of wilful poverty, that he lived upon pure alms. If our Blessed Saviour and his train had not a common stock, wherefore was Judas the purse-bearer? and why, in that office, did he repine at the costly ointment bestowed upon his Master; as that, which might have been sold for three hundred pence to the use of the poor, if himself had not wont to be a receiver of the like sums, in a pretence of distribution? Wherein had he been a thief, if he had not both wont and meant, to lurch out of the common treasury? Certainly, he, that said, *It is better to give, than to receive*, would not fail of the better, and take up with the worse: and he, who sent his caterers to Sichem to buy meat, would not go upon trust with Samaritans; John iv. 8.

Now, he, that shall ask how this stock should arise, may easily think, that he, who commanded the fish to bring him tribute-money, had a thousand ways to make his own provision. Amongst which, this is clear and eminent: his Chosen Vessel could say, *Even so the Lord hath ordained, that they, which preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel;* 1 Cor. ix. 14. Lo, this was Christ's own ordination: was it not therefore his practice? And, if any man would rather cast it upon our Saviour's care for the provision of succeeding times, he may soon learn, that when the blessed Son of God sent his disciples as legates from his own side, to preach the Gospel, without scrip, or money, the word was, *dignus est, The labourer is worthy of his wages:* He saith not, "The beggar is worthy of his alms."

This maintenance was not of beneficence, but duty. So, as Salmeron† observes well, neither Christ nor his Apostles were in

* *Sicut Paulus, ditissimus pauper, dicebat, Sicut nihil habentes, et omnia possidentes.* Amoros. de Virtutum Virtutumque Conflictu. † Salmer. Tom. v. tract. 5.

any want: they earned, what they had; and they had, what was sufficient. And, if that gracious Messiah begged water of the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, it was because he thirsted after the salvation of her and her neighbours; and would take this occasion, to bestow upon them the waters of life, which they had not otherwise known or desired. I hear, where he asked for water; a common element, and that for which the giver was no whit the poorer: I would fain hear, where he asked for bread; where, for meat. I find, where he gave bread, more than once, to thousands; and fish, to boot: but wherever did he ask a morsel or fin?

Shortly, then, he, who could have commanded all the pomp and royalty of the whole world, would appear in the form of a servant, that he might sanctify a mean and moderate condition to us. It is true, there can be no certain proportion of our either having or desiring; since the conditions of men are in a vast difference: for that coat, which is too big for a dwarf, will not so much as come upon a giant's sleeve: and it is but just and lawful, for every man to affect so much, as may be sufficient, not only for the necessity of his person, but for the decency of his estate; the neglect whereof may be sordid, and deservedly taxable. It is said of Gregory the great, that he sharply reproved Paschasius Bishop of Naples, for that he used to walk down to the sea-side, attended only with one or two of his clergy; without that meet port, which his place required. Surely, he, that goeth below himself, disparageth his vocation; and, while he would seem humble, is no other than careless. But, all things considered, he, that can cut evenest between want and excess, is in the safest, easiest, happiest estate *: a truth, which if it were duly entertained, would quit men's hearts of a world of vexation, which now they do willingly draw upon themselves; for he, that resolves to be rich and great, as he must needs fall into many snares of sin, so into manifold distractions of cares.

It was a true word of wise Bion, in Laertius; who, when he was asked, what man lived most unquietly, answered, "He, that, in a great estate, affects to be prosperous." In all experience, he, that sets too high a pitch to his desires, lives upon the rack; neither can be loosed, till he remit of his great thoughts, and resolve to clip his wings and train, and to take up with the present.

Very seasonable and witty was that answer, which Cyneas in the story gave to ambitious Pyrrhus, when that great conqueror began speech of his designs: "Well," said Cyneas, "when thou hast vanquished the Romans, what wilt thou then do?" "I will then," said Pyrrhus, "sail over to Sicily." "And what wilt thou do," said Cyneas, "when that is won?" "Then will we," said Pyrrhus, "subdue Afric." "Well, and when that is effected, what wilt thou," said Cyneas, "then do?" "Why then," said Pyrrhus, "we will sit down, and spend the rest of our time

* Senec. de Tranquillit.

merrily and contentedly." "And what hinders thee," said Cyneas, "that, without all this labour and peril, thou canst not now do so, beforehand?"

Certainly, nothing lies cross the way of our contentation, but our own thoughts; and those the all-wise God leaves there on purpose, for the just torture of great hearts. It was a truly apostolical and divine counsel, that the Chosen Vessel gives to his Hebrews. *Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have;* Heb. xiii. 5; which, unto his Timothy, he limits to *food* and *raiment;* 1 Tim. vi. 8: and backs it irrefragably, with a reason fetched from our first and last estate; *For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we shall carry nothing out;* 1 Tim. vi. 7. Lo, we begin and end with nothing; and no less than all can sate us, while we are.

Oh, the infinite avarice and ambition of men! The sea hath both bottom and bounds: the heart of man hath neither *. "There are these," as our Bromiard observes, "who, in a fair pretence of mortification, like soaring kites, fly up from the earth, and cry, 'Fie, fie,' in their flight; as if they scorned these lower vanities: and yet, when they have done, stoop upon the first carrion, that comes in their eye:" false Pharisees, that, under the colour of long prayers, devour widows' houses: Pharisaical votaries, that, under colour of wilful poverty, sweep away whole countries into their corban †. Amongst the very Mahometans, under the name of sanctity, the Scirifi in Affric, in our very age, the sons of Scirifius Hascenus, desire no more patrimony from their father, but a drum and an ensign; and, thus furnished, religion being their sole pretext, they run away with the large kingdoms of Fez and Morocco ‡. And what other spirit possessed Friar Campanella, a poor Dominican in our time; who durst think of changing his cowl for a crown, aiming at no less, in his secret treaty with the Turks, than the now divided empire of Italy?

How no less rife, than insatiable, are those desires of men! One plots for a lordship; another, for a coronet: one hath swallowed a crozier; another, a sceptre; a third, a monarchy; and a fourth, all these.

Of all the ambitions, that have come to my notice, I do most wonder at that of Maximilian § the First; who, being emperor, affected also to be pope: and, for that purpose, in his Letter written to the Baron of Lichtenstein, offered the sum of three hundred thousand ducats, besides the pawn of four rich and preciously stuffed chests, together with the sumptuous pall of his princely investiture;

* Under the Antiochi, the Levites took upon them to be kings, and turned Sadducees, and died violently. Brought. ex Ben. Gers.—*Tertullus Patricius Romanus locuples, patrimonium dedit Benedicto, &c. regna, potius quàm carnobia, vir sanctus posteris reliquit.* Volater. † *Mendicantes autem fratres, etsi prædia non sunt instituti habere; tamen nihil habentes omnia possident.* Krantz. Metrop. l. vii. c. 47. ‡ Cæsar à Branchedoro Monita Polit.

§ An. 1511. Sept. 16. ut Waremundus de Erenburgh in versimil. de regni subsid.—Idem Branchedorus. ibid.

"whereof," said he, "after we are seised of the Papacy, we shall have no further use." Though way not? saith Waremundus as well as Pope Boniface the eighth; who, girded with his sword and crowned with an imperial diadem, came abroad magnificently amongst the people, and could openly profess, "I am both Cæsar and Pope*." Vain men! whither do our restless desires carry us, unless grace and wiser thoughts pinion their wings†!

Which if we do seriously affect; there is a double REMEDY of this immoderation.

The first is, the *due consideration of our condition*, both in the shortness and fickleness of our life, and the length and weight of our reckoning. Alas, if all the world were mine, how long could I enjoy it? *Thou fool, this night shall they take away thy soul*; as was said to the rich prodigal in the parable; *and then, whose shall all these things be?* Were I the great king of Babylon, when I see the hand writing my destiny upon the wall, what should I care for the massy bowls of my cupboard, or the golden roof of my palace? What fool was ever fond of the orient colours of a bubble? Whoever was at the cost to gild a mud-wall? or to embroider that tent, which he must remove to-morrow? Such is my condition here: I must alter; it cannot. It is the best ceremony, that I could note in all the pack of those pontifical rites, that a herald burns tow before the new pope, in all the height of his pomp; and cries, "Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world." Thus, even thus indeed, the glory passes. The account passes not so soon: it is a long reckoning, that remains to be made for great receipts: for we are not the owners: we are the bailiffs or stewards of our whole estates. In the day of our great audit, there is not one penny, but must be calculated: and what can the greatness of the sum, passed through our hands, then avail us, other than to add difficulty to the computation, and danger to the accomptant? When death shall come roughly to us, in the style that Benedict did to Totila's servant, "Lay down that thou bearest; for it is not thine own;‡" and the great Master of the Universal Family of the World shall call us to a *reddo rationem*, for all that we have received; woe is me, what pleasure shall it be to me, that I had much§? What is the poor horse the better, for the carriage of a rich sumpter, all day; when, at night, he shall lie down with a galled back? I hear him, that wished to live Crœsus, wishing to die a beggarly cynic, that was not worth his shroud. The cheer goes down well, till it come to the shot: when that goes too deep, we quarrel at our excess. Oh, our madness to doat upon our future repentance!

The second remedy is, the *due consideration of the object of our desires*. Alas, what poor stuff is this, wherewith we are transported? What is the most precious metal of either colour, but *thick clay*, as

* Urspergens. Cuspin. in vitâ Alberti. vide Orationem præmonitoriam Cæs. Branchelori. † *Magnitudo non habet certum modum.* Sen. Epist. 43.

‡ *Depone quod portas; nam non est tuum.* § *Melius est minus egere, quàm plus habere.* Una ex Reg. Aug.

the Maker himself calls it? Hab. ii. 6. What is the largest territory, but an insensible spot of contemptible earth? What are the greatest commands, but a glorious servitude? what, the highest offices, but golden fetters? what, the highest titles, but air and sound? And, if the fond minds of worldlings can set other glosses on these bewitching contentments; yet, as when a man that hath eaten saffron, breathes upon a painted face, he presently deserries and shames the false complexion; so when the truly rational and judicious shall come to spend his thoughts upon the best, and all of these garish and glittering allurements, he shall speedily detect their vanity, and bewray their dissembled unworthiness.

CHAP. III.

THE MODERATION OF OUR PASSIONS.

THE moderation of our PASSIONS challengeth the next room. In the pursuit whereof, since their variety is great, it were easy to pass our bounds: but we shall moderate our discourse; and select some of the most impetuous. As for Love and Joy, they have so much affinity with Pleasure and Delight, whereof we have already treated, that we shall spare the labour of their further mention.

SECT. I.

Of our Sorrow.—(1.) *Cautions requisite thereto.*—(2.) *Of the Kinds of Sorrow.*—[1.] *Of Worldly Sorrow, and the Temperaments thereof:*—[2.] *Of Spiritual Sorrow, and the Moderation thereof.*

SORROW shall take the first place; a passion, that hath been guilty of much blood.

We have read and heard of some few, that have died of joy: as Chilon, of Sparta, when he embraced his son returning with honour; and Clidemus, the Athenian, when he was crowned by the players: these Tertullian * instances in. So, Pope Leo the Tenth, if we believe Jovius, is said to die for the joy of taking Milan: so Senas, the general of the Turkish gallies, died for the joy of the return of that son, whom he had given for lost. It was with these, as with them, whom we have seen choked with those cordial waters, which they have received for the remedy of those qualms.

But our experience tells us of a thousand for one, that have been killed with grief: not, perhaps, in a sudden violence, which kind of death Cæsar esteemed more easy; but in a lingering and languishing form of murder; for, *a broken spirit drieth the bones*, saith Solomon; Prov. xvii. 22: and, *by the sorrow of the heart, the spirit is broken*; Prov. xv. 13. This is our child's part, which was beset us in Paradise, before we were: by the mother's side, *In sorrow*

* Tertul. de Animâ. c. lii.

shalt thou bring forth; by the father's, *In sorrow shalt thou eat of it, all the days of thy life*: sorrow, in birth; sorrow, in life; and, in death, sorrow. The shadow doth not more inseparably follow the body, than this doth our existence: so as, he, that meant to say, "Thrice miserable," mistook not much, when he said, "Thrice man *".

If we look upon those, who have had the greatest share in God's love, we shall find them to have drunk deepest of this cup. The great mirror of patience can say, *My bowels boiled, and rested not: the days of affliction prevented me. I went mourning, without the sun: I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls*; Job xxx. 27, 28, 29. And the sweet singer of Israel warbles out sad strains of complaint, in this kind: *The sorrows of death compassed me about, and the pains of hell gat hold on me*; Ps. xviii. 4. Ps. cxvi. 3: and, again, *My soul melts for very heaviness*; Ps. cxix. 28. Isaiah cries out of his *loins*; Is. xxi. 3: Jeremy, of his *bowels*; Jer. iv. 19: and good Hezekiah *chatters like a crane or swallow, and mourns like a dove*; Is. xxxviii. 14. What speak I of these, when I hear the Lord of Life and Glory say, *My soul is exceeding heavy, even to the death?* Mark xiv. 34.

Now this sorrow is ever out of the sense of some evil: evil, whether of sin, or of punishment; of sin, whether of others, or our own; punishment, as bodily sickness, death of friends, worldly losses: all these are just grounds of sorrow. *Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law*, saith holy David; Ps. cxix. 136. And do we not think he sorrowed more for his own sins? *There is no rest in my bones*, saith he, *because of my sin. And, all the night long I make my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears*; Ps. vi. 6.

Punishment doth not more necessarily follow upon sin, than sorrow follows punishment. David's *eye is consumed, because of his grief*; Ps. vi. 7: Hezekiah turns him to the wall, and weeps: and, while St. Paul chargeth not to mourn immoderately for the dead, he supposeth just tears due. Garments were allowed to be torn by God's people, at the death of friends: and, at the parents' death, after thirty days' wearing, it was their guise, to lay down those rent garments, never to be sown up again. We pity and grieve, at the childishness of those innocent babes, that can play at wink and hide about their father's hearse: and, for afflictions, whether of body or estate, how are they such, if we feel them not? and, how do we feel them, if we sorrow not? The sense of pain argues life; as St. Ambrose well.

It is ill taken by the Almighty from his people, that he had stricken them, but they grieved not; Jer. v. 3. This is, what lies in us, to disappoint God of his purpose; and to put ourselves into the posture of Solomon's drunkard: *They have stricken me*, doth he say; *and I was not sick: they have beaten me; and I felt it not*; Prov. xxiii. 35. We are wont to censure that child for stubborn and graceless, that sheds no tears when he is whipped. It

* Τριστάνθρωπος.

cannot be well with us, if we sorrow not: *Blessed are they that mourn.*

But, there are certain just *Conditions and Cautions* of our grief, which we cannot exceed or neglect, without offence, both to God and to ourselves.

[1.] Whereof the first shall be, that the Cause of our sorrow be Just; not fancied; not insufficient. For we have known some, that have brewed their own grief; who, with Simon Stylites, have voluntarily chained up themselves in their own pillar, when they might have enjoyed free scope of comfortable liberty.

How many melancholic pieces have, with mere imaginations, made their lives miserable; and worn out their days, in the bitterness of their soul: only out of those conceits, which the by-standers have hooted at, as either impossible or ridiculous! One thinks himself loathsomely deformed; another, disgraced and infamous; a third, dying or dead: one thinks himself transmuted into some beast; another, possessed by some ill spirit. What form cannot this humour put on? I leave these kind of complainants to good counsel and hellebore.

Others there are, who have indeed real crosses, but far below their sorrow; passionately lamenting even small afflictions: so we have seen a child, when he hath taken a heedless and harmless fall, bewray his grief with loud crying; and, in a foolish anguish, knocking his head against that ground, which he accuseth for his miscarriage. Thus we find certain Armenians, styled of old by the name of Chazinzarii *, who kept a yearly fast, called Arzibur; in the sad memory of the dog of Sergius, their martyr, of that name, devoured by a wolf: which attendant of his was wont to go before his master, and, by some dumb signs, call forth the disciples to their devotions. It was an affliction to Rachel, that she had no children; but she had no reason so to be affected with it, as to say, *Give me children, or else I die;* Gen. xxx. 1. Jonah had cause to be sorry, for the loss of his gourd; but he had no reason to say, *It is better for me to die, than to live.* These dispositions are like unto a new cart, which creaks and cries, even while it hath no burden, but his own wheels; whereas that, which is long used and well liquored, goes silently away, with a heavy load.

[2.] Our second caution, therefore, must be, that even our just sorrow be Moderate; for the quantity, not more than enough. It was a rule of the Lycians, as St. Ambrose † tells us, if a man would mourn above his stint, to put him into a woman's habit. We may mourn for the dead; but *not, as men without hope;* 1 Thes. iv. 13. David mourns, at least enough, for his sick child; but, when he perceives it once dead, he riseth up and washeth, anointeth and refresheth himself, and changeth his apparel, and comes into the Lord's house to worship; 2 Sam. xii. 21. Hath good Melaina ‡ lost

* Prateol. Elench. Hæres. V. Chazinzarii.
† Ambros. de Obitu Satyri Fratris. ‡ Hieron. Epist.

her husband, and her children, at once? her tears are just; but she dries them up, at last, with this resolution, That she shall now the more freely betake herself to her devotion. Have we lost our worldly goods? they had not been goods, if they were not worth our grief for their miscarriage: if, as our riches have wings, they be flown up to heaven, being taken away by the same hand that gave them; it is good reason our sorrow should give way to our submission and obedience; and we should say, with Job, *The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken; blessed be the name of the Lord.* As, then, on the one side, we may not so obdure ourselves, as to be like the Spartan boys, which would not so much as change a countenance at their beating: so, on the other side, we may not be like to those antics of stone, which we see carved out under the end of great beams in vast buildings; which seem to make wry and wrenched faces, as if they were hard put to it, with the weight, when as indeed they bear little or nothing.

[3.] Our third caution is, that the measure of this sorrow be Proportioned; whether it be more or less, according to the cause of the sorrow: for it may be so moderate, as to be unproportionable. Grief for crosses should be small and impassionate; grief for sin can hardly be too much: and, as those crosses and those sins differ in degree, so should the degrees of our sorrow: he therefore, that grieves more for a cross than for his sin, or grieves equally for a small cross and a greater, offends, in the undue proportion of his sorrow.

(2.) Shortly, then, there is a *worldly* sorrow, and there is a *spiritual*; both which must know their just limits: right reason, and true philosophy, teaches the one; the other, divinity.

[4.] I have lost my goods: were they mine first? Perhaps, I was but their keeper, or bearer; not their owner. I see the groom, that keeps the horse, is not much troubled to flea him: what doth he lose, but his labour in tending him? What was the mule, in Plutarch, after his lying down in the water, troubled with the melting of that burden of salt, which he carried? or what pains is it to the silly ass, that the treasure, which he bore, is taken off, and laid up in his master's chests? I see many sweating in the mint, upon several employments: they have money enough under their hands; what are they the richer? or, do they grieve to see it carried away in full sacks, from their fingering?

My goods are lost: were they not, only lent me for a time, till they should be called for? were they not delivered into my hands, only to be paid back upon account? If the owner require them at his day, what harm is done? So that my reckoning be even, how can I complain to be eased of a charge?

I have lost my goods by shipwreck: it is well, that myself have escaped. How have I heard and read of philosophers, who have voluntarily cast their gold into the sea! The winds have done that for me, which their hands did for themselves. Perhaps, that very wealth had been my undoing, which, at least, can do no harm

where it is. Why did I trust such friends as wind and water, if I did not look to be disappointed?

I have lost my goods by casualty of fire: even that casualty was not without a Providence. He, that sent that fire, meant to try me by it: he had not sent it, but that he knew there was dross of worldliness and corruption, to be thus purged out of me. It is a worse flame, that I have deserved; and if, by this lesser and momentary fire, the mercy of God hath meant to prevent that greater and everlasting, I have reason, as the martyrs were wont, to embrace the flame.

I have lost my goods by robbery, cozenage, oppression: I would be loth to be in his case, that hath thus found them. Let him mourn, that hath thus purchased a curse: for me, I have but forcibly transferred my charge, where it will be woefully audited for.

It is all one to me, whether it be fire, or water, or fraud, or violence that hath robbed me: there is one and the same hand of God, in all these events. Let me kiss that hand, which strikes me with these varieties of rods; and I shall say, *It is good for me, that I was afflicted.*

My friend, my wife, my child is dead: say rather, they are departed: I can scarce allow it to be a death, where they decease well: *Profectio est, quam tu putas Mortem*; as Tertullian of old*. It is a mere departure of those partners, which must once meet; and from those friends, which must soon follow and overtake us. Sorrow is so proper for a funeral, that the Jews were wont to hire mourners, rather than they would want them. Even our Blessed Saviour bestowed tears, upon the exequies of him, whom he meant presently to raise. It is not for us, to be too niggardly of this warm dew: but those tears, which are shed at the decease of good souls, should be like those drops of rain, which fall in a sunshine, mixed with rays of comfort. Let them put no stint to their sorrow, who think there is no rest, no happiness, after death†: but, for us, who know death to be only the end of our life, not of our being; yea rather, the change of a better life for worse; we have reason to dry up our tears, and, in some sort, to imitate the pattern of those nations‡, which were wont to mourn at the birth of their children, and rejoice and feast at their death: a practice, which, in part, was taken up by the Jews themselves, who, with their mourners, mixed also musicians in their funeral banquets; Matt. ix. 23. and countenanced by great and wise Solomon; *The day of death is better than one's birth-day*; Eccl. vii. 1.

Shortly, then, I have parted with a good child, but to a better Father, to a more glorious patrimony: whether now is the child's gain, or the father's loss, greater? And what can it be, but self-

* *Non mihi perit, sed præit, &c.* Bern. Epist. 270.

† *Nullis habeant lachrymarum feriæ, nullam tristitiæ requiem consequentur, qui nullam putant requiem mortuorum. Nobis verò, quibus mors non naturæ sed vitæ istius finis, &c.* Amb. de Obitu Frat. Satyri.

‡ Monumentarii Ceraulæ. Apul.

love, that makes me more sensible of my own loss, than my child's glory? It is my weakness therefore, if I do not either swallow or stifle my sorrow *.

I have lost my health, and am seized with sickness and pain: this, this, next to death, is the king of sorrows: all earthly crosses vail to it, and confess themselves trifles in comparison. What ease can I now find in good words, more than Callicon found to his head in that chaff, wherewith he stuffed his earthen pitcher, which he made his pillow †? While the thorn is rankling in my foot, what ease can I find in a poultice? Know, O weak man, there is that in a Christian heart, which is a more than sufficient cordial against sickness, pains, death; and that can triumph over the worst extremities. *This is the victory, which overcomes a world*, of miseries, *even our faith. Not so only*, saith the Chosen Vessel, *but we glory, or rejoice in tribulations*; Rom. v. 3. For, lo, our faith is it, which puts true constructions upon our pains. Health itself would not be welcome to us, if we did not know it good; and, if we could be persuaded that sickness were good or better for us, why should not that be equally welcome? It was a good speech of that hermit, who, when he heard a man praying vehemently for the removal of his disease, said, *Fili, rem tibi necessariam abjicere audes*: "Alas, son, you go about to be rid of a necessary commodity." The Christian heart knows it is in the hands of him, who could as easily avert evil, as send it; and whose love is no less, than his power: and therefore resolves, he could not suffer, if not for the better. The parent is indulgent to his child: were his love well improved, if he would not suffer his son to be let blood in a pleurisy, while the physician knows he does if he bleed not? An ignorant peasant hath digged up a lump of precious ore: do we not smile at him, if he be unwilling the finer should put it into the fire? The press is prepared for the grapes and olives: and, as Austin ‡ well, neither of them will yield their comfortable and wholesome juice, without a hard straining: would not that fond Manichee make himself ridiculous, that should forbid to gather, much more to wring them? Shortly, then, am I visited with sickness? it is not for me, like a man that is over-loaded with too heavy a burden, to make ill faces: but to stir up my Christian resolution, and to possess my soul in patience; as well knowing, that the vessel, that would be fit for God's cupboard, must be hammered with many strokes; the corn, for God's table, must pass under the sickle, the flail, the mill; the spices, for God's perfume, must be bruised and beaten.

In sum; worldly crosses cannot affect us with too deep sorrow, if we have the grace and leisure to turn them round, and view them on all sides: for, if we find their face sour and grisly, their back is comely and beautiful. *No chastening, for the present, seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable*

* *Aut absorbendus, aut premendus, omnis dolor.* Ambros. ut supra.

† Suidas. ‡ Aug. in Ps. lxxxiii. *Torculatia parantur uvis et olivis, non una vinum, &c.*

fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby: wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; Heb. xii. 11, 12.

[2.] Not so rife, but more painful, is the Spiritual sorrow; whether for the sense of sins, or the want of grace. This is that, which the Apostle styles λύπην κατὰ Θεὸν, a *godly sorrow, working repentance to salvation, not to be repented of;* 2 Cor. vii. 10: the tears whereof, the Almighty puts up in his bottle, and keeps them for most precious.

It is seldom, when this grief exceeds. Too many are so afraid of enough, that they are willing to learn of their Confessors, that a mere velleity of sorrow is sufficient to true repentance *. But, give me, not an attrition, but a contrition of heart; give me a drooping head, red eyes, blubbered cheeks, a macerated body met with a pensive soul; give me sackcloth and ashes, fastings, watchings, prostrations, ejulations; when I have offended my God: and let me be let loose to my free sorrow: let me be *in bitterness*, as Zechariah expresses it, *as one that is in bitterness for his only son;* Zech. xii. 10.

Not, but that it is possible to drink too deep of this bitter cup. We have known those, who have pined themselves away, in a continual heaviness; refusing all possible means of comfort, out of a sense of their sins: whose whole life hath been like a gloomy winter's day, all overcast with clouds, without the least glimpse of a sunshine: we have seen them, that have thus lived and died disconsolate, raving, despairing. Experience makes this so true, that we may well conclude, that even the best spiritual sorrow must be moderated, the worst shunned. Every sorrow for sin is not good.

There is a sorrow, that looks at the punishment, through the sin; not regarding the offence, but the smart of evil. This would not care for the frown of God, if he would not strike; as that, which indeed fears not God, but hell; as that, which apprehends only lashes and torments. This is incident even to devils and damned souls; all which cannot but naturally abhor pain and torture. What malefactor was ever in the world, that was not troubled to think of his execution?

There is a sorrow, that looks not at the punishment, but the sin; regarding, not so much the deserved smart, as the offence: that is more troubled with a father's frown, than with the whip in a stranger's hand; with the desertions of God, than with the fear of a hell.

Under this sorrow, and sometimes perhaps under the mixture of both, doth God suffer his dearest ones to dwell for a time; numbering all their tears and sighs; recording all their knocks on their breasts, and strokes on their thighs, and shakings of their heads, and taking pleasure to view their profitable, and, at last, happy self-conflicts.

It is said of Anthony, the holy hermit, that, having been once

* Fr: à Vict. Relect.

in his desert, beaten and buffeted by devils, he cried out to his Saviour, *O Bone Jesu, ubi eras?* "O Good Jesus, where wert thou, while I was thus handled?" and received answer, *Juxta te; sed expectavi certamen tuum:* "I was by thee; but stayed to see how thou wouldst behave thyself in the combat." Surely, so doth our good God to all his: he passeth a *videndo vidi* (Exod. iii. 7.) upon all their sorrows; and will, at last, give a happy issue with the temptation; 1 Cor. x. 13.

In the mean time, it cannot but concern us, to temper this mixed sorrow of ours with a meet moderation.

Hear this then, thou drooping soul: thou art dismayed with the heinousness of thy sins, and the sense of God's anger for them; dost thou know with whom thou hast to do? hast thou heard him proclaim his own style? *The Lord, the Lord, merciful and gracious; long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands; forgiving iniquities, and transgressions, and sins;* Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7. and canst thou distrust that infinite goodness? Lo, if there were no mercy in heaven, thou couldst not be otherwise affected. Look up, and see that glorious light, that shines about thee: *With the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption;* Ps. cxxx. 7. And is there plenteous redemption for all, and none for thee? Because thou hast wronged God in his justice, wilt thou more wrong him in his mercy? and, because thou hast wronged him in both, wilt thou wrong thyself in him? Know, O thou weak man, in what hands thou art. He, that said, *Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds;* Ps. xxxvi. 5: said also, *Thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds;* Ps. cviii. 4. It is a sure comfort to thee, that he cannot fail in his faithfulness and truth. Thou art upon earth, and these reach above thee, to the clouds: but, if thy sins could be so great and high, as to over-look the clouds; yet, his mercy is beyond them, for it reacheth unto heaven: and, if they could, in a hellish presumption, reach so high as heaven; yet his mercy is great above the heavens; higher than this they cannot. If now thy heinous sins could sink thee to the bottom of hell, yet that mercy, which is above the heavens, can fetch thee up again.

Thou art a grievous sinner: we know one, that said he was *the chief of sinners*, who is now one of the prime saints in heaven. Look upon those, whom thou must confess worse than thyself. Cast back thine eyes but upon Manasseh, the lewd son of a holy parent: see him, rearing up altars to Baal; worshipping all the host of heaven; building altars for his new gods, in the very courts of the house of the Lord; causing his sons to pass through the fire; trading with witches, and wicked spirits; seducing God's people to more than Amoritish wickedness; filling the streets of Jerusalem with innocent blood; 2 Kings xxi. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 16: say if thy sin can be thus crimson; yea, behold this man a no less famous example of mercy, than wickedness: and what? *Is the hand of God shortened, that he cannot now save? Or, hath the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his*

mercy clean gone for ever? hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Ps. lxxvii. 7—10. O man, say justly, *No: This is mine infirmity*: thine infirmity, sure enough; and, take heed, if thou persist to distrust, that it be not worse. These misprisions of God are dangerous. The honour of his mercy is justly dear to him: no marvel, if he cannot endure it to be questioned. When the temptation is blown over, hear what the same tongue says: *The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us after our iniquities: for, as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him*: Ps. ciii. 8—11. Oh, then, lay hold on the large and illimited mercy of thy God, and thou art safe. What cares the debtor, for the length of a bill, that is crossed? what cares the condemned person, for the sentence of death, while he hath his pardon sealed in his bosom?

Thou art a heinous sinner: wherefore came thy Saviour? wherefore suffered he? If thy sin remain, wherefore serves his blood? If thy debt be still called for, wherefore was thine obligation cancelled? If thou be still captive to sin and death, wherefore was that dear ransom paid? why did he stretch forth his blessed hands upon the cross, but to receive thee? why did he bow down his head, but to invite thee? why was his precious side opened, but that he might take thee into his heart? Thou despisest him, if thou trustest him not. Judas and thou shall sin more in despairing, than in betraying him. Oh, then, gather heart to thyself, from the merits, from the mercies of thine All-sufficient Redeemer, against all thy sinfulness: for, who is it, that shall be once thy Judge? before what tribunal shalt thou appear, to receive thy sentence? Is it not thy Saviour, that sits there? He, that died for thee, that he might rescue thee from death; shall he, can he doom thee to that death, from which he came to save thee? Comfort thyself then with these words: and, if thou wouldest keep thy soul in an equal temper, as thou hast two eyes, fix the one of them upon God's justice, to keep thee low and humble, and to quit thee from presumption; fix the other upon his transcendent mercy, to keep thee from the depth of sorrow and desperation.

SECT. II.

Of the moderation of the passion of Fear.—The dangerous Effects of that passion; particularly of the Fear of Death.—Strong Motives for the Remedy of it.

SORROW is for present and felt evils: FEAR is only of evils future: a passion so afflictive, that even the expectation of a doubtful mischief that may come, is more grievous to us sometimes, than the

sense of that mischief, when it is come. That, which Torquemade * reports of a Spanish lord in his knowledge, I could second with examples at home; of some, who have been thought otherwise valiant, yet, if they had been but locked up in a chamber, would either break the doors, or offer to leap out of the windows; yet not knowing of any danger imminent. And if, in an imaginary or possible evil, fear have these effects, what shall we expect from it, in those, which are real and certain?

It is marvellous and scarce credible, which both histories and eyes can witness in this kind. James Osorius, a young gentleman of Spain, born of a noble family, one of the courtiers of Charles the Fifth, being, upon occasion of a wicked design of lust to an honourable lady, imprisoned, with an intent of his execution the next day, was suddenly so changed with the fear of the arrest of death, that, in the morning, when he was brought forth, none of the beholders knew him: his hair was turned so white, as if he had been fourscore years old: upon sight whereof, the emperor pardoned him; as having been enough punished with the fear of that, which he should have suffered. Levinus Lemnius †, a late philosopher, in whom my younger age took much delight, recounts the story; and discourses probably, upon the natural reasons of this alteration. The like report is made by Julius Scaliger, of a kinsman of Franciscus Gonzaga, in his time imprisoned upon suspicion of treason; who, with the fear of torture and death, was in one night's space thus changed ‡. And Cœlius Rodiginus tells us of a falconer, who, climbing up to a rocky hill for a hawk's nest, was, with the breaking of a rope wherewith he was raised, so affrighted, that instantly his hair turned. What need we more instances? Myself have seen one, to whom the same accident was said to have befallen; though now the colour were, upon the fall of that weak fleece, altered. What speak we of this? Death itself hath followed sometimes, upon this very fear of death: so as some have died, lest they should die. Montague gives us an instance of a gentleman, at the siege of St. Paul, who fell down stark dead, in the breach; without any touch of stroke, save what his own heart gave him. Yea, how have we known some, that have died out of the fear of that, whereof they might have died, and yet have escaped? A passenger rideth, by night, over the narrow plank of a high and broken bridge; and, in the morning, dies to see the horror of that fall he might have had. There is no evil, whether true or fancied, but may be the subject of fear. There may be a Pisander so timorous, that he is afraid to see his own breath ‖: and our Florilegus § tells us of a Lewis, king of France, so afraid of the sea, that he said it was more than a human matter to cross the water; and durst not pass betwixt Dover and Whitsands, till he had implored the aid of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

* Anth. Torquemade 3. Journee.—Sim. Goulart Hist. Memorab. † Levin. Lemnius de Miraculiex. ‡ Citat. à Simone Goulart. Histoire Memorab. ‖ Suidas. § Florilegus An. 1569.

But all these fears have a relation to that utmost of all terribles; and, if other evils, as displeasure, shame, pain, danger, sickness, be the usual subjects of fear also, yet Death is the King of Fear. I am of the mind of Lucretius *, therefore, although to a better purpose, that if a man would see better days, he must free his heart from that slavish fear of death, wherewith it is commonly molested. In what a miserable servitude are those men, whereof Erasmus † speaketh to his Grunnius, who so abhor the thought of death, that they cannot abide the smell of frankincense, because it is wont to be used at funerals! they, who are ready to swoon at the sight of a coffin; and, if they could otherwise choose, could be content not to lie in a sheet, because it recalls the thought of that, wherein they shall be once wrapped! It concerns a wise man, to obdure himself against these weak fears; and to resolve to meet death boldly, in the teeth. Nothing is more remarkable, in all the passages of our Blessed Saviour, than that, which St. Luke records of him, that when he was to go up, his last, to Jerusalem, where he must die, *ἐστήριξε πρόσωπον, he stedfastly set his face* to that fatal journey; Luke ix. 51. The word implies a resolution of courage against some evil to be conflicted with. Maldonate would have the metaphor fetched from the custom of bulls; who, when they must fight, are wont to fetch up a kind of sprightly terror into their countenance ‡: at least, it imports a firm purpose of an undaunted spirit to grapple with some fore-expected evil: thus must we learn to do against our last enemy.

Tell me then, thou weak man, thou fearest death: will it not come, if thou fear it not? will it come the later, for thy fear? Is not thy life thus made miserable, before it come? Is not this the condition, upon which thou receivedst life, to part with it, when it should be called for? Art thou discontent at thy being? Dost thou murmur, that thou art a man, because therein thou art mortal? Doth any thing befall thee different from the best, and all of thy kind? Look back upon all that have been before thee, where are those innumerable numbers of men, which peopled the earth but in the last century of years? See whether the great monarchs of the world speed any otherwise: and couldest thou expect less, upon the many and sensible warnings of thy mortality? What language have thy sicknesses and decays of nature spoken to thee, but this, of a true harbinger's, "Death is coming?" And how well shouldest thou be pleased with his approach! Say, that thou were sentenced to live some hundreds of years, with thine infirmities to boot, what a burden wouldest thou be to thyself! How more discontented wouldest thou be, that thou mightest not die! Why art thou not as well displeased, that thou must be old? And when wouldst thou part, that thou mightest avoid it?

* ——*Inprimis timor est Acherontis agendus,*
Funditus humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo. LUCRET.

† *Ea gens ita mortem horret, ut ad thuris odorem efferentur, quod in funeribus solet accendi.* Erasm. Epist. Grunnio. ‡ *Vultum corrugantes obfirmant.* Mald. in loc.

Thou fearest death: how many heathens have undergone it, with courage! Shall I see a bold Roman, spurring his horse, to leap down into a dreadful gulf, for the benefit of those, from whom he cannot receive thanks? Shall I see a Cleombrotus, casting himself resolutely from the rock, to enjoy that separate life of the soul, which Plato discoursed of? Shall I hear a Canius, of whom Seneca speaks, jeering his tyrant and his death together; and more regarding the victory of his game, than the loss of his life? Shall I hear of some Indian wives, that affect and glory to cast themselves into the fire with the carcasses of their dead husbands? Shall I see Turks filling up ditches, with their wilfully-slaughtered bodies, for the fruition of their brutish paradise? and shall I be cowardly, where Pagans are valiant? Yea, how many have I known, that have eagerly sought for death, and cannot find it? how many, who, upon frivolous occasions, by self-dispatches have cast away that life, which they could not otherwise be rid of! What conceit soever I have of the price of life, their undervaluation of it hath been such, that they have parted with it for nothing: they have run to meet that death, which I fly from, as formidable and ugly.

Thou fearest death: look upon the examples of those holy men, who have tendered themselves to the painfullest martyrdom. See Ignatius, resolving to challenge the lions: see the tender virgins, daring the worst cruelty of tyrants; and embracing death, in his worst forms: see silly mothers, in an ambition of a crown of life, running with their children in their arms, to overtake death: see those resolute saints, that might have been loosed from their wheels and racks, with proffers of life and honour, and scorned the exchange? Do I profess their faith; do I look for their glory; and shall I partake nothing of their courage?

Thou art afraid of death: what a slaughter dost thou make, every hour, of all other creatures! What meal passeth thee, wherein some of them do not bleed for thee? yea, not for need, not for use, but for sport, for pleasure, dost thou kill them daily; without pity, without scruple. Alas, we made them not; they are our fellows: he, that made us, made them too. How much are we less to God, than they are to us! Do we see so many thousands of them then die for us, and shall we think much to return our life to our Creator?

Thou art afraid of death: thou mistakest him: thou thinkest him an enemy; he is a friend: if his visage be sour and hard, he is no other than the grim porter of Paradise, which shall let thee into glory. Like unto Peter's good angel, he may smite thee on the side; but he shall lead thee out of thy prison, through the iron gates, into the city of God. Were there an absolute perition in our dissolution, we could not fear it too much: now, that it doth but part us a while for our advantage, what do we fear but our gain? The stalk, and ear, arises from the grain; but it must rot first. Oh, our foolishness, if we be unwilling, that one grain should putrify, for the increase of a hundred!

Thou art afraid of death: hast thou well considered, from how

many evils it acquits thee? All the tumults of state, all the bloody cruelties of war, all the vexations of unquiet neighbours, all secret discontentments of mind, all the tormenting pains of body, are hereby eased, at once. Thou shalt no more complain of racking convulsions; of thy wringing cholics; of the dreadful quarry, that is within thy reins and bladder; of thy belking gouts; of thy scalding fevers; of thy galling ulcers; of the threats of thine imposthumes, the stoppings of thy strangury, the giddiness of thy vertigo, or any other of those killing diseases, wherewith thy life was wont to be infested: here is a full *supersedeas* for them all: what reason hast thou to be afraid of ease?

Lastly, thou fearest death: is it not that, thy Saviour underwent for thee? Did thy Blessed Redeemer drink of this cup; and art thou unwilling to pledge him? His was a bitter one, in respect of thine; for it was, besides, spiced with the wrath of his Father due to our sins: yet he drank it up to the very dregs, for thee; and wilt thou shrink at an ordinary draught, from his hand? And why did he yield to death, but to overcome him? Why was death suffered to seize upon that Lord of Life, but that, by dying, he might pull out the sting of death? *The sting of death is sin*; 1 Cor. xv. 56. So then, death hath lost his sting: now thou mayest carry it in thy bosom: it may coo thee; it cannot hurt thee. Temper then thy fear with these thoughts; and, that thou mayest not be too much troubled with the sight of death, acquaint thyself with him, beforehand: present him to thy thoughts; entertain him, in thy holy and resolute discourses. It was good counsel, that Bernard gave to his novice, that he should put himself, for his meditations, into the place where the dead bodies were wont to be washed; and to settle himself upon the bier, whereon they were wont to be carried forth. So feeling and frequent remembrances could not but make death familiar: and who can startle at the sight of a familiar acquaintance? at a stranger, we do; especially if he come upon us on a sudden: but, if he be a daily and entire guest, he is at all hours welcome, without our dismay or trouble.

SECT. III.

Of the moderation of the passion of Anger.—The Ill Effects of it.—The distinction of Zealous and Vicious Anger.—Arguments for the Mitigation of our Anger.

Of all the passions, that are incident to a man, there is none so impetuous, or that produceth so terrible effects, as ANGER: for besides that intrinsical mischief, which it works upon a man's own heart, in regard whereof Hugo said well, "Pride robs me of God, envy of my neighbour, anger of myself;" what bloody tragedies doth this passion act every day in the world; making the whole earth nothing, but either an amphitheatre for fights, or a shambles for

slaughter! So much the more need is there, of an effectual moderation of so turbulent an affection.

(1.) Our school hath wont to *Distinguish* it. There is a Zealous anger, and there is a Vicious *.

[1.] The great Doctor of the Gentiles, when he says, *Be angry, and sin not*, (Eph. iv. 26.) shows there may be a Sinless anger. He, that knew no sin, was not free from this passion, when he whipped the money-changers, twice, out of the temple. Surely, if we be not thus angry, we shall sin. If a man can be so cool, as, without any inward commotion, to suffer God's honour to be trod in the dust, he shall find God justly angry with him, for his want of anger. I know not, whether it were a praise, that was given to Theodosius †, that never any man saw him angry: so, as it may fail, an immunity from anger can be no other than a dull stupidity. Moses was a meek man, as any upon earth; yet, was he not angry, when he smote the Egyptian? was he not angry, when, upon the sight of Israel's idolatry, he threw down and brake the tables of God, which he had in his hand?

There is so little need of quenching this holy fire, that there is more need of a bellows, to blow it up, that it might flame up to that perfect height of the Psalmist, *My zeal hath consumed me, because mine enemies have forgotten thy words*; Ps. cxix. 139. Oh, the truly heavenly fire, that burnt in that sacred bosom! He doth not say, "My zeal hath warmed me:" but, *hath consumed me:* as if it were his highest perfection, to be thus sacrificed and burnt to ashes. Neither doth he say, "Because my friends have forgotten thy words;" but, *Because my enemies*. Every man can be troubled with a friend's miscarriage; but, to be so deeply affected for an enemy, must needs be transcendently gracious.

[2.] It is the Vicious anger, we must oppose in ourselves. In itself, that passion is neither good nor evil: it is either, as it is used; like as we are wont to say of the planet Mercury, that the influences are either good or evil, according to his conjunction with stars of either operation.

Our anger then proves vicious, when it offends, either in the Cause, or the Quantity; when the cause is unjust, or the quantity excessive.

(a.) The Cause is Unjust, when we are angry with a man for a thing that is good; for an indifferent thing, for a thing that is trivial.

[a.] Cain is angry, because his brother's sacrifice is accepted. Pharaoh was angry with Israel, because they would be devout, and go serve God in the wilderness. When the man of God reproves Jeroboam and his altar, he, in a rage, stretches forth his hand for a revenge; Jehoiakim, when he hears some lines of Jeremiah's scroll, cuts it with a pen-knife, and casts it into the fire in a fury; Jer. xxxvi. 23: and Ahab professes to hate Micaiah because he never prophesied good to him; while he should have hated himself, that

* *Ira per zelum, ira per vitium.* † Socrat. l. vii. c. 22.

would not deserve any news but evil. So, that tyrant Cambyses, because Praxaspes reproved him for his drunkenness, shoots his son to the heart; and says, "See what a steady hand I have, when I am drunk *!" This we feel, every day. Let a man never so discreetly reprove a swearer, or drunkard, or unclean person, or any other enormous sinner; he straight flies out into a raging anger, and verifies the old word, *veritas odium: Am I become your enemy, because I told you the truth?* saith St. Paul to the Galatians; Gal. iv. 16. It may be possible, which wise Solomon observes, that *he, who rebukes a man, afterwards may find more favour, than he that flattereth:* but, in the mean time, while the blood is up, that anger, which a man should turn inward upon himself for his sin, he spends outwardly upon his reprover.

[b.] To be angry for good, is devilish: to be angry for that which is neither good nor evil, or that which is slight and frivolous, is idle and absurd; for, whereas anger is a kindling of the blood about the heart, how unfit is it, that it should be set on fire with every straw! and wherefore serves our reason, if not to discern of those objects, wherewith it is or is not meet for us to be affected? Thus the Jewish Doctors tell us, that Pharaoh was angry with his baker and butler, for no other cause, but for that there was a fly in his cup, and a little grain of gravel in his bread. It is our Saviour's word upon the Mount, *He, that is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment;* Matt. v. 22. εἰκῇ. The well governed heart must be like a strong oak, which is not moved but with a blustering wind; not like an aspin leaf, that shakes with the least stirring of the air.

(b.) Now, even where the cause is just, yet the Quantity may offend. And the quantity shall offend, if it be either too long, or too vehement.

[a.] Those leaden * angers can never be but sinful, which lie heavy, and go slowly away. *What shall be done to thee, thou false tongue?* saith the Psalmist: *even sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper;* Ps. cxx. 3, 4. And why of juniper? St. Jerome tells us, that, of all wood, that keeps fire the longest; insomuch that the coals raked up in ashes, will, as he saith, hold fire for a whole year: those therefore, which were formerly turned *carbones desolatorii*, are now translated justly, *coals of juniper*. It must be only a lying, false, slanderous tongue, that is a fit subject for coals of juniper; even the same, that is no less fit for the fire of hell. What should these juniper fires do in Christian hearts, against offending brethren? I find, in Suidas, certain fishes, that are called ἐγκεφαλίχολοι; which carry their choler in their heads: such should Christians be; not letting it settle in their hearts, but venting it at their tongues. The charge of the Apostle is, that we should *not let the sun go down upon our anger:* much less may we let it rise again. Nightly anger is like the Serene, in other countries; unwholesome, if not deadly: but, to year and day our wrath, is more

* Herod. Seneca. † *Plumbeas gerunt.* Plaut.

than brutish; and partakes too much of him, that is a manslayer from the beginning.

[b.] And, as our anger may not be too long, so not too intense and vehement, while it lasts. It is not for a Christian's wrath, to be like the dog-star, which, when it rises, scorches the earth, and burns up the fruits; or like a comet, that still portends war and death: but, rather, like unto one of those gliding stars, that we see in a winter's night, which, as it is, blazes not long, and hurts nothing; so ends in a cool, and not unwholsome moisture. Our anger, therefore, must be tempered with mercy and charity: otherwise, it is like to a fire under an empty kettle, which burns the vessel to no purpose: such *wrath is cruel*; such *anger outrageous*; Prov. xxvii. 4.

(2.) Now, for the moderation of this dangerous passion, it is not for me to prescribe Athenodorus's alphabet. That remedy is so poor, that the very prescription is enough to move anger. Rather let me commend that of Bernard, *Consideration*; and that, not so much when we are once provoked, for that is too late; and the assaults of this passion are too sudden: but, as wise princes are wont, in the midst of peace, to provide for war; so must we, in the calmest state of our minds, prepare against this inward turbulency.

Art thou, therefore, subject to choler? Look upon that passion with sober eyes: see whether it be any other, but a short fit of madness. Look upon the person of a man thus transported: see his eyes red, glaring, sparkling; his cheeks now pale as ashes, then fiery and swoln up as with a poison; his head and hands shaking; his lips quivering; his mouth foaming; his tongue doubling; his feet unconstantly shifting; and the whole man, which Hippocrates notes as the effect of a most desperate disease, become utterly unlike himself. See, in another, how well this form doth become thyself. Look upon thyself, be sensible of thine own distemper, thou shalt find anger justly fetched from *angor*, "vexation:" thou shalt find it (it is Austin's comparison) like to vinegar, which discolours the vessel it stands in: thou shalt find thou canst not take up a coal to throw at another, but thou shalt burn thy own fingers: thou shalt find, that, while thou stingest others, thou shalt make a drone of thyself; and that of Solomon shall be verified of thee, *Anger resteth in the bosom of fools*: Eccl. vii. 9.

Look to the effects of it, thou shalt find it utterly disables thee from good: *The wrath of man doth not work the righteousness of God*, as St. James, ch. i. 20. Thou shalt find it exposes thee to all mischief: for, *He, that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city, that is broken down, and without walls*, saith Solomon; Prov. xxv. 28. What enemy may not rush into such a city, at pleasure? Just such advantage doth thine anger give to thy spiritual enemies; and therefore St. Paul, when he charges us not to suffer the sun to go down upon our anger: Eph. iv. 26: adds, *Give no place to the Devil*; as if this continuing passion did open the gates of the heart, for Satan's entrance and free possession. Thou shalt find this the great

make-bait of the world; the beginner of all quarrels: for, *as the churning of the milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood; so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife*, saith wise Solomon; Prov. xxx. 33. Wrath, then, brings forth quarrels; and quarrels bloodshed, manslaughter, murders. What is it, that hath so drowned Christendom in blood, but the anger of discordant princes? What, but this, is guilty of so many brutish duels, so many bloody massacres? And, where thine anger shall stay when it is once broke loose, it is not in thy power to determine. I am sure if it stays not the sooner, it ends in a curse. *Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel;* Gen. xlix. 7.

Look but upon the temper of well governed heathens, and be ashamed to hear an Archytas say to his bailiff, "I had punished thee, if I had not been angry:" or that philosopher say to Xenocrates, "Whip this boy, for I am angry:" or, to see a greater philosopher than he, who, when he had discoursed against anger, and shewed how unfit the passion is for a wise man, one of his auditors purposely spit in his face; from whom he received no other answer, but this, "I am not angry, but I doubt whether I should not be so:" or, to see a Pisistratus, not more troubled with railing words of an adversary, than if a hood-winked man had reeled upon him heedlessly in his way: or, to hear a Socrates profess himself no more affected with the scolding of his Xantippe, than with the creaking of a cartwheel; and, when he was uncivilly washed from her chamber, to say only, "After such thunder, I looked for rain:" or, to hear a Cato say, that he could and did pardon all offenders, but himself; and, when Lentulus spat in his face, to hear no other language fall from him, than, "I will now say those men are deceived, that deny Lentulus to have a mouth:" or, to hear a Cleanthes, when one called him Ass, to say only, he should be then fit to carry Zeno's budget: or, to see a Crates, when Nicodromus struck him with his fist, only to put a board before his forehead, with a jeering inscription. It were easy to weary a reader, with instances of this kind. And shall mere Pagans, that were without God in the world, have such rule over their passions; and shall a Christian, who professeth a more divine philosophy, and whose first lesson is to deny himself and to mortify all evil and corrupt affections, give the reins to the wild and unruly eruptions of his rage? How shall these Heathens in profession, justly condemn us professed Christians, who are in practice heathenish?

Lastly, look but upon the terms, wherein thou standest with God; how grievously dost thou provoke him, every day, to his face! One of thy offences against that Infinite Majesty, is more than thou canst be capable to receive from all thine enemies upon earth: yet, how silently doth he pass over all thy heinous affronts; and bids his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, as well upon thy ground, as the holiest owner's! How graciously doth he still invite thee to repentance! How sweetly doth he labour to win thee with new mercies! And dost thou call thyself the son of that Father, whom

thou wilt not imitate? Dost thou pray daily to him to forgive thee, as thou forgivest others, while thou resolvest to forgive none, whom thou canst plague with revenge? Look upon thy dear Redeemer, and hear him, while his cruel executioners were racking out his hands and feet, and nailing them to the tree of shame and curse, crying, *Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do;* and canst thou give thyself out for a disciple to this Saviour, if, for every offence of thy brother, thou break forth into raging imprecations, railing speeches, furious actions? Lay all these seriously to thy heart, in the midst of thy greatest tranquillity; and have them ready before thine eyes, for the next onset of thy passion; and, withal, ply thy God with thy prayers, that he, who moulded thy heart at first, would be pleased to temper it aright; to cool these sinful inflammations by the power of his grace, that so he may make good in thee that happy word of the Psalmist: *Surely, the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain;* Ps. lxxvi. 10. Amen.

CHRISTIAN MODERATION.

THE SECOND BOOK.

OF MODERATION IN MATTER OF JUDGMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

Of the Danger of Immoderation in matter of Judgment, and of the Remedy in general.—Lukewarmness to be avoided in Religion.—Zeal required in the matters of God; but to be tempered with Discretion and Charity.

As it would be a hard competition betwixt intellectual errors and practical, whether are the more heinous; so would it be no less difficult to determine, whether moderation in matter of Judgment or of Practice be more necessary: and whether's neglect be more dangerous.

For, surely, if the want of moderation in practice do most distract every man in his own particular, the want of moderation in judgment distracts the whole world from itself: whence it is, that we find so miserable divisions all the earth over; but especially, so woeful schisms and breaches in the Christian world; wherein we see one nation is thus divided from another, and each one nation no less divided from itself *. For it cannot be, since every man hath a mind of his own, not less different from others than his face, that all should jump in the same opinion: neither can it stand with that natural self-love, wherewith every one is possessed, easily to forsake the child of his own brain, and to prefer another man's conceit to his own: hereupon, therefore, it comes to pass, that, while each man is engaged to that opinion, which either his own election or his education hath feoffed him in, new quarrels arise, and controversies are infinitely multiplied; to the great prejudice of God's truth, and to the lamentable violation of the common peace†.

* *Lata est ut dici solet differentia inter artifices, sicut inter Theologicos doctores.* Gar. de propos. ab Ep. hæreticandis. † *Dispendio litis carere, non mediocre est lucrum.* Amb. de Offic. l. ii. c. 21.

Would to God, we could as well redress, as bewail this misery, wherewith Christendom is universally infested: howsoever, it shall not be utterly thankless to endeavour it. The remedy must go in the same pace with the disease.

Whereas, therefore, there are two things, which are guilty of this mischief, Error in Doctrine, and Distemper in Affection; the former I must leave to the conviction of those polemical discourses, which have been so learnedly written of the several points of difference; as I suppose no human wit or industry can give any further addition thereto: only I shall touch some such general symptoms, as are commonly incident into these controversies of religion. My main drift is, to dwell upon the latter; and to labour the reducing of men's hearts to a wise and Christian Moderation, concerning Differences in Judgment.

Far be it from us, to allow Lukewarmness in the matters of God: a disposition, which the Almighty professeth so much to hate, that he could rather be content the angel of the Church of Laodicea should be quite cold, than in such a mambling of profession. And, indeed, what temper is so offensive to the stomach, as this mean? fit only for a medicinal potion, whose end is ejection; not for nourishment.

Those, whose devotion is only fashionable, shall in vain hope to be accepted. It is a true word of St. Austin, "There is no love, where there is no zeal*:" and what cares God for heardless followers, that are led only by example and form? Such there are, that yawn not out of any inward cause, but because they see others gape before them. As they say† in the Abassin Churches, if one man sneeze, all the rest do, and must follow: men, like unto moss‡, which takes still the property of the bark, it grows upon! if upon the oak, it cools and binds; if upon the pine and fir, it digests and softens: or, like unto the herbalist's dodder, which is no simple in itself, but takes both his name and temper from the herb out of which it arises; if out of thyme, it is Epithimium; if out of the nettle, it is Epiurtica.

That great lawgiver of old would have a punishment for neuters: and well are they worthy, when the division is main and essential. Such men are merely for themselves; which have the truth of God, in respect of persons: not caring so much what is professed, as by whom. Suidas§ tells us of Musonius, so well reputed of, that no further question was made of any man, if it appeared he was Musonius's friend. Too many affect no other worth in themselves, than a dependance upon others: holding it enough, that they are the clients of this famous doctor, of that great saint. Such men, like as we have heard of some apothecaries, which only by taking the vapour of some drug in the stamping of it have been wrought upon, hold it sufficient for them, to have received

* *Non amat, qui non zelat.* Aug. contr. Adimant. c. 13. † S. Por. Prolegom. to the African Hist. ‡ Gerard. Her. p. 1558. § Suid. verbo Musonius.

in the very air and empty titles of disciples, without respect to the grounds and substance of the doctrine.

The rule, which the blessed Apostle gave for our settlement in some cases, is wont, by a common misconstruction, to be so expressed, as if it gave way to a loose indifferency. The Vulgate reads it, *Let every one abound in his own sense;* as leaving each man to his own fancy, in those things of middle nature: whereas his words, in their Original*, run contrary; *Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind;* requiring a plerophory of assurance, and not allowing an unsettled hesitation in what we do. And if thus, in matters of the least importance, how much more in the great affairs of religion! Here it holds well, which is the charge of the Apostle: *It is good to be zealously affected, in a good thing, always;* Gal. iv. 18.

Nothing is more easy to observe, than that, as it uses to be with stuffs, that, in their first making, they are strongly wrought; afterwards, in process of time, they grow to be slight, both in matter and work: so it falls out, in religious professions. In the first breaking out of a reformation, there appears much heat and forwardness; which, in time, abates and cooleth: so as the professor grows to the temper of our Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury; whom Pope Urban of old. greets† in the style of a fervent Monk, a warm Abbot, a lukewarm Bishop, a key-cold Archbishop: or, like unto those kites, of wh m our writers‡ say, that, in their first years, they dare prey upon greater fowls; afterwards, they seize u on lesser birds; and, the third year, fall upon flies. Whence it is, that Melancthon§ could fore-guess, that the time should come, wherein men should be tainted with this error, that either religion is a matter of nothing, or that the differences in religions are merely verbal.

Far be it from us, thus to degenerate from our holy ancestors, whose zeal made them true holocausts to God: and sent up their souls, in the smoke of that their acceptable sacrifice, into heaven: that those truths, which they held worthy bleeding for, we should slight, as not worth pleading for. We cannot easily forgive that wrong, which our late Spalatensis‖ did to our fresh-bleeding martyrs, whom even before, by revolt, he blamed of lavishness; as if they might well have spared that expence of blood: although we may well suppose he redeemed his error, by dying for the same truths, for which they fried alive, as he dead. We know what St. Basil answered to that great man, who would have persuaded him to let fall his holy quarrel: "Those," saith he, "that are trained up in the Scriptures, will rather die, than abate a syllable of Divine Truth¶."

* Rom. xiv. 5. Ἕκαστος ἐν τῷ ἰδίῳ νοὶ πληροφορείσθω. † Girald. Cambrens. Itinerar. ‡ Thaumaturg. Nat. c. xxii. § Melanct. Postil. de Baptist. Christi: *Metuendum est, etiam in postremâ mundi ætate, magis hunc errorem grassaturum esse, quòd aut nihil sint religiones, aut differant tantùm vocabulis, &c.* ‖ Spalat. part. 3. ¶ *Qui divinis nutriti sunt eloquiis, &c.*

It is said * of Valentinian, that when the rude Scythians made an incursion into the territories of the Roman empire, he so over-strained his lungs, in calling upon his troops, that he presently died: so vehement must we be, when any main thing is in question: neither voice nor life must be spared, in the cause of the Almighty.

The gloss, that is put† upon the Act of Innocent the IVth., in the Council of Lyons, who graced the dignity of Cardinalship with a Red Hat, is, that it was done with an intention, as Martinus Polonus construes it, to signify they should be ready to shed their blood for Christ and his Gospel, might well fit every Christian; perhaps, somewhat better, than those delicate mates of princes. Whom should we imitate, but him, whose name we bear; who fulfilled that of the Psalmist, his type, *The zeal of thine house hath even eaten me up?* Ps. lxix. 9. John ii. 17.

We must be zealous: we must not be furious. It is in matter of religion, as with the tending of a still: if we put in too much fire, it burns; if too little, it works not: a middle temper must be kept. A heat there must be, but a moderate one. We may not be in our profession, like a drowzy judge upon a Grecian Bench, who is fain to bite upon beans, to keep himself from sleeping ‡: neither may we be like that Grecian player, who acted mad Ajax, upon the stage: but we must be soberly fervent, and discreetly active. St. Paul's spirit was stirred within him, at Athens, to see the idol-altars amongst those learned philosophers; and it breaks out of his mouth, in a grave reproof: I do not see him put his hand furiously to demolish them. And if a Juventius and Maximinian, in the heat of zeal, shall rail on wicked Julian at a feast, he justly casts their death, not upon their religion, but their petulancy §. It was a well-made decree in the Council of Eliberis ‖, that if any man did take upon him to break down the idols of the heathen, and were slain in the place, he should not be reckoned amongst the martyrs.

There must be, then, two moderators of our zeal; Discretion and Charity; without either and both of which, it is no other than a wild distemper; and, with them, it is no less than the very life blood of a Christian, or the spirits of that blood. From the common acts of both these, joined together, shall result these following maxims, as so many useful Rules of our Christian Moderation.

* Suid. v. λιλας. † Bin. in vitâ Innocentii. ‡ Suid. v. καμότρεχ.
§ Theodor. l. iii. cap. 15. ‖ Concil. Eliber. c. 60. *Miles q. præsidiarius Rom. Felem, quam Ægyptii colebant ut Deum, interfecit: hinc tantus exortus tumultus, ut 7000 militum præsidiariorum trucidati sint.* Melanct. Postill. Fer. ii. post Advent. ex Diodoro Sic.

RULES FOR MODERATION IN JUDGMENT.

RULE I.

TO DISTINGUISH OF PERSONS.

THE first is, that we must necessarily distinguish betwixt persons, that are guilty of errors: for, as St. Austin* well, it is one thing, to bear heretics; another thing, to be misled by a heretic: and, I may well add, according to our construction, it is one thing, to be a heretic; another thing, to be a hæresiarch.

These three degrees there are, even in the most dangerous errors of doctrine. There is a broacher and deviser of that wicked opinion: there are abettors and maintainers of it, once broached: there are followers of it, so abetted: and all these, as they are in several degrees of mischief, so they must all undergo an answerable, whether aggravation or mitigation of our censure. Those, who, by false teachers, are betrayed into that error, wherein now, either by breeding or by misinformation, they are settled, are worthy of as much pity, as dislike: those, who, out of stiffness of resolution and stomach of side-taking, shall uphold and diffuse a known error, are worthy of hatred and punishment: but those, who, out of ambition, or other sinister respects, shall invent and devise pernicious doctrines, and thereby pervert others for their own advantages, are worthy of a *Maranatha*, and the lowest hell.

We do easily observe it thus, in all real offences of a high nature. Absalom contrives the conspiracy against his father: the captains second and abet it: the common people follow both of them, in acting it. He should be an ill judge of men and actions, who should but equally condemn the author of the treason, and those that follow Absalom with an honest and simple heart. Neither is it otherwise, in the practice of all those princes, who would hold up the reputation of mercy and justice. While the heads of a sedition are hanged up, the multitude is dismissed with a general pardon. And if, in all good and commendable things, the first inventor of them is held worthy of a statue or record, when as the following practicers are forgotten; why should there not be the like difference, in evil?

Those poor souls therefore, who do zealously walk in a wrong way, wherein they are set by ill guides, may not be put into the same rank with their wicked misleaders. As we have reason to hope God will be merciful to the well-meant errors of those silly ones; so must we enlarge the bowels of our compassion to their miscarriage: while, in the mean time, we may well pray, with the Psalmist, that God would *not be merciful to those, that offend of malicious wickedness.*

* Aug. de Utilitate Cred. c. i.

RULE II.

TO DISTINGUISH OF TRUTHS AND ERRORS.

SECONDLY, we must distinguish between truths necessary, and truths additional or accessory; truths essential, and accidental truths; truths fundamental, and truths superedified: and, in them, truths weighty and important, and truths slight and merely scholastical: for these are worthy of a far-different consideration.

Those truths, which are of the foundation and essence of religion, are necessarily to be known, believed, embraced of all men; and the obstinate opposers of them are worthy of our careful avoidance and hardest censure. Truths important, though not fundamental, are worthy of our serious disquisition and knowledge. All other truths are commendable; and may be of good use, in their kind and place: but so, as that he, who is either ignorant of them or otherwise minded concerning them, hath his own freedom; and must not, so he trouble not the common peace, forfeit our charitable opinion.

We see it is thus in the body. There are some vital parts: a wound received in them, is no less than mortal. There are other, which, though useful and serviceable, and such as make up the integrity of the body; yet such as, wherein the main form of life doth not consist: these cannot be hurt, without pain; but may be hurt, without much peril. There are yet, besides these, certain appendances to the outward fabric of the body, which serve both for decency and convenience; the loss whereof may be with less danger, but not with less smart than of some limb: to tear off the hair, or to beat out a tooth, is far from manslaughter; yet an act of violence, and a breach of peace.

It is no otherwise, in the body of religion. A limb may be maimed, or a joint displaced: yet the heart whole: some appendance may be violated; and yet the body whole.

It is a true word, that of Columbanus* of old, that "necessary truths are but few." Not many stones need to make up the foundation of Christian faith: twelve will serve: whereas many quarries, perhaps, may be laid in the superstructure.

There are some things, saith Gerson, which are *De necessitate fidei*; whereof we may not doubt: other things are *De pietate vel devotione fidei*; wherein there is more scope of belief. That, which he speaks of historical verities, is no less true in doctrinal. I know no book so necessary for these times, as that *De Paucitate Credendorum*: nor any one article of our belief more needful, than that we need not believe more than the Apostles. Other points may be the care of Scholars: need not be of Christians.

It was the observation of wise and learned Erasmus, which hath run oftentimes in my thoughts: "The doctrine of the Church,"

* Columban. c. v. *Pauca sunt necessaria vera.*

saith he*, "which, at the first, was free from quarrels, began to depend upon the aids and defences of Philosophy: this was the first degree of the Church's declination, to the worse. Wealth began to come upon her, and power grew with it. The authority of emperors, taking upon them to intermeddle in the affairs of religion, did not much help to further the sincerity of the faith. At last, it came to sophistical contentions: thousands of new articles brake forth: from thence, it grew to terrors and threats: and, since, to blows." Lo the miserable degrees of the Church's disturbance. We have almost lost religion and peace, in the multiplicity of opinions.

It is worth observing, by what degrees it pleased God to communicate to us men, his will and our duty. At the first, we hear of no charge given to our first parents, but of refraining from the Tree of Knowledge. Afterwards, as the Jewish Doctors teach, there were six only precepts imposed on Adam, and his seed: the first, against idolatry, that he should worship no other Gods; the second, of his veneration of the only true God; the third, against bloodshed; the fourth, against wild and incestuous lusts; the fifth, against stealth; the sixth, concerning due administration of justice. After these, one yet more was added to Noah and his sons, of not eating flesh alive, viz. in the blood of it; Gen. ix. 4. Yet, after this, one more was given to Abraham, concerning circumcision. At last, the complete Law is given, in Ten Words, to Moses in Horeb. The Judicials are for commentaries upon those Moral statutes. With these, God's people contented themselves; till traditions began to be obtruded upon them, by presumptuous teachers. These, our Saviour cries down, as intolerable, insolent depravations of the Law.

The Messiah is come. With how few charges, doth he load his people! that they should *believe, repent, deny themselves, constantly profess him, search the Scriptures, follow peace, love one another,* and *communicate in his remembrance:* and his Apostles, with only, *Go, teach, and baptize;* and strive who shall serve best.

After his glorious ascension into heaven, the Apostles, assembled in their Council at Jerusalem, lay *no other new weight upon the Gentile converts, but to abstain from pollutions of idols, from fornication, things strangled, and blood.*

When the Church was well enlarged and settled, what did the four General Councils offer to the world, but the condemnation of those four heresies, which then infested the Church †?

Time and busy heads drew on these varieties of conclusions and deductions, which have bred this grievous danger and vexation to God's people: insomuch, as it is now come to that pass, that, as he said of old, it is better to live in a commonwealth where nothing is lawful, than where every thing; so, it may no less justly

* *Doctrina Christi, quæ prius nesciebat λογομαχίαν, cœpit à Philosophiæ præsidiis pendere: hic erat primus, &c.* Eras. Præfat. ad Opera Hilarii.

† *Nunquam audivimus Petrinos, aut Paulinos, aut Bartholomæanos, &c. sed, ab initio, una prædicatio Apostolorum.* Epiph. l. i.

be said, that it is safer to live where is no faith professed, than where every thing is made matter of faith.

The remedy must be, that our judgments revert to that first simplicity of the Gospel, from which the busy and quarrelsome spirits of men have drawn us; and that we fix and rest there.

RULE III.

TO AVOID CURIOSITY IN THE DISQUISITION OF TRUTHS.

Therein, of the simplicity of Former Times, and the over-lashing of ours.

To which end, it shall be requisite, thirdly, to avoid curiosity, in the search or determination of immaterial and superfluous truths.

I know not whether the mind of man be more unsatiable in the desire of knowledge, or more unwearable in the pursuit of it; which we are all apt to affect upon several grounds: for, as Bernard* well, some would know that they might be known; this is vanity: others, that they might sell their knowledge; this is baseness: some, that they may edify others; this is charity: some, that they may be edified; this is wisdom: and, some, lastly, would know only that they may know; this is fond curiosity; a vicious disposition of the soul, which doth not more shew itself in the end, than in the object of our knowledge; for, surely, to seek after the knowledge of those things, which are necessary or useful, can be no other than praise-worthy.

There are, saith St. Austin†, two kinds of persons, very commendable in religion: the former, those who have found the truth; the latter, those who do studiously enquire for it. It is most true of those truths, which are important and essential; but, to spend ourselves in the search of those truths, which are either unrevealed or unprofitable, it is no other than a labour ill lost‡.

Yet, alas, these are they, which commonly take up the thoughts of men. How busily have some disputed, whether Adam, if he had continued in his innocence, should have slept, or no; or, whether he would have needed that repose §! others, whether, if Adam, in his innocency, had known his wife, after she was conceived of child, he had in this sinned, or no ‖! others, if he had begotten children in the state of innocence, whether they should, immediately upon their birth, have had the use of their limbs and members, for their present provision, as other creatures have ¶! others, whether, in that first estate, there should have been more males or females born! others, what space there was, betwixt the creation of angels and man, and their fall **!

* Bern. Serm. in Cant. 36. † Aug. de Utilitat. Cred. c. xi.
‡ *Nesciunt necessaria, quia superflua didicerunt.* E Senec. Gars de Neglig. Prælatorum. § Alens. Tom. ii. q. 86, m. 3. ‖ Ibid. q 88.
¶ Ibid. q. 89. ** Ibid. memb. 11.

Thus, a Peter Lombard is devising a distinction, betwixt *modo quodam*, and *quodam modo* * ; and a Jo. Major disputed, whether a man may *equitare sine equo* † ; and Matreas, as Suidas ‡ hath it, in a poem that he frames of Aristotle's Doubts, makes this one, "How the sun should, in his setting, go down into the ocean, and not swim." Thus, an over-leisured Italian hath made a long discourse, "How a man may walk, all day, through the streets of Rome, in the shade." Thus, a Licentiate of Paris takes upon him to defend, "That there is something God really, which is not formally God § :" another, "That there are other priorities and posteriorities, in the Divine Persons; besides those of their origination :" another, "That the Divine Persons are distinguished *per absoluta* :" another, as our Bradwardine and Jo. Major and Vasquez, "That God is *in vacuo* :" and, in our days, Hurtado de Mendoza, a Spaniard, strains his wit to prove the possibility of an infinity of magnitude. And what subtle disquisitions and long volumes are spent upon a certain middle knowledge in God, between his knowledge of simple intelligence, which is of what may be or is fit to be; and that of vision, which is his knowledge of what shall be: betwixt which two, some have placed a third, a mid-knowledge of future-conditionate-contingents ‖. And, lastly, what a world of work is on foot, betwixt the Scotists, on the one side; and the Thomists and Dominicans, on the other: concerning God's foreknowledge of evil; and concerning the real existence of future things, in eternity; and other, the like subtleties!

Good Lord! where will the mind of man take up? how restless, how boundless, are the brains of curious men! and especially in this last age: for, surely, it is a true word of Gerson¶, *Mundus senescens patitur phantasias* : "The world now in his old age is full of fancies." It is with it, as it is with us: the sleep of the aged must needs be so much fuller of imaginations, as they have lived to see more objects to furnish them. Justly may we take up that complaint of Alvarez Pelagius: "He is nobody for knowledge, now-a-days, that devises not some novelty**." Festus slandered St. Paul, when he said, too much learning had made him mad: certainly, it is no slander to say of too many, that too much learning, as it is used, hath made them foolish and wanton in their speculations.

There cannot be a truer sentence, than that of the Grecians, ὁ χρήσιμ' εἰδὼς††, "Wisdom consists not in the knowledge of many things, but of things profitable." Our forefathers, as they came short of us in knowledge, so they went beyond us in piety and

* Ames. de Resist. Gratia. c. viii. † Melanct. Apolog. advers. Paris. Sophist. ‡ Suid. v. Matreas. § Gers. Epist. ad Quendam Fratrem Minorem. *Quis non horreat profanas novitates et verborum et sensuum?* Bern. Epist. 190. Λεπτολογεῖν ἤδη ζητεῖς, καὶ περὶ καπνου στενολεσχεῖν, ut de nugatore, Hermippus. ‖ D. Twiss. de Scientia Media, &c. ¶ Gers. contra Superstitiosos. q. observ. ** *Non est sciens, hodie, qui novitates non invenit.* De Planct. Eccl. l. ii. †† Ὁ χρήσιμ' εἰδὼς, οὐχ ὁ πολλ' εἰδὼς, σοφός.

peace*. The Jewish Doctors say of Father Abraham, that he had no master but his own reins: those, holy David said, were his teachers also; and devout Bernard tells his friend Murdach, with an *Experto crede*†, that he shall find more in the woods, than in his books. "The trees and stones," said he, "shall teach thee that, which thou canst not hear from thy masters. Thinkest thou not, thou mayst suck honey from the rock; and oil out of the hardest stone?"

Marvellous is the improvement, both of the means and measure of knowledge, in these last days, in comparison of the former.

"Of old," saith Erasmus‡, "there were no schools of divinity; and Augustin was held an invincible logician, for that he had read Aristotle's Categories: at last, divinity came to the height; if not beyond it: the Sacred Scriptures, with the ancient authors, were laid aside, &c." The time was, when Synods were fain to enact, that none should be promoted to ecclesiastical benefices, but those, which could competently read and sing; nor to canonships in cathedrals, but those which could read, sing, and competently construe §: not to holy orders, but those, that could *Literaliter legui* ||. The world is well mended with us, since our king Alured translated Gregory's Pastoral, out of Latin into Saxon; that it might be understood of the Bishops and Priests: and, in his Preface to it, writes¶ thus: "Knowledge was so utterly lost from among the English nation, that there were very few on this side of Humber, that could so much as understand their own common prayers, in the English tongue; or translate any writing out of Latin into English. Surely, there were so few, that I do not remember one on the south-part of Thames, when I began to reign." Thus Alured: before whose time, Withredw, king of Kent, was fain to subsign his characters, with a cross; professing to do it *pro ignorantia literarum***. And the old rule was, "A Bishop, that is ignorant of his grammar, is to be deposed††."

Now, blessed be God, knowledge abounds every where. The press hath helped to diffuse it, all the world over: which, while it was only transmitted by the labour of a single pen, must needs be more sparingly imparted.

And, as it uses to be in other cases, plenty hath bred wantonness, and prodigal expence of wit; whereby we are grown to such excess, that it were happy, except men had more rule of their skill, that there were less knowledge in the world and better affections. We have reason, in this regard, to envy the safe and quiet simplicity of our forefathers: who contented themselves with the honest plain-song of that, whereof we affect to run upon infinite descant.

* *Prastat probâ ignorantiâ delineri, quàm falsâ opinione marcipari.* Chrysost. in Matth. xxiv. Hom. 76. † *Experto crede, aliquid amplius invenies, in sylvis quàm in libris.* Bern. Epist. Henrico Murdach. Epist. 146.
‡ Erasm. Epist. l. xxii. Joan. Episc. § Concil. Raven. || Concil. Sabinen. in Hisp. 1322. ¶ Alured Præfat. ad Versum à se Lib. Pastor. Greg. D. Henr. Spelman Volum. i. Synod. Brit. ** Anno C. 700. D. Henr. Spelm. Conc. Brit. †† *Episcopus ignorans grammaticam deponatur.*

It is well observed by Gerson*, that it falls out oftentimes, there is more fervour of devotion, where there is less natural knowledge: whence we find great praise of sanctity given to some eminent persons, who came short even of ordinary skill. Bernard† saith of his devout brother Gerard, that he had no learning at all; but that he had a clear understanding, and an illuminated spirit: and Sozomen‡, when he speaks of Anthony, the hermit, says, he neither had any skill in learning, neither did greatly esteem it; but cared only to have a pure and holy mind, as that which was more ancient and more worthy than any learning in the world: and Paul, the Simple, a man famous, both for sanctimony and miracles, had so little knowledge, as that, which I have stood amazed to read, he asked whether the Prophets were before Christ and his Apostles, or after.

The truth is, religion, as the Chancellor§ of Paris well, is not a school of learning, but a discipline of living: and He is much more acceptable to God, that hath so much knowledge, as doth enable him to worship and serve that Divine Majesty devoutly, and to live holily; than he, who, with Berengarius, could dispute of *omne scibile*; or, with Solomon, could discourse of all things, from the moss on the wall, to the highest cedar‖. Gregory said truly, "Nothing can be offered to God more rich and precious, than a good will:" and Phocyon's law is magnified, for a divine one; "Let virtue and goodness take place, and let all other things pass for trifles."

That, therefore, which was wont to be said of Pythagoras, that he reduced the speculative philosophy to use; and that, which was said of the cynics, that, without regard of logic and natural philosophy, they were all for morality; I could be apt to wish in our divine philosophy. It were happy for the Church of God, if, laying aside all curious disquisitions of impertinent truths, we would apply ourselves wholly to the knowledge and maintenance of those only points, which are necessary to salvation; and to the zealous practice of those things, which we assuredly know: leaving the rest to those School-Divines, who have both faculty and leisure to discuss them¶.

RULE IV.

TO REST IN THOSE FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS, WHICH ARE REVEALED CLEARLY IN THE SCRIPTURES.

Now, that we be not left upon uncertainties in this quest of saving truth, it will be requisite for us to know and resolve, fourthly, that

* Gers. Tract. de Canticordo. † Bern. Serm. in Cant. 26.

‡ Sozom. l. i. c. 13. § Gers. Tract. 8. super Magnif. ‖ *Sed multos video studiosos, paucos religiosos: amant lectionem, non religionem; imò, amare lectionis in odium incidunt religionis.* Hugo. l. ii. Mis. cl. c. 52.

¶ *Tempore veteris Ecclesiæ Romanæ, populus non curiositate ad videndum illud, quod sacerdos ostendit; sed, prostratis humi corporibus, animis in cælum erectis, gratias agebant Christo Redemptori, qui nos suo sanguine lavit, suâ morte redemit, &c.* Eras. de Amabilitate Concordiæ Eccles. Basil. 1536.

all those fundamental verities, necessary to salvation, are clearly laid before us, in the sacred monuments of Divine Scriptures. In them, is the full and easy direction of a Christian's both belief and practice. It is the question, appointed* by our Church to be proposed to every candidate of holy orders, whether he believe this truth; and his engagement, thereupon, punctually follows. And if here be enough to make the man of God perfect, much more an ordinary Christian.

There are, indeed, unfathomable depths in the ocean, wherein we shall vainly hope to pitch our anchor; but all necessary truths need not much line. "In those things, which are clearly laid down in Scripture," saith St. Austin†, "are found all those points, which contain faith and rules of living, viz. Hope and Charity." And need we care for more than these? Let me believe well, and live well; let who list take thought for more.

What a madness were it, to forsake the living waters; and to dig for ourselves cisterns, that will hold no water! What a disease in our appetite, when we have wholesome provision laid before us, to nauseate all good dishes; and to long for mushrooms, whereof some are venomous, all unwholesome!

It was the justice of Lacedæmon, that when Terpander, the musician, added one string more to his harp than ordinary, banished him the city‡. The great Doctor of the Gentiles could say; *If we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel to you, let him be accursed;* Gal. i. 8: he doth not say "a contrary Gospel," but *another;* such as that *Evangelium æternum* of the friars; such as that Symbol of the Twelve new Articles, in Pius's Profession.

It had some colour, that Tannerus, the Jesuit, held in the public disputation with Hunnius §; who stoutly defended it to be a matter of faith, that Tobit had a dog; because it rested upon the authority of that, which he supposed canonical Scripture, the indubitate truth whereof, is the first principle of Christianity; however some particular clauses, in themselves considered, may carry no such weight: but, to obtrude a necessity of new and traditional truths, besides those which God hath revealed, what is it, but to make ourselves more wise and careful than our Maker?

Woe be to those men, on whose heads lies so much innocent blood of orthodox Christians; which hath been shed for those causes, which God never owned! Woe be to those anathemas, which are spent upon true-believing souls: such as can say, in sincerity of heart and clearness of judgment, with Erasmus ‖, "Either acquit me with the Apostle, or condemn the Apostle with me!"

* Vid. Libr. Ordinat. † Aug. de Doctr. Christ. l. ii. c. 9. ‡ Plut. Customs of Laced. § Vide Reun. Colleq. Chamier. ‖ Eras. Epist. Colleg. Sorbon.

RULE V.

TO BE REMISS AND FACILE IN UNIMPORTING VERITIES, BOTH IN OUR OPINION AND CENSURE.

Now, as we cannot be too stiff and zealous for the maintenance of those truths, which are necessary and pure; *De fide*, as Gerson * styles them; so fifthly, it is required to Christian Moderation, that, in all collateral and unimportant verities, we should be remiss and easy, both in our Opinion and Censure: not too peremptorily resolving; not too eagerly pressing; not too sharply judging.

1. In main matters, it is good to take up that resolution of Gregory, commended by Gerson †, that "it is more profitable to endure a scandal," through breach of peace, "than an abandoning of truth;" and that honour of Rotterdam‡, "I would rather be torn in pieces by the furious abettors of both sides, than be safe and quiet on the wrong part:" but, in points of a baser alloy, St. Austin's § rule is not more wise than modest; "I may think one thing: another man may think another: I do neither prescribe to him, nor he to me." Learned and wise Erasmus ‖ observed well; "There are many things, which do no harm, while they are neglected; but, when they are once stirred, raise up grievous tragedies in the world." Even in the poorest matters, what broils are raised by contradiction! what fearful bloodsheds hath this island yielded, for but the carrying of a cross ¶! what stirs have been in the whole Christian Church, for the difference of an Easter day! what broils, for a few poor harmless ceremonies! As for the sacramentarian quarrels, Lord, how bitter have they been, how frequent, how long, in six several successions of learned conflicts**! As if we Christians meant to imitate those heathens, which dwelt about the marshes of Triton, the Auses and Machlyes††; amongst whom the manner was, when they kept their anniversary feast to the honour of Minerva, that their virgins divided themselves into troops, and entertained each other with stones and clubs; and, if any of them received a death's-wound in the fray, she was straight cried down, as no maid. In these cases, the very victory is miserable; and such, as Pyrrhus said of his, as is enough to undo the conqueror.

As good physicians, then, when they desire to recover their patient, labour to make peace amongst the humours; so must we do, in a sick Church: and, if we cannot compose them to a discreet moderation; yet, at least, it will be fit to hold off from a passionate

* Gers. Declar. Defect. † Gers. assert. Jo. Parui, *utilius nasci scandalum permittitur, quàm veritas deseratur.*

‡ Eras. Senatui Paris. *Malui nempe solus ab utriusque partis insanioribus dilacerari, quàm esse tutus in parte damnatâ.* § Aug. in Ps. xvi.

‖ Eras. l. xxii. Colleg. Sorb. ¶ Vide Acts and Mon. and Bromiard. v. Honor.

** Jo. Jeslerus Scaphus de Diuturnitate Belli Eucharist.

†† Hospin. de Festis. Αθηναῖα.

side-taking. It is noted by Suidas *, that Heber was not amongst the builders of Babel's tower, and therefore his language was not altered; and, it is worth observing, that Korah's sons perished not in the common destruction of their parents, and kinsfolks; for that they fled from the conspirators, to Moses; Num. xxvi. 11†. If we would find favour as storks, we must not consort with cranes.

Now, that we may be capable of this peaceable temper, we must be free from these two vices, Pride and Pertinacy. Whereof the one forestals the heart with an overweening of ourselves and our opinions; not enduring a contradiction: the other obdures it against any means of reformation: resolving to hold the conclusion, in spite of the premises.

(1.) For the first; *Only by pride cometh contention*, saith wise Solomon; Prov. xiii. 10. This is it, that makes a man scorn the common track; and lifts him up, with the conceit of his own abilities, and of the validity of his own grounds; not without a contemptuous undervaluing of all others.

We find it thus, in all experience. For my part, I never met with any, as worthy master Greenham hath noted before me, if but a schismatical spirit, whom I have not sensibly discerned thus tainted. Take but a Separist, a blue-aproned man, that never knew any better school than his shop-board: if he do not think himself more truly learned than the deepest doctor, and a better interpreter of Scripture than the greatest divine, I am no less mistaken, than he. Hence it is, that they affect a singularity, and keep aloof from others, both in practice and opinion: wherein a proud man is like unto oil, which will ever swim aloft, and will by no means mix with water.

Contrarily, the only disposition, that fits the heart for peace, (indeed all other graces,) is humility. That cloth, which the fuller would perfectly whiten, yields itself to be trampled upon. They are low pits, wherein the stars may be seen by day. They are the valleys, and not the shelving hills, that soak in the waters of heaven.

The Jewish Doctors say well‡, that, in a true disciple of Abraham, there must be three things; a good eye, a meek spirit, an humble soul: the first frees him from envy; the second, from impatience; and the third, from pride: these two last will teach him, to acknowledge and admire other men's better faculties, and to abase his own; to be ready to submit to clearer reason and irrefragable authority, and modestly to distrust his own.

It was a word, worthily commended in Potho§, a good Bishop

* Suidas v. Hebræi.

† See Note, at p. 209 of the Volume of Sermons. From the reference in this place, it is manifest that 2 Chron. xxvi. 11. is misprinted, in the original edition of the Sermon, for Numb. xxvi. 11: but I did not recollect this passage in Numbers, when I wrote the note above mentioned. EDITOR.

‡ Pirke Aveth. § Potho Prumiensium Episcopus, 1150. in Lib. de Statu Dom. Dei Hospit. de Orig. Fest. Christ.

near five hundred years ago: "Are we more learned, and more devout, than the Fathers? or, do we presume proudly to determine of those things, which their wisdom thought meet to be prætermitted?" Surely, he, that bears this mind, cannot easily err, cannot err dangerously.

It is possible, I confess, to go too far, in our reliance upon others' judgments. I cannot like that of Erasmus *, who professeth to his Bilibaldus, that he ascribed so much to the authority of the Church, that if she had thought meet to have allowed the opinion of Arius or Pelagius, he should have assented thereunto. This is too much servility. In these manifest and main truths, we have no reason to make flesh our arm. If all the world should face me down, that the sun shines not, I would be pardoned to believe my eyes: and, if all the philosophers under heaven should, with Zeno, defend, that there is no motion, I would, with Diogenes, confute them by walking †. But, in all those verities, which are disputable and free for discourse, let me ever be swayed, by the sacred authority of that orthodox Church wherein I live.

(2.) Pertinacy is the next; which indeed is the only thing, that makes a heretic. Let the error be heinous; yet if there be not a perverse stiffness in the maintenance of it, it amounts not to the crime of heresy: much less is it so, in case of a relenting schism.

It was a good speech of Erasmus‡: "I cannot be a heretic, unless I will; and, since I neither am nor will be so; I will endeavour to use the matter so, as that I may not be thought to be one."

The course is preposterous and unnatural, that is taken up by quarrelsome spirits: first, they pitch their conclusion; and then, hunt about for premises to make it good. This method is for men, that seek for victory, not for truth; for men, that seek not God, but themselves: whereas, the well-disposed heart, being first upon sure grounds convinced of the truth which it must necessarily hold, cares only in essential verities, to guard itself against erroneous suggestions; and, in the rest, is ready to yield unto better reason. He is not fit to be a gamester, that cannot be equally content to lose and win: and, in vain shall he profess morality, that cannot, with Socrates, set the same face upon all events, whether good or evil. In all, besides necessary truths, give me the man, that can as well yield as fight §. In matters of this nature, I cannot like the spirits of those Lacedemonian dames, which gave the shields to their sons, with the peremptory condition of ἢ τᾶν, ἢ ἐπὶ τᾶς||.

Surely, he is better accepted of God, that, in these frays of indifferency, doth peaceably lay down the bucklers; than he, that lays about him, with the greatest ostentation of skill and valour. In

* Eras. Epist. Illustr. *Quantum apud alios valeat Ecclesiæ authoritas nescio: Certè, apud me tantum valet, ut cum Arianis et Pelagianis sentire possim, si probasset Ecclesia, quod illi docuerunt.* Bilibaldo.

† Laert. ‡ Eras. Epist. l. xxii. Coll. Sorb.

§ *A litterato quodam et experto viro accepi, pernitiosam esse, in omni arte vel doctrinâ, assertionem audacem et extremam.* Gers. de Vitâ Spir. Animæ, &c. lect. 4. corol. 11. || Suidas.

things of this kind, meekness may do God more service, than courage. They say milk quenches wild-fire, better than any other liquor: and we find, in all experience, that the pores are better opened, with a gentle heat, than with a violent.

The great Apostle was content *to become all things to all, that he might win some:* how was he all to all, if he did not sometimes remit of his right to some? He, that resisteth Peter, the prime Apostle, to his face, in the case of a perilous temporizing; Gal. ii. 11: yet gave way to James and the other brethren, to purify himself, with the four votaries in the temple; Acts xxi. 18—26.

Shortly then, as he is a wise man, that knows when it is time to yield: so is he a peaceable son of the Church, that yields when he sees it time *; and, by this means, provides for his own comfortable discharge, and the public tranquillity: that can be, in necessary truths, an oak; and a reed, in truths indifferent.

2. In matters of this nature, whereof we treat, true moderation requires the peaceable Christian to be not more yielding in his opinion, than favourable in his Censures of the contrary-minded: for it is a fearful violation, both of charity and justice, to brand an adversary, in matter of slight opinions, with the odious name of sect or heresy; and no less presumption, to shut that man out of heaven, whom God hath enrolled in the Book of Life.

In all other things, saith the Chancellor † of Paris, besides those, which are merely matters of faith, the Church may either deceive or be deceived, and yet hold charity still.

And, as it is a good rule that is given to visitors ‡, That they should be sparing in making decrees, lest the multitude of them should bring them into contempt; so it is a rule no less profitable to spiritual governors, which Erasmus relates out of Gerson, "That they should not rashly throw about the thunder-bolts of their censures §."

We cannot be too severe, in the main matters of religion; though not without that wise item of Cicero, that nothing that is cruel can be profitable ‖; the remissness wherein, may be no other, than an injurious mercy: but, in things of slighter condition, we must be wiser than to draw a sword to kill flies; neither is it for us to call for scorpions, where a rod is too much.

It is remarkable, that of Gallienus, who, when his wife had complained to him of a cheater, that had sold glass-pearls to her for true, made as if he would have cast him to the lions: the offender, looking for those fierce beasts, was only turned loose to a cock. In some cases, shame and scorn may be a fitter punishment, than extreme violence. We may not make the tent too big for the wound; nor the plaister too broad for the sore.

It was grave counsel, that St. Austin ¶ gave to his Alipius, that

* *Non turpe est sententiam mutare, sed in malo perseverare funestum et exitiosum.* Greg. Naz. Orat. 32.

† Gerson. Declar. Defect. ‡ Gavant. Praxis Compend. Visit.

§ *Ne temerè vibret fulmen excommunicationis.*

‖ *Nihil quod crudele, utile.* Offic. i. 3. ¶ Aug. Alipio, Epist. 239.

heed must be taken, lest, while we go about to amend a doubtful complaint, we make the breach wider. And that rule was too good for the author, John xxii *. that, in a case uncertain, we should rather determine within the bounds, than exceed them. Even in plain convictions, violence must be the last remedy; as in outward bodily extremities, by Hippocrates's prescription, *Ignis* and *Ferrum* must be last tried: for generous spirits, as Erasmus † well, desire to be taught, abide not to be forced. It is for tyrants, to compel; for asses, to be compelled: and, as Seneca observes, a good natured horse will be governed by the shadow of the wand; whereas a sullen resty jade will not be ordered by the spur.

St. Paul puts it to the choice of his Corinthians; *Will ye, that I come to you with a rod, or with the spirit of meekness?* as loth to use the rod, unless he were constrained by their wilful disobedience. Much have they, therefore, to answer for, before the tribunal of heaven, who are apt to damn Christians better than themselves: sending all the clients of the north-western Grecian, Russian, Armenian, Ethiopic Churches down to hell, without redemption; for varying from them, in those opinions, which only themselves have made fundamental.

And, herein are we happy, that we suffer for our charity; rather choosing to incur the danger of a false censure from uncharitable men, than to pass a bloody and presumptuous censure upon those, who, how faultily soever, profess the dear name of our common Saviour. Let them, if they please, affect the glory of a Turkish justice; in killing two innocents, rather than sparing one guilty ‡: let us rather choose to answer for mercy; and sooner take, than offer, an unjust or doubtful violence.

RULE VI.

NOT TO RELY UPON AN OPPOSITE, IN RELATING THE STATE OF AN OPINION OR PERSON.

Examples of the Injurious Practices, this way.

SIXTHLY, to a man of peace, nothing is more requisite, than a charitable distrust: viz. That we should not take an adversary's word for the state of his opposite.

They were, amongst the rest, two necessary charges, that Erasmus gave to his Goclenius, To be sober, and incredulous §: for, as there is nothing that raises so deadly hostility as religion, so no criminations are either so rife or so heinous, as those, which are mutually cast upon the abettors of contrary opinions.

We need not go far, to seek for lamentable instances. Let a man

* John xxii. apud Navar. in Man. c. xvii. † Erasm. Godescælio.
‡ Mr. Blunt's observation, in his Journey to the Levant.
§ Νήφε, ἀπίστει μέμνησο ἀπιστεῖν, Suid.

believe Andrew Jurgivicius, he will think the Protestants hold no one Article of the Apostles' Creed. Let him believe Campian, he shall think we hold God to be the author of sin; that the Mediator between God and man, Jesus, died the second death; that all sins are equal; and many more of the same brau. If he shall believe Cardinal Bellarmin, he shall condemn Erasmus, as a patron of Arians; Luther, as an enemy to the Holy Trinity, and to the Consubstantiality of the Son of God; Melancthon and Scheckius, as fautors of the Tri-theists; Calvin, as an advocate of Samosatenians; Bullinger, of Arianism; Beza, of Nestorianism. If he will believe our countryman Gifford, he shall think Calvin's doctrine in nothing better, in many things worse, than the Alcoran. If he will believe J. Gualterius, a Jesuit divine, he shall think never any heresy hath, since the first noise of the Gospel, arisen in the Church of God, whereof the Reformed part is not guilty: here, he shall suppose to find Simon Magus, falsely pretending the Church's reformation; Cerinthus, destroying the use and utility of baptism; Ebion, impugning the integrity of the Blessed Virgin; in beastly licentiousness, Nicolaitans; in mutilation of Scripture, Saturnians; in the vain jactation of Scripture, Basilides; in the contempt of the Divine Law, Carpocrates; in condemning of fastings, Gnostics; in maintaining the impossibility of keeping the Law, Ptolomeus; Secundian heretics, in allowing uncleannesses; Marcosian heretics, in a proud boast of perfection; Montanists, in dissolving the bonds of wedlock, and corrupting baptism: what should I blur too much paper, with the abridgment of so uncharitable a discourse? shortly, he shall believe that all our learned divines have done nothing, but patched together all those old rags of obsolete errors, which they have raked up out of the dunghills of antiently damned heretics; and, to make up his mouth, shall go away with an opinion of a hundred several foul errors, in John Calvin; and seventy eight no less heinous, in Martin Luther *. Should a stranger come now, to take up this book, which he supposes penned by a Christian Divine; and one, therefore, which should not dare to lie: how can he conceive other, than that the Reformed Doctrine is nothing, but a chimerical monster, composed of devilish lies and hellish heresies?

To look nearer home: what terms and imputations some rigid followers of Luther have, in imitation of their over-blunt and passionate master, cast upon their opposers, I do purposely forbear to specify; as willing, rather to lay my hand upon these scars, than to blazon the shame of brethren.

Now, as it will become every man, according to St. Jerome's counsel, to be impatient in the suspicion of heresy; if any of the parties accused shall be called forth, and charged with these prodigious crimes of opinion, he is straight ready to fly in the face of the slanderer, and calls heaven and earth to be witness of his utter detestation of those errors, which are maliciously affeigned to him;

* Vide et Martin. Cromerus de Falsâ Relig. Luther. l. i.

and is ready to say, as our learned Whitakers said in the same case to Campian; *Nisi omnem, &c**. "Unless thou hadst utterly cast off all, both religion to God, and reverence to men; and hadst, long since, made shipwreck of thy conscience; and hadst put off even all humanity itself; thou wouldst never suffer thyself to be guilty of such horrible wickedness, as to upbraid such monstrous opinions to us."

It is a true word of Gerson †, That, in a pennyworth of strife, there is not a half-penny-worth of love. And, we say truly, "Ill-will never said well." God forbid, that the same man should be, in the same cause, accuser, witness, and judge. What would become of innocence, where malice and power should be met?

How short a cut is that, which the spiteful author of the war of the Fifth Gospel takes, to convince all gainsayers! Westphalus, saith he, calls Calvin heretic: Calvin calls Westphalus heretic: therefore, they are both heretics. Schlusselburgius brands the Calvinists, for Sacramentarian heretics: the Calvinists brand Schlusselburgius, for an Ubiquitarian heretic: therefore, both are heretics. And may not any Mahometan thus refel the whole profession of Christianity? Those, that style themselves Catholics, call the Reformed heretics: the Reformed call them heretics: therefore, both are heretics. The Roman Christians brand the Greek Church with heresy: the Grecians equally censure the Roman: therefore, they are all heretics. And cannot we as easily pay him again in his own coin? The Turkish Mahometan calls the Persian heretic: the Persian calls the Turkish so: therefore, both are, in their own religion, heretics.

God forbid, that a man should be ever such, as an enemy would have him seem to be! Would we think it fair and just, to be so dealt with before the awful Tribunal of Heaven? Would we have the arch-enemy of mankind believed, in all his suggestions against our innocence? Why should we then admit of this wrong, in each other?

At a contentious bar, where wrangling fomentors of quarrels are wont to aggravate all advantages, this liberty, I know not how justly, hath been given, that they commonly frame large bills of complaint, and suggest wrongs that were never done: but, for Divines, in the causes of God, who pretend to plead for truth before God and his angels, to be thus lavish in their criminations, it is a high violation of Christian charity ‡ and justice.

Surely, this practice is no more new, than justifiable. Should I fetch it so far, as from the times of our Blessed Saviour? whose divine perfection could not free him from the imputation of a conjurer; of a wine-bibber and glutton; of a friend to publicans and sinners; of an enemy to Cæsar? Should I follow the times, and deduce it to his proto-martyr, St. Stephen? we shall find him loaded with the accusation of blasphemy against God

* Whitak. Respons. ad Campian. † Gers. de Præcept. Decalogi. c. viii.
‡ ὁ λογίζεται τὸ κακὸν. 1 Cor. xiii. 5.

and Moses, against the Law and the Temple. After him, we shall find the Chosen Vessel, St. Paul, charged by Tertullus, for *a pestilent fellow*, and a mover of sedition.* And, even among the Christians themselves, what foul charges of libertine doctrine are laid upon them, by false teachers! As for the succeeding ages of the Primitive Church, had we either leisure or will, to swell up our discourse with an abridgment of Ecclesiastical History, we might easily weary the reader, with woeful varieties in this kind. Who knows not the impossible crimes, that were cast upon the Primitive Christians; of promiscuous lust, of worshipping an ass's head, and such absurd calumniations?

Amongst Christians themselves, to let go all the rest, it is memorable, what quarrels there were in the Synod of Ephesus, betwixt Cyril Bishop of Alexandria and John of Antioch. The Churches, subject to these eminent pastors, stuck not to strike each other, with mutual anathemas. Theodoret, something unhappily, thrusts his sickle into the harvest of Antioch: against whom, by the instigation of Evoptius, Cyril bitterly inveighs: Theodoret accuses Cyril of Apollinarism; Cyril accuses Theodoret of Nestorianism. This broil drew the eastern world into parts; so as, afterwards, when Theodoret would have entered into the Synod of Chalcedon, the Egyptian Bishops and other Reverend Prelates cried out, "We eject Cyril, if we admit Theodoret: the Canons disclaim him: God opposes him." The same violence was again renewed, in the eighth Action: the Bishops loudly crying out, "He is a Heretic: he is a Nestorian: away with the Heretic:" but, at the last, when the matter was thoroughly scanned, and it was found that the good Bishop had subscribed both to the Orthodox Creeds, and to Leo's Epistle; with one unanimous consent they received him in, with this acclamation, "Theodoret is worthy of his place in the Church: let the Church receive her Orthodox Bishop."

It is worthy of immortal memory, that we find reported of Athanasius. There was a great quarrel, betwixt the Eastern and Western Churches, about the Persons and Subsistences in the Deity. Each upbraided other with heresy. The Western would profess Three Persons in the Blessed Trinity: but would not endure to hear of Three Subsistences; and were, thereupon, by the Eastern Churches, censured for suspicion of Sabellianism. Contrarily, the Eastern would yield Three Subsistencies: but would not abide Three Persons; and were, therefore, accused by the Western Churches of Arianism! The breach was fearful, till wise and holy Athanasius found a way, to let them see they were good friends, and knew not of it.

And, if we should go about to instance in particular men, the catalogue would be endless. How Chrysostom and Epiphanius, Jerome and Ruffinus, blurred each other, all the world knows. St. Austin, besides all his other wrongs, complains that sixteen articles were slanderously imposed upon him, by the Pelagians; on pur-

* Λοιμὸν. Acts xxiv. 5.

pose to draw envy upon the doctrine of divine predestination. What foul and gross opinions were, by adversary pens, cast upon the Waldenses and Albigenses, and our Wickliff and his followers, is shamefully apparent in too many histories.

And still, as Satan is ever himself in these last times; wherein, by how much the more charity freezeth, malice burns so much the more: how familiar it is, even for Christian adversaries, to speak nothing of each other, but slanders! Erasmus reckons up, amongst many false imputations cast upon him by some spiteful friars, this for one, That he had said, all the miracles our Saviour did upon earth were done by magic: and that, which yet Bellarmin seriously charges him withal, he held all war whatsoever absolutely unlawful; a slander, which himself punctually refutes *. How trivially common it is, that Luther was the son of an Incubus, the disciple of the Devil; and that he, who had been his master, proved his executioner! that Calvin was stigmatized, for a buggerer: Beza, upon occasion of some young poems for mere trial of wit, a profligate lover of his Andibertus; and, at last, which he lived to confute, a revolter from his profession! Did I list to rake in the sinks of Staphilus, Surius, Bolseck, Gualterius; I could both weary and amaze my reader, with nasty heaps of as tedious as false criminations of this kind.

Amongst our own: how do the opposites, in the five Belgic articles, cast ink in each other's faces: while the one part upbraids the other, with Manicheism and Stoicism; the other them again, with Pelagianism and Socinianism! Within our own territories, one objects Arianism, perhaps too justly on some hands, to the opinion of parity; another, too wildly, Antichristianism, to the only ancient and true government of the Church.

Now, God forbid, that either Church or man should be tried and judged by his adversary! This were no other, than that the arraigned innocent should be sentenced by the executioner. And if, in a civil judicature, there be required sworn and able judges, just laws, clear evidence, select jurors, recorded proceedings; how much more ought this to be expected, in those pleas of religion, which concern the eternal state of the soul, the safety of the Church, and the glory of our Creator and Redeemer!

It is the rule of the Apostle, that *Charity thinks not evil.* If, therefore, an ingenuous adversary shall, out of an inward self-conviction, acquit his opposite of an unjust charge, we have reason to take it for a granted truth, and to make our advantage of it. If, then, an Erasmus shall say, that it cannot be denied, that Luther hath intimated monitions of divers things, which it were happy for the Christian world to have reformed, and which indeed were not longer to be endured; as he doth to his Laurinus: if he shall say, that many things pass current in the ancient Fathers, which in Luther are condemned as errors, as in his Epistle to Cardinal Alber-

* *Si quis à bellis, quæ, jam seculis aliquot, ob res nihili, plus quàm ethnicè gerantur, deterreat, notatur à sycophantis, quasi sentiat cum iis, qui negant ullum bellum gerendum Christianis.* Eras. l. Epist. 23. Paulo Volzio.

tus *: if he shall say, that those things, which Luther urges, if they be moderately handled, come nearer to the vigour of evangelical prescriptions, as he doth to his Jodocus Julius: if a Ferus, or Cassander; if a Cusanus, or Contarenus; if a Cajetan, or Montanus, or Cudsemius, or Franciscus à Sancta Clara, or any other temperate adversary; shall set favourable states to our controversies, and give justly-charitable testimonies to our personal innocences; we have no less cause to accept their suffrages, than their partners have to credit them. Still waters represent any object in their bottom, clearly; those, that are either troubled or agitated, dimly and imperfectly. But, as for matter of crimination, surely, an enemy's tongue is no slander. And, if a cruel inquisitor shall send a martyr to his stake, ugly dressed, and painted over with devils; a wise and charitable spectator thinks never the worse of the man, for a forced disguise: but sees, in that heretic, a Saint; and in those devils, beautiful Angels of God.

As we may not believe an adversary in reports, so not in the pretended consequences of opinion.

RULE VII.

NOT TO JUDGE OF AN ADVERSARY'S OPINION BY THE INFERENCES PRETENDED TO FOLLOW UPON IT.

The Ingenuous Proceedings of the Ancient Churches herein.

SEVENTHLY, therefore, there cannot be a more useful rule for our Moderation in Judgment, than this, That we may not take that for a man's opinion, which an adversary will say doth, by necessary inference, follow upon it; but only that, which himself professes to maintain.

It is that, which, with worthy and moderate Bucer, the learned Bishop of Salisbury hath also intimated, in his grave advice concerning the Lutheran differences; and the like occurrences in the judgment of the four learned French Divines, concerning the peace with the Lutheran Churches, and meet to be thoroughly considered †: for the force of consecutions is, many times, very deceitful; and such, as may easily betray our discourse.

* It is a singular circumstance, that, in the first edition of this Treatise, the words "Cardinal Albertus" are omitted; and a blank space left, as though the author had forgotten the title of the Epistle to which he meant to refer, and left a blank to be afterwards filled up before his MS. went to the press: which not being done, the corrector suffered the blank to remain, and it was faithfully copied into the Third Folio. I have discovered the passage to which the author alludes, in one of Erasmus's Epistles to Cardinal Albertus; and have, accordingly, supplied the name. It is the 477th Epistle in his Works: and the passage will be found near the bottom of col. 514, of Vol. iii. of the Leyden Edition, 1703. EDITOR.

† There is an obscurity in this passage, which I know not how to remove; nor do the former editions afford any assistance. EDITOR.

There are, indeed, such consequences, as are plainly necessary; and those, which, in their first sight, carry in them no less certainty, than the principles from which they were immediately derived. Of this nature are they, which are reciprocally deduced from their certain and intrinsecal causes, to their effects: such as, "The sun is risen; it is therefore day:" "He is God; therefore omnipotent, omniscient."

There are others, which may, perhaps, seem to us no less necessary; as following upon some premises, by an undoubted force of reason: which yet, another thinks he can, by some cleanly distinction, commodiously evade; and yet hold that ground, which we laid for that ratiocination: such is that of Gualterius the Jesuit: "Theodore Beza denies, that the body of Christ can be substantially in many places, at once; therefore he denies God's Omnipotence:" "The Protestant ascribes to God, more than a mere permission of evil; therefore he makes him the author of sin." Contrarily, no mean one of ours infers a Papist makes Christ a creature; therefore he is an Arian: makes Christ of meal; therefore not of the Blessed Virgin; therefore an Apollinarist: consequences, which the disputant thinks to make good; but the accused, on either part, detests.

Thus, the honest and ingenuous Christian is drawn from a commendable search of necessary truths, into a wild chace of envious inferences. And now the quarrel is, indeed, fallen off from divinity, and is removed to the schools of logic, natural philosophy, metaphysics: and not he, that hath the most truth, must carry it; but he, that can bring the most skilful sophistry.

What is it, that distracts the Reformed Churches of Christendom, but this injurious conceit of inconsequent inferences? "The Humanity of Christ," saith one part, "is omnipresent:" "Therefore," saith the other, "no Humanity at all; since this is only proper to the Deity." "The ubiquity of Christ's human nature is denied," saith the other: "therefore, the personal union is destroyed."

Away with these rigid illations, when we have to do with brethren. Each holdeth his own: both disclaim the inferences; and, in their sense, may. For as learned Bucer*, gravely: "It is our part, to see, not what doth of itself follow, upon any opinion; but what follows, in the conscience of those, who hold that opinion, which we think contrary to a fundamental article." Were this rule held, how happy were the Church! how certain our peace!

When we have done our best, there will be errors enough in the Church: we need not to make them more.

This was not the fashion, in the plain dealing world of the first ages of Christianity. No heresy was then feoffed upon any man, but upon open and acknowledged conviction; and, if he cleared himself from the main crimination, he was pronounced innocent.

* Citat. a D. Davenant Sent. de Pace Procur.

Look into the records of times. The contagion of Arius, beginning at the obscure Church of Baucalis, soon reached to Alexandria; and there instantly infected seven hundred virgins, twelve deacons, seven priests: and offered to diffuse itself into the very Episcopal Throne. At last, by Miletus's relation, the Archbishop Alexander is made acquainted with the rumour of that heresy. He presently sends for Arius, and charges him with the crime. That impudent mouth sticks not to confess his wicked error; but there openly casts up the poison of his damnable doctrine, before his governor. The holy Bishop no less openly reproves him; urges and aggravates the sacrilegious impiety of his opinion: and, finding him to second his error with contumacies, expels him from his Church; follows him, as was meet, with seventy letters of caution to other Churches. Yet still the mischief spreads. The godly emperor Constantine is informed of the danger: he calls a Synod: Arius, with his all wicked pamphlets, is there cried down, and condemned to banishment. I do not find those Holy Fathers nibbling at consequences, strained out of his Thalia, or some other of his abominable papers; but charging him, with the right-down positions of heresy: such as these blasphemies, concerning Christ; "Time was, when he was not:" "He was made of things, that were not:" "He was not begotten of the substance of the Father; in time, not from eternity; not true God of God, but created of nothing." Here were no tricks of inferences, no quirks of sophisms, no violent deduction of unyielded sequels: the heresy proclaimed itself, and was accordingly sentenced.

Such were the proceedings with the Apollinarists, in the Third Council of Rome; and, in the First General Council of Constantinople, with the Macedonians; and, where not, in the cases of heresy?

And if, for all the rest, we would see a model of the old theological simplicity, in the censures of this nature, we need but to cast our eye upon that Profession of Faith and Anathematism, which Damasus * ingenuously wrote to Paulinus; whether Bishop of Thessalonica, as Theodoret would have it; or, as others, of Antioch: "We pronounce Anathema," saith he, "to those, who do not, with full liberty, proclaim the Holy Ghost to be of one power and substance, with the Father and the Son. We pronounce Anathema to them, who follow the error of Sabellius; saying, That the Father is one and the same person, with the Son. We pronounce Anathema to Arius, and Eunomius; who, with a like impiety, but in a form of words unlike, affirm the Son and the Holy Spirit to be creatures. We pronounce Anathema to the Macedonians; who, coming from the stock of Arius, have not varied from his impiety, but from his name. We pronounce Anathema to Photinus; who, renewing the heresy of Ebion, confesses our Lord Jesus Christ made only of the Virgin Mary. We pronounce Anathema to those, that maintain two Sons; one, before all worlds;

* Bin. Concil, p. 1. Rom. 3. sub Damaso.

the other, after the assuming of flesh from the Virgin." Thus he. Is there any man here condemned for a heretic, but he, who directly affirms, confesses, maintains opinions truly damnable?

Neither, indeed, is it just or equal, that a man should, by the malice of an enemy, be made guilty of those crimes, which himself abhors. What I will own, is mine; what is cast upon me, is my adversary's: and if I be, by deductions, fetched into such error, the fault is not in my faith, but in my logic: my brain may err; my heart doth not.

Away then, ye cruel torturers of opinions, dilaters of errors, delators of your brethren, incendiaries of the Church, haters of peace: away with this unjust violence. Let no man bear more than his own burden. Press an erring brother, if ye please, in way of argument, with such odious consectaries, as may make him weary of his opinion; but hate to charge him with it as his own: frame not imaginary monsters of error, with whom you may contend. He, that makes any man worse than he is, makes himself worse than he.

RULE VIII.

TO KEEP OPINIONS WITHIN THEIR OWN BOUNDS; NOT IMPUTING PRIVATE MEN'S CONCEITS TO WHOLE CHURCHES.

EIGHTHLY, it will be requisite to a peaceable Moderation, that we should give to every opinion his own due extent; not casting private men's conceits upon public Churches; not fathering single fancies upon a community *.

All men cannot accord in the same thoughts. There was never any Church under heaven, in which there was not some Ahimaaz, that would run alone. In all waters, lightly, there are some sorts of fish, that love to swim against the stream.

There is no reason, that the blame of one or few should be diffused unto all.

If a Pope John the XXIId. shall maintain, that the souls of the blessed shall sleep till the resurrection; if a Dominicus à Soto shall hold, that the whole Christian faith shall be extinguished, in the persecutions of Antichrist; shall we impute these opinions to the See or Church? If an Alphonsus à Castro shall hold heretics and apostates, after they are once baptized, to be true members of the Catholic Church; or a Catharinus, or Vasquez, shall teach the commandment, that forbids worshipping of images, to be merely temporary: if a Durant shall revive Pelagianism, in denying that there is any need of the divine aid, either of general or special concourse in human actions: if a Richardus Armachanus shall second the Novatians, in teaching, that there is no pardon to be ob-

* *Non debet plurimorum malum tendere in æstimationem cæterorum.* Greg. Moral. l. 26. 28.

tained by the penitent, for some heinous sins: if an Occham shall teach, that the visible signs are not of the essence of a sacrament; or a Johannes Parisiensis, or Cornelius à Lapide, little differing from the condemned error of Rupertus Tuitiensis, shall teach, that the sacramental bread is hypostatically assumed by the Word: is there any so unjust arbiter of things, as to upbraid these paradoxes to the Roman Church, who professeth their dislike?

Thus, if a Knox, or Buchanan, or Goodman, shall broach exorbitant and dangerous opinions, concerning the successions and rights of kings, and lawless power of subjects; why should this be laid in our dish, more than a Suarez or Mariana in theirs? If a Flaccius Illyricus shall uphold a singular error, concerning grace and original sin; if some ill-advised followers of Zuinglius shall hold the sacramental elements to be only bare signs, serving merely for memory and representation; if some divines of ours shall defend the rigid opinions concerning predestination; if some fantastical heads shall cry down all decent ceremonies, and all set forms of devotion; why should the Church suffer double, in those things, which it bewails? Surely, as the Church is a collective body: so it hath a tongue of her own, speaking by the common voice of her Synods; in her public Confessions, Articles, Constitutions, Catechisms, Liturgies. What she says in these, must pass for her own: but, if any single person shall take upon him, unauthorized, to be the mouth of the Church, his insolence is justly censurable; and, if an adversary shall charge that private opinion upon the Church, he shall be intolerably injurious.

Indeed, as it is the best harmony, where no part or instrument is heard alone, but a sweet composition and equal mixture of all: so is it the best state of the Church, where no dissenting voice is heard above or besides his fellows; but all agree in one common sound of wholesome doctrine.

But, such as man's natural self-love is, this is more fit to be expected in a Platonical speculation, than in a true reality of existence: for, while every man is apt to have a good conceit of his own deeper insight; and thinks the praise and use of his knowledge lost, unless he impart it; it cometh to pass, that, not containing themselves within their own privacies, they vent their thoughts to the world; and hold it a great glory, to be the authors of some more than common piece of skill.

And, to say truth, the freedom and ease of the press hath much advanced this itching and disturbing humour of men. While only the pen was employed, books were rare; neither was it so easy for a man either to know another's opinion, or to diffuse his own: now, one only day is enough to fill the world with a pamphlet; and suddenly to scatter whatsoever conceit, beyond all possibility of revocation.

So much the more need there is, for those, that sit at the helm, whether of Church or State, to carry a vigilant eye and hard hand, over these common tell-tales of the world; and so to restrain them, if it were possible, that nothing might pass their stamp, which

should be prejudicial to the common peace, or varying from the received judgment of the Church *.

But, if this task be little less than impossible, since by this means every man may have ten thousand several tongues at pleasure; how much more happy were it, that the sons of the Church could obtain of themselves so much good nature and submissive reverence, as to speak none but their mother's tongue!

The form of tongues, in the first descent of the Holy Ghost, was fiery and cloven; and that was the fittest for the state of the first plantation of the Gospel, intimating that fervour and variety, which was then both given and requisite: now, in the enlarged and settled estate of his Evangelical Church, the same Spirit descends and dwells in tongues, cool and undivided. *Cor unum, via una; One heart, one way;* was the motto of the Prophet, when he foretels the future coalition of God's people: and *One mind, one mouth,* was the Apostle's to his Romans; Rom. xv. 6. 2 Cor. xiii. 11. *Let us walk by the same rule: let us mind the same thing;* is his charge to his Philippians; ch. iii. 16.

But, if any wrangler affect to be singular, and will needs have a mind of his own, let him stand but for what he is: let him go only for a single figure: let him not, by a misprision, take up the place of thousands.

RULE IX.

NOT TO DRAW THE ACTIONS OR MANNERS OF MEN TO THE PREJUDICE OF THEIR CAUSE.

NINTHLY, neither doth it a little conduce to Moderation, to know, that the facts and manners of men may not be drawn to the prejudice of the cause: for, howsoever it commonly holds, that impious opinions and loose life go still together †; yet, it is no trusting to this rule, as if it did not admit of exceptions.

There have been those, whose errors have been foul, and yet their conversation faultless. I remember what Bernard said of Peter Abailardus ‡, that he was "John without, and Herod within:" and of Arnoldus ‖ of Brixia, "Would God his doctrine were so sound, as his life is strict:" and, elsewhere §; "Whose conversation is honey, his opinion poison: whose head is a dove's; his tail, a scorpion's." Epiphanius, when he speaks of the heretic Hierax, (a heretic with a witness, who denied the resurrection of the flesh, which he granted to the soul) could say ¶, "He was a man truly admirable, for his exercise in piety; and such an one, as, besides the governance of his own, could draw other men's souls

* This is seasonably and happily done, by an order of the Star-Chamber, lately made. † *Sententia impia, vita luxuriosa. Non benè vivit, qui non rectè credit.* Calixtus. Benedict. Epist. ‡ Bernard. Epist. 193. ‖ Epist. 195. § Epist. 196. ¶ Epiphan. Hæres. 67.

to the practice of godliness." And Augustin, speaking somewhere of Pelagius and some others of his sect, I remember, acknowledgeth, that the carriage of their life was fair and unblameable. And those, that are the bitterest enemies to the Waldenses, or poor men of Lyons, give great testimony to the integrity and inoffensiveness of their conversation.

So, on the contrary, there are many, whose religion is sound, but their life impure. As Cæsar said of old, "We have enough of these birds at home." Such as, like ants, follow the track of their fellows to their common hillock: going on those right ways of opinion, whereinto example and education have put them; yet staining their profession, by lewd behaviour. I have read *, that a rich Jew being asked why he turned Christian, laid the cause upon the virtue of our Faith: and, being asked how he did so well know the virtue of such faith; "Because," said he, "the nation of Christians could not possibly hold out so long; by virtue of their works; for they are stark naught: therefore it must needs be by the power of their Faith." Certainly, it were woe with us, if lives should decide the truth of religion, betwixt us and unbelievers, betwixt us and our ignorant forefathers. These are not, therefore, fit umpires betwixt Christians competitioning for the truth. The Jew was the sounder for religion; yet the Samaritan was more charitable, than either the Levite or Priest. It were strange, if, in the corruptest Church, there were not some conscionable; and no less, if, in the holiest, there be not some lawless and inordinate. There is no pomegranate, wherein there is not some grains rotten †. The sanctity of some few, cannot bolster out false good in the common belief; neither can the disorder of orthodox believers, disparage that soundness of doctrine, which their life bewes. And, if our Saviour give us this rule for discerning of false prophets; *By their fruits you shall know them*: Matt. vii. 15—20. doubtless, that fruit was intended chiefly for their doctrine. Their lives were fair; their carriage innocent; for they came in *sheep's clothing*. What was that, other than honest simplicity? Yet their fruits were evil. But, withal, as a good and holy life is, as he ‡ said well, a good Commentary to the sacred Volume of God; so their out-breaking iniquities were a good commentary upon their vicious doctrines: both ways, were their fruits evil. And, if mere outward carriage should be the sole rule of our trial, nothing could be more uncertain than our determination. How many dunghills have we seen, which, while they have been covered with snow, could not be discerned from the best gardens! how many sour crabs, which, for beauty, have surpassed the best fruit in our orchard! As in matter of reason, experience tells us, that some falsehoods are more probable than some truths; so is it also, in matter of practice: no face seems so purely fair, as the painted. Truth of doctrine is the test, whither we must bring our profession, for matter of trial: and the sacred Oracles of God are the test, whereby we must try the truth of doctrine.

* Bromiard. V. Fides. † *Nullum malum Punicum, in quo non aliquod granum suppure.* ‡ Salmeron. 1. Prolegom.

RULE X.

TO DRAW AS NEAR AS WE SAFELY MAY, TO CHRISTIAN ADVERSARIES, IN CASES OF LESSER DIFFERENCES.

The Cautions of Complying with them.

It will perhaps seem a paradox to some, which I must lay down for a tenth rule of Moderation, viz. That we must endeavour to draw as near as we may to Christian adversaries, in the differences of religion: for some men, whose zeal carries them beyond knowledge, are all for extremities; and think there can never be distance enough, betwixt themselves and those that oppose them in the controversies of doctrine or discipline.

For the righting of our conceits in this point, we shall need a double distinction: one, of the persons; the other, of the limits of our approach or remoteness.

1. Of the *Persons* first: for there are *Hostes*; and there are *Inimici*.

The former are they, who profess open hostility to the whole cause of Christianity; as Jews and Turks: the latter are adversaries within the bosom of the Church; such, as, according with us in the main essential truths, maintain stiff differences in matters of great consequence, both in the judgment and practice of religion.

(1.) To the first of these, we do justly profess public and universal defiance; hating all communion with them, save that of civil commerce, which is not unlawful with the most savage infidels.

And, in this name, do we deservedly cry down those favours, which these avowed enemies of Christ receive at Rome, even from the hands of him, who pretends to succeed the most fervent Apostle, that once said, *Lord, thou knowest I love thee*. Besides the benefit of a favourable entertainment, we know * the Pope, on his coronation-day, vouchsafes to receive a present from their hands; no less than that Holy Book of God, which their cursed impiety profaneth, and which, in requital, condemneth their impiety; while those, that profess the same Creed more sincerely than himself, are rigorously expelled †, and cruelly martyred.

Our stomach doth not so far exceed our charity, but we can pray for those miscreant Jews. They, once for all, cursed themselves; *His blood be upon us, and our children*: we are so merciful to them, that we can bless them; in praying ‡ that his blood may be upon them, for their redemption.

And, as we can pray for their conversion, so we cannot but com-

* Lib. Sacrar. Ceremon. † *In locis Italiæ et adjacentium insularum, nullus hæreticus, quovis prætextu, domicilium contrahere, habitare, aut morari possit.* Greg. xv. Anno 1622. ‡ *Pro Judæis est orare, sed non flectendo genua.* Greg. Fer. 6. post Palmas.

mend the order, which is held in some parts of Italy, that, by the care of the Ordinary, sermons are made on their Sabbaths, in those places, where the Jews are suffered to dwell, for their conviction *; but, while we wish well to their souls, we hate their society.

I like well that piece of just prohibition †, That Christian women should not be nurses to the children of Jews, in their houses: but I cannot brook the liberty following, That, out of their houses, by licence from the Ordinary, they may. My reason is but just; because their proud detestation goes so high, as to an absolute forbiddance of any office of respect from theirs to us, and yet allows the same from ours to them. So, by their Law ‡, a Jewish woman may not be either midwife or nurse to one of ours; yet, giving way to our women, to do these services to theirs.

Not to speak of the same fashion of garments ‖, which however forbidden by the Law, they have now learned, for their own advantage, to dispense with; what a curiosity of hatred it is, that §, if one of us Gentiles should make a Jew's fire on their Sabbath, it is not lawful for them to sit by it!

And why should we be less averse from that odious generation? They have done violence to the Lord of Life, our Blessed Redeemer; what have we done unto them? Blood lies still upon them; nothing upon us, but undue mercy.

(2.) But as to the latter kind of adversaries, we must be advised to better terms. If any of them, who call themselves Christians, have gone so far, as directly and wilfully to raze the foundation of our most holy faith; and, being self-condemned ¶, through the clear evidence of truth, shall rebelliously persist in his heresy; *into the secret* of such men, *let not my soul come; my glory, be thou not joined to their assembly*; Gen. xlix. 6. I know no reason to make more of such a one, than of a Jew or Turk in a Christian's skin.

I cannot blame that holy man, who durst not endure to be in the bath with such a monster: or those of Samosata **, who, in imitation of this fact of St. John, let forth all the water of that public bath, wherein Eunomius had washed, and caused new to be put therein.

I cannot blame Theodosius, a Bishop of Phrygia, however Socrates †† pleaseth to censure him, that he drove the Macedonian heretics not out of the city only, but out of the country too.

I cannot blame Gratianus ‡‡, the emperor, that he interdicted all assemblies to the Manichees, Photinians, Eunomians: and, if he had extended his ban against those other forenamed heretics, it had been yet better for the Church ‖‖. Jerome's word is a good one: "It is not cruelty; that we thus do for God's cause; but piety."

* Gavant. Enchirid. tit. Concio. † Gavant. ex Silvio. V. Hæbr. ex Provinc. Mediol. ‡ Munster. Præcept. Mosaica negat. ‖ Ib. Munst. § Ib. Munst. ¶ Αὐτοκατάκριτος. ** Theod. lib. iv. c. 15. et Cassiod. l. vii. c. 16. †† Socrat. l. vii. c. 3. *Istud aggressus non de more Catholicæ Ecclesiæ.* ‡‡ Sozom. l. vii. c. 1. ‖‖ Sozom. Ibid. c. 2.

But, if there be any, who, with full consent, embrace all the Articles of Christian Belief; and yet err, not contumaciously, in some such dangerous consequences, as do, in mine understanding though not their own, threaten ruin to the foundation by them yielded; as I dare not exclude them from the Church of God, so I dare not profess to abhor their Communion. God forbid we should shut up Christian brotherhood in so narrow a compass, as to bar all misbelievers of this kind, out of the family of God.

Do but turn over that charitable and irrefragable discourse of "Christianography *." Let your eyes but walk over those ample territories and large regions, which, in most of the parts of the habitable world, but especially in Europe, Africa, and Asia, profess the blessed name of God, our Redeemer, and look to be saved by his blood; and then ask your heart, if you dare entertain so uncharitable a thought, as to exclude so many millions of weak, but true believers, out of the Church below, or out of heaven above. You shall there see Grecians, Russians, Georgians, Armenians, Jacobites, Abassines, and many other sects, serving the same God, acknowledging the same Scriptures, believing in the same Saviour, professing the same faith in all fundamental points, aspiring to the same heaven; and, like bees, though flying several ways, and working upon several meadows or gardens, yet, in the evening, meeting together in the same hive.

Now, if I lived in the community of any of these divers sects of Christians, I should hold it my duty, to comply with them in all, not unlawful, things: and, if any of them should live in the community of our Church, I should labour, by all good means, to reclaim him from his erroneous opinion or superstitious practice; and, when I had wrought upon him my utmost, rather than let go my hopes and interest in him, I would go as far to meet him, without any angariation save that of charity, as the line of a good conscience would permit me: herein following the sure pattern of our blessed Apostle, whose profession it is, *Though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all; that I might gain the more: unto the Jews, I became as a Jew; that I might gain the Jews: and to them under the Law, as under the Law; that I might gain them that are under the Law: to them, that are without Law, as without Law, (being not without Law to God, but under the Law to Christ,) that I might gain them that are without Law. To the weak, I became weak; that I might gain the weak. I am made all things, to all men; that I might, by all means, save some*; 1 Cor. ix. 19—22.

I do much fear the Church of Rome hath a hard answer to make, one day, in this particular; who, imperiously and unjustly

* "Christianography: or, the Description of the Multitude and Sundry Sorts of Christians in the World, not subject to the Pope, with their Unity, and how they agree with the Protestants, in the principal Points of Difference between them and the Church of Rome." The author was Ephraim Pagitt. It has gone through several editions, in one small folio volume; and is a learned and interesting work. EDITOR.

challenging unto itself the title of the Church Catholic, shutteth all other Christian professions out of doors: refusing all communion with them; and so neglecting them, as if they had no souls, or those souls cost nothing.

Amongst the rest, I shall give but two instances.

The great Prince of the Abassine Christians*, having heard of the fame of the European Churches, sends some of his nation, of whom he had a great opinion, to Rome, to be informed of the substance and rites of religion there professed. Zago Zaba was one of the number. They, with great labour and hazard, arrived there; made known their great errand: but were so far slighted, that they were not so much as admitted to Christian society; and, after many years' vain hope, were turned home disregardfully, not much wiser than they came; without any other news, save of the scorn and insolence of those, who should have instructed them.

A carriage, much suitable to that, which they still bear to the Greek Church: a Church, which, as for extent, it may compare with theirs; so, for purity of doctrine, I dare say, (if that be her voice, which her last Patriarch, Cyril of Constantinople, hath acquainted the world withal, as I was also confidently assured, by the late learned Bishop of Saribaris,) as far exceeding the Roman Church, as the Roman doth the Russian or Ethiopic, which it most contemneth. Let any the most curious eye travel over that learned Confession of Faith†, which, after all devices and illusions, is proved sufficiently to be the genuine act of that worthy Patriarch, and by him published in the name of the whole Greek Church; and let him tell me, what one blemish or mole he can find in that fair body: save only that one clause, concerning the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity; "The Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father by the Son‡;" wherein there can be no danger, while he adds, in the next words, "Being of the same substance with the Father and the Son§;" and concludes, "These Three Persons in one Essence, we call the most Holy Trinity; ever to be blessed, glorified, and adored, of every creature‖." This error of his Greek Church, as it is now minced, is rather a problem of scholastical divinity, than a heresy in the Christian Faith. In all the rest, shew me any, the most able and sincere divine in the whole Christian world, that can make a more clear and absolute declaration of his faith, than that Greek Church hath done, by the hand of her worthy and renowned Prelate: yet how uncharitably is she barred out of doors, by her unkind sister of Rome! how unjustly branded with heresy! insomuch, as it is absolutely forbidden to the Grecian Priests to celebrate their Masses and divine Services, in the Roman fashion¶: neither may the Romans officiate

* Dam. à Goes. Histr. Ethiop. † Κυρίλλου πατρ. Ἀνατολικὴ ὁμολογία.

‡ Κυριλ. κεφ. α. Πνεῦμα Ἅγιον ἐκ τοῦ Πατρὸς διὰ Τοῦ προερχόμενον.

§ Πατρὶ καὶ Τῷ ὁμοούσιον. ‖ See this question shortly, but fully handled, by my L. Grace of Canterbury, in his late convincive Answer to A. C. sect. ix. p. 24, 25, 26. And largely discussed, by the Archbishop of Spalat. De Repub. Eccles. l. vii. c. 10. num. à 119. ad 187. ¶ *Ne Græci Latine more, &c.* Ex Pio V. Anno 1566. Gavant.

in the Grecian manner, under the pain of perpetual suspension: and if a woman of the Latin Church be given in marriage to a Greek, she may not be suffered to live after the Grecian fashion*; a solecism, much like to that of the Russian Churches, who admit none to their communion, be he never so good a Christian, if he do not submit himself to their matriculation, by a new baptism.

Sure, those Christians, that thus carry themselves towards their dear brethren, dearer perhaps to God than they, have either no bowels or no brains; and shall once find, by the difference of the smart, whether ignorance or hard-heartedness were guilty of this injurious measure.

2. Next to the persons, the *limits of this approach or remoteness* are considerable, which must be proportioned according to the condition of them, with whom we have to deal.

If they be professed enemies to the Christian name, *Beware of dogs, beware of the concision*, saith the Apostle of the Gentiles; Phil. iii. 2. Justly must we spit at these blasphemers, *who say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan;* Rev. ii. 9.

If they be coloured friends, but true heretics; such as do destroy, directly and pertinaciously, the foundation of Christian religion; the Apostle's charge is express, *Hæreticum hominem devita, a man, that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition avoid and reject;* Tit. iii. 10: and such an one as he may be, that adds blasphemy to heresy, it might be no real mistaking, though a verbal, of that wise and learned pontifician; who, misreading the Vulgate, made two words of one, and turned the verb into a noun, *de vita; supple, tolle: Put a heretic to death:* a practice so rife in the Roman Church, against those saints, who, in the way, which they call heresy, worship the Lord God of their fathers, (Acts xxiv. 14.) believing all things which are written in the Law, in the Prophets, in the Apostles, that all the world takes notice of it; seeming, with the rapt Evangelist, to hear the souls, from under the altar, crying aloud, *How long, Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood, on them that dwell upon the earth?* Rev. vi. 9, 10.

Surely, were we such as their uncharitable misconstruction would make us, their cruelty were not excusable before God or men: but now, as our innocence shall aggravate their condemnation before the just tribunal in heaven; so our example shall condemn them, in the judgment of all impartial arbiters here on earth: for what client of Rome was ever sentenced to death, by the Reformed Church, merely for matter of religion? What are we other to them, than they are to us? The cause is mutually the same: only our charity is more; our cruelty less. Neither is this any small testimony of our sincere innocence.

It is a good rule of St. Chrysostom, if we would know a wolf from a sheep; since their clothing, as they use the matter, will not

* Gavant. ex Congr. Episc. 20. Febr. 1596.

difference them; look to their fangs: if those be bloody, their kind is enough bewrayed; for, whoever saw the lips of a sheep besmeared with blood? It is possible to see a Campian at Tyburn, or a Garnet's head upon a pole. Treasonable practices, not mere religion, are guilty of these executions.

But, however our Church is thus favourable, in the case of those heresies, which are either simple, or secondary, and consequential; yet, in the cases of heretical blasphemy, her holy zeal hath not feared to shed blood: witness the flames of Ket, and Legat, and some other Arians in our memory: and the zealous prosecution of that Spanish Cistertian, whom we heard and saw, not long since, belching out his blasphemous contumelies against the Son of God; who, after he was given over to the secular power for execution, was, by the Spanish Ambassador, Master Gondemor, carried back into Spain by leave from King James, of blessed memory: in which kind also Master Calvin did well approve himself to God's Church, in bringing Servetus to the stake at Geneva.

As for those, which are heretics only by consequence and interpretation, heedlessly undermining that foundation, which they would pretend to establish, as we may not, in regard of their opinions in themselves, utterly blot them out of the catalogue of brethren; so we must heartily endeavour all good means for their reclamation, strive to convince their errors, labour with God for them in our prayers, try to win them with all loving offices: neither need we doubt to join with them in holy duties, until their obduredness and wilful pertinacy shall have made them incapable of all good counsel; and have drawn them to a turbulent opposition of the truth: for, as it is in actual offences, that not our sin, but our unrepentance damns us; so it is in these matters of opinion: not the error, but the obstinacy, incurs a just condemnation. So long, therefore, as there is hope of reformation, we may, we must comply with this kind of erring Christians: but not without good Cautions.

First, that it be only in things good or indifferent.

Secondly, that it be with a true desire to win them to the truth.

Thirdly, that we find ourselves so thoroughly grounded, as that there be no danger of our infection: for we have known it fall out with some, as with that noble Grecian, of whom Xenophon speaks; who, while he would be offering to stay a Barbarian from casting himself down from the rock, was drawn down with him for company from that precipice. St. Austin professes, that this was one thing, that hardened him in his old Manicheism; That he found himself victorious in his disputations, with weak adversaries. Such men, instead of convincing, yield; and make themselves miserable, and their opposites foolishly proud and misconfident.

Fourthly, that we do not so far condescend to complying with them, as, for their sakes, to betray the least parcel of divine truth. If they be our friends, it must be only, *usque ad aras*. There we must leave them. That, which we must be content to purchase with our blood, we may not forego for favour, even of the dearest.

Fifthly, that we do not so far yield to them, as to humour them in their error; as to obfirm them in evil; as to scandalize others.

And, lastly, if we find them utterly incorrigible, that we take off our hand, and leave them unto just censure.

As for differences of an inferior nature; if but *De venis capillaribus, et minutioribus theologicarum quæstionum spinetis*, as Staphilus* would have theirs; or if of matters ritual, and such as concern rather the decoration than the health of religion; it is fit they should be valued accordingly. Neither peace, nor friendship should be crazed for these, in themselves considered.

But, if it fall out, through the peevishness and self-conceit of some crossed dispositions, that even those things, which are in their nature indifferent, (after the lawful command of authority) are blazoned for sinful and heinous, and are made an occasion of the breach of the common peace, certainly, it may prove, that some schism, even for trivial matters, may be found no less pernicious, than some heresy. If my coat be rent in pieces, it is all one to me, whether it be done by a brier, or a nail, or by a knife. If my vessel sink, it is all one, whether it were with a shot or a leak. The less the matter is, the greater is the disobedience, and the disturbance so much the more sinful. No man can be so foolish, as to think the value of the apple, was that, which cast away mankind; but the violation of a divine interdiction.

It is fit therefore, that men should learn to *submit themselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake;* 1 Pet. ii. 13: but, if they shall be wilfully refractory, they must be put in mind, that Korah's mutiny was more fearfully revenged, than the most grievous idolatry.

RULE XI.

TO REFRAIN FROM ALL RAILING TERMS, AND SPITEFUL PROVOCATIONS, IN DIFFERENCES OF RELIGION.

It shall be our eleventh rule for Moderation, that we refrain from all railing terms, and spiteful provocations of each other, in the differences of religion: a charge too requisite for these times: wherein it is rare to find any writer, whose ink is not tempered with gall and vinegar; any speaker, whose mouth is not a quiver of *sharp and bitter words;* Ps. lxiv. 3.

It is here, as it is in that rule of law: "The breach of peace is begun, by menacing; increased, by menacing; but finished, by this battery of the tongue." Wherein we are like those Egyptians, of whom the historian† speaks, who, having begun their devotion with a fast, while the sacrifice was burning, fell upon each other with blows; which having liberally dealt on all hands, at last they

* Staphil. Defens. contra Illiricum. † Hospin. de Festis Ethnic.

sat down to their feast. Thus do we: after professions of a holy zeal, we do mercilessly wound each other with reproaches; and then sit down, and enjoy the contentment of our supposed victory*. Every provocation sets us on; and then, as it useth to be with scolds, every bitter word heightens the quarrel. Men do, as we use to say of vipers, when they are whipt, spit out all their poison.

These uncharitable expressions, what can they bewray, but a distempered heart, from which they proceed; as the smoke and sparks flying up show the house to be on fire; or as a corrupt spittle shows exulcerate lungs†. By this means it falls out, that the truth of the cause is neglected, while men are taken up with an idle, yet busy prosecution of words: like as in thrashing, the straw flies about our ears, but the corn is hid. And, it hath been an old observation, that when a man falls to personal railing, it argues him drawn utterly dry of matter, and despairing of any farther defence; as we see and find, that the dog, which running back falls to bawling and barking, hath done fighting any more.

I have both heard and read‡, that this practice is not rare amongst the Jews, to brawl in their public Synagogues, and to bang each other with their holy candlesticks and censers; insomuch that this scandal hath endangered the setting off some of theirs to Mahometanism. And I would to God, it were only proper unto them; and not incident unto too many of those, who profess to be of the number of them, to whom the Prince of Peace said, *My peace I leave with you.*

It is the caveat, which the blessed Apostle gives to his Galatians, and in them to us; *If ye bite and devour one another, take heed ye be not consumed one of another*; Gal. v. 15. Lo here, it is the tongue that bites; and so bites, as that, after the fashion of a mad dog's teeth, both rage, and death, follows. And if any man think it a praise, with the Lacedæmonian in Plutarch, to bite like a lion, let him take that glory to himself; and be as he would seem, *like a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as a young lion, that lurketh in secret places*; Ps. xvii. 12: but, withal, let him expect that just doom of the God of Peace, *Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet*; Ps. xci. 13. Certainly, it is in vain for us to expect any other measure, from the exasperated and unruly minds of hostile brethren, whose hatred is commonly so much greater, as their interest is more. They, whose fires would not meet after death, are apt in life to consume one another §.

This is the stale and known machination of him, whose true title is, *The accuser of the brethren*. That old dragon, when he saw the woman flying to the wilderness to avoid his rage; what doth he? He casts out of his mouth water, as a flood after the

* *Ex utrâque parte, sunt qui pugnare cupient.* Cic. Tyroni suo Epist. l. 16.

† *Erasmus laxat Hilarium, quod Arium appellat Satanam et Antichristum.* Præfat. ad Hilar. ‡ Mr Blunt's Voyage to the Levant.

§ Eteocles and Polynices.

woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood; Rev. xii. 15. What are these waters, which he casts out of his mouth, but slanderous accusations, lyings, detractions, cruel persecutions of the tongue? And shall we, that profess the dear name of one common Saviour, so far second the great Enemy of Mankind, as to derive some cursed channels from those hellish floods of his, for the drenching of the flourishing valleys of God's Church? Shall we rather imitate him, than the blessed Archangel of God, who, *contending with the Devil, and disputing about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee?* Jude 9. Nay, shall we dare to do that to Brethren, which the Angel durst not do to the Devil?

When we hear and see fearful thundering, and lightning, and tempest, we are commonly wont to say, that ill spirits are abroad; neither doubt I, but that, many times, as well as in Job's case, God permits them to raise these dreadful blusterings in the air: right so, when we see these flashes, and hear these hideous noises of contention in God's Church, we have reason to think, that there is a hand of Satan, in their raising and continuance. For, as for God, we know his courses are otherwise. When it pleased him to make his presence known to Elijah; first, there passed *a great and strong wind, which rent the mountains, and brake the rocks in pieces; but the Lord was not in the wind: after that wind, came an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: after the earthquake, a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: but, after the fire, came a still small voice;* and therein was the Almighty pleased to express himself; 1 Kings xix. 11, 12. Lo, as St. Ambrose* observes well, the Devil is for noise; Christ, for silence. He, that is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, delights in the style of the Lamb of God: and is so termed, both by John the Baptist, his forerunner, in the days of his flesh; and by John, the Evangelist, his Apostle, in the state of his glory. Neither was the Holy Spirit pleased to appear in the form of a falcon, or eagle, or any other bird of prey, but of a Dove; the meekness and innocence whereof, our Saviour recommended for a pattern to all his followers.

If there be any, therefore, who delight to have their beaks or talons embrued in blood, let them consider of what spirit they are†. Sure I am, they are not of his, whose so zealous charge it is; *Put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering: Forbearing one another, forgiving one another; if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, even so also do ye. And, above all things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts;* Col. iii. 12—15.

* Ambro. in Psal. xlv. † *Numquid ovis lupum persequitur? non; sed lupus ovem, &c.* Chrys. Hom. 19. in Matth.

RULE XII.

TO COMPOSE OUR AFFECTIONS TOWARDS UNITY AND PEACE, HOWEVER OUR JUDGMENTS DIFFER IN LESSER VERITIES.

WHICH divine counsel of the blessed Apostle leads me to the twelfth and last rule of Moderation, viz. That if we cannot bring our judgments to conspire in the same truth with others, yet we should compose our affections to all peace, to all tender respects and kind offices to our dissenting brethren. What if our brains be divers! yet, let our hearts be one*.

I cannot but commend the exemplary disposition of the Christians of Constantinople, in the days of Constantius; when the famous Church of the Resurrection† was there to be erected. The Novatians, men, women, children, though a sect diversely affected, brought stones and mortar to the building of it; joining with the orthodox Christians, against the Arians; communicating with them in three other churches; and were upon the point of a full unity and concord, had not some few wrangling spirits, of the Novatian party, put in a claw, and crossed so fair hopes.

Had the matter been so slight as he conceived, it was good counsel, which the Emperor gave to Bishop Alexander; *Ac tametsi*, &c‡. "Although you," saith he, "differ from each other in a point of small moment, as we cannot all be of one mind in every thing; yet it may be so ordered by you, that there may be a sincere concord betwixt you; and that there be a mutual communion and consociation betwixt all your people."

And the same temper hath been laudably observed and professed, by divers late Worthies in the Church.

Concerning the administration of the sacrament to the sick, in case of extremity, Calvin, in an Epistle to Olevianus, gives reasons of that practice; but, withal, adds; *Scis, frater, alium esse apud nos morem* §: "You know, brother, the fashion is otherwise with us: I bear with it, because it is not available for us to contend."

Luther, though a man of a hot and stiff spirit, yet, writing to the cities and churches of Helvetia, hath thus; *Insuper, ut dilectio et amicabilis concordia*, &c‖. "Moreover, that there may be a perfect and friendly love and concord betwixt us, we shall not fail to do whatsoever lies in our power: especially I, for my part, will utterly blot out of my thoughts all the offence, that I had conceived; and will promise all love and fidelity to you:" and shuts up with a fervent prayer, that God, by the grace of his Holy Spirit, would glue their hearts together, through Christian love; and purge out of them all the dross and dregs of human diffidence

* Contra quàm Lutheranus, q. apud Prolæum. *A Calviniana fraternitate, Libera nos, Domine.* Prolæus. Fascic. c. i. q. 7. † Ἀναστασίας. Socrat. l. ii. c. 30. ‡ Socr. l. i. c. 4. § Epist. 363. ‖ Honestis, ac prud. Dom. Consulibus, &c. Tiguri, Bernæ, Basileæ, Schafhusii, Saugalli, &c. An. 1537. Vid. Hosp. et D. Paræum in Iren.

and devilish malice and suspicion; to the glory of his holy Name, the salvation of many souls; to the despight of the Devil, of the Pope, and all his adherents*.

And, before that time, in the conference of the divines on both parts, at Marpurge, Oct. 3, 1529, passing through all the points wherein there seemed any difference, and sticking only at the last concerning the sacrament, they shut up thus, *Quanquam verò, &c.* "And although we could not at this time agree, whether the true body and blood of Christ be in the bread and wine corporally; yet each part shall hold and maintain, so far as his conscience will allow, true Christian love with other; and both parts shall continually pray unto Almighty God, that he will, by his Spirit, confirm us in the true sense and understanding thereof." To which were subscribed the names of those ten eminent divines following; Luther, Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Osiander, Brentius, Agricola, Oecolampadius, Zuinglius, Bucer, Hedio.

Thus, thus it should be, amongst Divines, amongst Christians, who hope to meet in one heaven. If it must be with us, as with the Sava and Danube, two famous rivers in the east, that they run threescore miles together in one channel, with their waters divided in very colour, from each other; yet, let it be, as it is in them, without noise, without violence. If we be children, as we pretend, of our father Abraham, let us take up his peaceable suggestion to his nephew; *Let there be no strife, I pray thee, betwixt thee and me, betwixt thy herdmen and my herdmen; for we are brethren;* Gen. xiii. 8. Macarius was, in his time, accounted a very holy man: yet I read, that, after he had macerated himself with long devotion, he had an answer from God, of the acceptance of his prayers; but, withal, an intimation, that, after all his endeavours, he came short of the merit of two women in the city, which were two wives of two brethren, which had lived fifteen years together in one house, without the least discord.

This sweet and peaceable disposition cannot but be graciously accepted of God, betwixt us, that are brethren, in the wide house of his Church. It is not for Christians to be like unto thistles or tazels, which a man cannot touch, without pricking his fingers: but rather to pitosella, or mouse-ear in our Herbal, which is soft and silken in the handling; although, if it be hard strained, it yields a juice, that can harden metals to cut iron.

But, if we meet with a kind of men, who are disposed to be quarrelsome, like to that Cercyon in Suidas†, who would needs wrestle with every man he met; the best way is, to do as some have advised, when we are provoked to fight with women, to run away. *Shun profane and vain babbling*, saith the Apostle; 2 Tim. ii. 16.

As for peace, if it fly from us, we must run after it: *Follow peace with all men;* as he, to his Hebrews; Heb. xii. 14.

But if, after all our quickest paces, it will not be overtaken: if we still fall upon those, who are enemies to peace; rabid children,

* Subscripti, V. P. Addictus. Mart. Lutherus. † Suidas. V. Cercyon.

who love to hear themselves cry; salamanders, who love the fire of contention; muddy eels, who delight most in troubled waters: be they such as are under our power, wherefore are Censures, but for such spirits? Even he, that could say, *Shall I come to you with a rod, or with the spirit of meekness?* said also, *I would they were even cut off that trouble you*; Gal. v. 12. It is well commended, by the historian*, in Proclus, Bishop of Constantinople, that he shewed himself mild and gentle to all; and, by this means, won more than others did, by roughness and severity: and it is a sure rule, That it is an easier account, that shall be given for mercy, than for cruelty†. And, certainly, this course is first to be taken. The chirurgeon strokes the arm, before he opens the vein. But, where lenity prevails not, we are cruel to the Church, if we strike not home. When singing will not still the child, the rod must.

If they be such as are without the reach of our authority, we must first do our best, to make them sensible of the wounds they give to our common Mother; and those rubs, which they lay in the way of the Gospel: since it cannot be otherwise now, than the historian noteth in those first ages of the Church, That the difference of opinions, whereof one arose out of another, was a great hinderance to many, in pitching upon our holy profession ‡: and, as Optatus, of old: "Betwixt our *Licet* and their *Non licet*, Christian souls cannot chuse but stagger, and be distracted:" and, withal, to mind them of the palpable wrongs we do to ourselves, and the advantages we give to common enemies. It was a worthy and just intimation, which St. Gregory Nazianzen gives, to this purpose, unto the Synod of Constantinople: "What can be more absurd," saith he, "than while we decline the enemies' fight, to betake ourselves to mutual assaults of each other; and, by this means to waste and weaken our own forces? Or what can be a greater pleasure to our adversaries, than to see us thus bickering with ourselves?"

But if neither the respect to the glory of the God of Peace, nor to the peace and welfare of the dear Church and Spouse of Christ, nor of themselves, can prevail any thing; what remains, but to mourn in silence, for the irreparable breaches of the sacred walls of Jerusalem; and, together with our zealous prayers for the opposed peace of Sion, to appeal to the justice of that holy and righteous Lord God of Israel, with

Increpa, Domine, bestias calami,

Rebuke, O Lord, the beasts of the reed; and scatter the people, that delight in war. Amen.

* Socr. l. vii. c. 40. † *Melius est propter misericordiam rationem reddere, quàm propter crudelitatem.* ‡ *Quinetiam dogmatum discrepantia, quorum alia ex aliis nascebantur, impedimento fuit, quò minùs complures, qui fidem Christianam recipere animum induxerant, eam reciperent.*

HOLY DECENCY

IN THE

WORSHIP OF GOD.

BY JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF NORWICH.

I KNOW, that a clean heart, and a right spirit, is that, which God mainly regards: for, as he is a spirit, so he will be served in spirit; John iv. 24: but, withal, as he hath made the body, and hath made it a partner with the soul, so he justly expects, that it should be also wholly devoted to him: so as the Apostle, upon good reason, prays for his Thessalonians, that their *whole spirit, and soul, and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*; 1 Thess. v. 23: and beseeches his Romans, *by the mercies of God, that they present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God*; Rom. xii. 1.

Now, as the body is capable of a double uncleanness; the one, moral, when it is made an instrument and agent in sin; the other, natural, when it is polluted with outward filthiness: so, both of these are fit to be avoided, in our addresses to the pure and holy God: the former, out of God's absolute command, who hath charged us to *cleanse* ourselves *from all filthiness, both of the flesh and spirit*; 2 Cor. vii. 1. the latter, out of the just grounds of decency and expedience: for, though there be no sinful turpitude, in those bodily uncleannesses, wherein we offer ourselves to appear before the Lord, our God; yet, there is so deep an unbeseemingness in them, as places them in the next door to sin.

Perhaps, God's ancient people, the Jews, were too superstitiously scrupulous, in these external observations: whose Talmud tells us of one of their great Rabbies, that would rather suffer under extremity of hunger and thirst, than taste of ought with unwashen hands, as counting that neglect equal to lying with a harlot; and who have raised a great question, whether, if any of their poultry have but dipped their beak in the bowl, the water may be allowed to wash in; forbidding to void the urine standing, except it be upon a descent of ground, lest any drop should recoil upon the

feet; and, in case of the other evacuation, beside the paddle-staff, and other ceremonies in uncovering the feet, enjoining to turn the face to the south, not to the east or west, because those coasts had their faces directed towards them in their devotions. What should I speak of their extreme curiosity, in their outward observances concerning the Law; which no man might be allowed to read, while he was but walking towards the unloading of nature, or to the bath, or near to any place of annoyance? No man might so much as spit in the temple, or before that sacred volume, or stretch forth his feet towards it, or turn his back upon it, or receive it with the left hand. No man might presume to write it, but upon the parchment made of the skin of a clean beast; nor to write or give a bill of divorce, but by the side of a running stream: yea, the very Turks, as they have borrowed their circumcision, so also religious niceties, from these Jews; not allowing their Alcoran to be touched by a person that is unclean.

But, surely, I fear these men are not more faulty in the one extreme, than many Christians are in the other: who place a kind of holiness, in a slovenly neglect; and so order themselves, as if they thought a nasty carelessness in God's services were most acceptable to him. Hence it is, that they affect homely places for his worship; abandoning all magnificence and cost, in all the acts and appendances of their devotion: clay and sticks please them better, than marble and cedars. Hence it is, that their dresses make no difference of festivals: all stuffs, all colours are alike to them, in all sacred solemnities: hence, that they stumble into God's house, without all care or show of reverence; and sit them down at his table, like his fellows, with their hats on their heads: hence, that they make no difference of coming with full paunches to that heavenly banquet; and that the very dogs are allowed free access and leave, to lift up their legs, at those holy tables, where we partake of the Son of God *.

For the rectifying of which misconceits and practices, let it be laid down as an undoubted rule, That it is a thing well-pleasing to God, that there should be all outward cleanliness, gravity, reverent and comely postures, meet furniture, utensils, places, used and observed in the service of the Almighty: a truth, sufficiently grounded upon that irrefragable canon of the Apostle: *Let all things be done decently, and in order;* 1 Cor. xiv. 40: whereof *order* refers to persons and actions; *decency*, to the things done, and the fashion of doing them.

Disorder therefore and indecency, as they are a direct violation of this apostolic charge; so, doubtless, they are justly offensive to the Majesty of that God, whose service is disgraced by them.

As for Disorder, it falls not into our present discourse. In matter of Indecency, the main disquisition will be, how it may be judged and determined.

To know what is comely, hath been of old noted to be not more

* *In quibus populi vota et membra Christi portata sunt.* Optat. Milevit. l. vi.

commendable than difficult; for the minds of men may be of a different diet: one may approve that for decent, which another abhors as most unbeseeming *. A cynic cur or some Turkish Saint may think it not uncomely, to plant his own kind in the open market place: and Xenophon † tells us of a certain people, called Mosynecians, whose practice was to do all those acts in public, which other men, placing shame in them, are wont to reserve for the greatest secrecy; and, contrarily, to do those things in private, which other nations thought fit for the openest view. And we find that the stigmatical Saint of the Church of Rome, who could say of himself that God would have him *fatuellum quendam* ‡, thought it no shame to go stark naked through the streets of Assisium. So did Theodore the tailor, and seven men, and five women, Anabaptists, strip themselves, and run naked through Amsterdam ‖.

But, certainly, there are unquestionable rules, whereby decency may be both regulated and judged. The great Doctor of the Gentiles, when he would correct an indecent practice in his Corinthians, uses these three expressions, *Judge in yourselves: is it comely? Doth not nature itself teach you? We have no such custom, nor the churches of God*; 1 Cor. xi. 13, 14, 16. Wherein he sends us, for the determination of decency, to the judgment of our Right Reason, Undebauched Nature, and Approved Custom: and, surely, if we follow the guidance of these three, we cannot easily err in our decision of comeliness, both in our carriage in human affairs, and in the services of God.

All these will tell us, that it is most meet, that all outward cleanliness, gravity, modesty, reverence, should be used in all the actions of divine worship; and will inform us, that whatsoever fashion of deportment is held rude and uncivil in human conversation, is so much more indecent in divine actions, by how much the person whom we deal with is more awful, and worthier of the highest observance.

It is no other than an error therefore, in those men, who think, that, if they look to the inward disposition of the soul, it matters not, in what posture or what loathsome turpitude, the body appears before the Almighty. Even that slovenly cynic, when he saw a woman bowing herself forward too low in her devotion, could chide her for her unregard to those deities, which beheld her on all sides. Our Blessed Saviour, though he had good cheer at the Pharisee's house; yet he somewhat taxeth his host, for want of a due compliment: *I entered into thy house; thou gavest me no water for my feet; my head with oil didst thou not anoint, &c.* Luke vii. 44, 46. He looks still, for meet formalities of good entertainment, as well as the substance of the dishes. It was God's charge, that no steps

* *Suarum rerum nemo non mitis arbiter et pius judex.* Petrarch. † Βαρβαρώτατοι πάντων Μοσσυνοικοί. &c. Xenoph. de Exped. Cyri. l. v. ‡ *Dixit mihi Dominus, quòd volebat me esse unum fatuellum in hoc mundo.* Conform. Separat. ‖ Guy de Bres. Idem fecit coram Episcopo Assisii. lib. Conform. p. 211.

should be made to go up to his altar; lest the nakedness of the sacrificer should be discovered; Exod. xx. 26. For this cause it was, that he, who made the first suit of skins for our first parents, ordained linen breeches for his priests, in their ministrations.

God hath no where commanded us to cut our nails or our hair; but it were a foul indecency, not to do both. And, if we would justly loath a man, that should come to our table like wild Nebuchadnezzar in the desert, with hair to his waste, and claws on his fingers; how much more odious would this seem in a man, that should thus thrust himself in to the Table of the Lord! And, if our displeasure would justly arise at that barbarous guest, which should come to our board with his hands besmeared with ordure or blood; how can we think it can be otherwise than ill-taken of the holy God, that we should, in a beastly garb, offer ourselves into his presence?

It is not only in regard of spiritual filthiness, that the evil spirits are called *uncleun*; but even of external also: wherein how much they delight, we may well appeal to the confessions of those witches and sorcerers, which, upon their conviction and penitence, have laid open the shameful rites of their nightly meetings *. Neither was it without cause, that some of their prime agents, in the Ancient Church, were called βορβορίται, from those filthy fashions, which were in use amongst them †.

Contrarily, what pleasure the pure and holy God takes in the cleanness, both of flesh and spirit, is abundantly testified, by those many and strict injunctions of lotions and purifications, which we find, upon every occasion, in his ancient Law: and, though those laws be not now obligatory, as being for the substance of them ceremonial and typical; yet they have in them so much tincture of an eternal morality, as to imply a meetness of decent cleanliness in the services of God.

In the observation whereof, it is meet for us to hold a middle way, betwixt superstition and neglect.

It is easy to note, how, in the former extreme, a superstitious curiosity hath crept into the Church of Rome: insomuch as it may well vie with the Jewish, for multitude and niceness of observances. Their altar-cloths must not be touched, but with a brush appropriated to that service: their corporals must first, ere they be delivered forth, be washed by none but those, that are in sacred orders; in a vessel proper only to that use; with soap and ley; and, after, with pure water; which, after the rinsing, must be poured into the sacrarium ‡: their chalices must not be touched by one, that is not in orders ‖: no glove may be worn in their quire §: no woman or layman may make their host; neither may any layperson so much as look at that sacred wafer out of his window ¶:

* Bodin. Demonomania, &c. † *Canstici barbaritie quasi cœnosi, ob turpitudinem in suis mysteriis, &c.* Augustin l. de Hæres. Philastr. de Hæres.
‡ Bartol. Gavant. part 5. de Nitore et Mundicie Sacræ Supellectilis. ‖ Idem. Tit. Calix. § Tit. Canon. munera. ¶ V. Processio Ibid. Gavant.

their missal cushions may not be brought, so much as for the bishop to kneel on *: the stones of a demolished church may be sold to laymen, but with reservation of uses: neither may so much as a house for the curate, be built upon the same floor, but by the Pope's licence †: upon the burial of a heretic within the precincts, the church must be reconciled, and the walls scraped ‡: the grass in the church-yard may not be used to any passenger ||: their Agnus-Dei may not be touched by a layman; no, not with gloves on, or with a pair of tongs. What should I instance in more? A just volume would not contain the curious scruples of their nice observances, in their vestments, consecrations, sacramental rites; and, indeed, in the whole carriage of their religious devotions: in all which, they bring themselves back under the bondage of more than judaical ceremonies; placing God's worship in the ritual devices of men, and bringing their consciences under servile subjection to human impositions. That liberty, wherewith Christ hath made us free, calleth us to the avoidance of this unjust excess.

But, withal, our reverential fear of the God of Heaven, calls us to eschew, in the other extreme, all sordid incuriousness and slovenly neglect, in his immediate services.

To which purpose, let it pass for a sure rule, That there is a kind of relative holiness, in Persons, Things, Times, Places, Actions: relative, I say; not inherent in themselves, but in reference to their use and destination.

And, in the second place, That even this kind of holiness challengeth a reverent respect from us.

A Person, whose profession is holy, by his solemn consecration to God, should and ought to carry more veneration from us, than every common man.

The Holy Elements in the Sacrament, being now set apart to this divine use, should be otherwise regarded of us, than the common bread and wine at the tavern: in respect of that blessed mystery, whereto they are appropriated.

God's Holy Day is held worthy of more respect from us, than all the days in the year besides.

And why should it not be so likewise, in Places and Actions? Even in our own houses we observe a decency, and different regard of rooms; holding it unbecoming, that the businesses of the scullery should be done in our parlour; or that our bed-chamber should be made a larder: and can we think it less uncomely, to put God's peculiar house to the use of a kitchen or stable? Surely, the service whereto it is ordained, and the name that it bears, ought to privilege it from all either base or profane employment.

As for sacred Actions, as they have more life in them, than the outward circumstances of time and place; so they do justly require more respect in the managing of them. In our petitions, if we

* Moresin. Scot. de Orig. Papat. 9. † Gavant. V. Ecclesia. ‡ Abradendi parietis sic et Donatistæ. Optat. 1. 6. || Tit. Cemiteria.

come to earthly princes upon our knees, with an awful reverence; how much more ought we to do so to the King of Glory! In our receipt of the blessed eucharist, our demeanour must be no other, than such as may become the guests of the great King of Heaven; and the commensals of the Lord Jesus, of whom and with whom we do then communicate. In hearing or reading the Divine Oracles, our deportment must be such, as may argue our putting a difference betwixt the word of the Everliving God, and the fallible dictates of mortal men like ourselves!

And, as it is in outward decency and cleanliness; so also in the matter of cost, or handsomeness, at least, in the utensils and structures that belong to God.

Wherein it is a marvel, how much we, in this last age of the world, have varied from our predecessors, in the first establishment of Christianity *. They thought nothing good enough for God Almighty: we think nothing too mean. Upon the first noise of the Gospel, when the secular state was not their friend, the poor Christians were glad to make any shift. If they could build their first Oratories or Churches of sticks, as at Glastonbury, in the entrance of Christianity, they were well apayed; or, if but the bare sky were their roof, they were well enough contented: but, when once kings became nursing-fathers to the Church, what cost, what magnificence was sufficient for God's temples! Even as it was in the elder times of God's ancient people; at the first, there was a stake pitched for the habitation of the Almighty: afterwards, there was a tabernacle erected, and God was pleased to dwell in tents: but, when kings were chosen by God to go in and out before his people, now a stately structure, one of the wonders of the world, was raised unto God in Sion; in so admirable beauty, as dazzled the eyes of the world to behold it. When the Christian religion then had taken foot in the empire, what sumptuous monuments were erected by that pious Constantine, in whom our nation claimeth a just interest, let histories speak: no stones were too precious, no metal was too costly, for that happy use: and, so powerful influence had that example upon Christian kings and princes, that each strove who should exceed other, in the cost and splendor of those holy fabrics, the riches of their dotation, the price of their sacred vessels: and, from them, as from the head to the skirts, descended to the Christian nobility and gentry; in such sort, that, in a short space, the face of the earth was grown proud to be adorned with so many precious piles, and the Church was grown glorious and happy with so bountiful endowments. And what shall we think of it, that *the kings of Tarshish and the isles did thus bring presents, and the kings of Sheba and Saba did offer gifts?* Ps. lxxii. 10. Was it well done, or might it not better have been spared? Surely, had those godly emperors, kings, princes, peers, gentry, been of the mind of many modern Christians, they had forborne this care and cost, and turned their

* *Nihil refert sive ex auro, sive ex ligno, sit Templum: sive sit stabulum, sicut in Bethleem; sive regia domus, sicut in Jerusalem.* Luth. in Ps. cxxii.

magnificence into another channel: but, if this bounty of theirs were holy and commendable, as it hath been justly celebrated by all Christians, till this present age; how are those of ours shamefully degenerated, who affect nothing but homeliness and beggary in all that is devoted to the Almighty, and are ready to say contrary to the man after God's own heart, "I will offer to the Lord my God, of that, which shall cost me nothing!" 2 Sam. xxiv. 24.

With what great state and deep expence God was served under the Law, no man can be ignorant: for who knows not the costly furniture of the tabernacle, the rich habiliments of the priest, the precious vessels for the sacrifices; and, after that, the invaluable sumptuousness of the temple, both without and within; in the marbles, cedars, almuggim trees, brass, silver, gold; in the curious celatures, and artificial textures? In regard of all which, for matter and form, what was this, other than the glory of the whole earth? And, as for the very altar alone, (God's Ariel,) that, which went up therefrom, in smoke, both in the daily sacrifices, and the solemn hecatombs upon special occasions, what man could value? besides the treble tithes, first-fruits, oblations, which were perpetually presented to God for the maintenance of his priesthood. Oh, the costly services of God under the Law! And do we think the same God is now of a quite other diet, than formerly? Is all this mere ceremony? Is there not so much morality in it, as that it is meet the great God, who is the Possessor of Heaven and Earth, should be served of the best? that it is not for us to affect too much cheapness and neglective homeliness, in our evangelical devotions?

Surely, nature itself calls to us for this respect to a Deity. Even the very savage Indians may teach us this point of religion: amongst whom we find the Mexicans, a people, that had never had any intercourse with the other three parts of the world, eminent in this kind. What sumptuous and stately temples had they erected to their devils! How did they enrich their mis-called gods, with magazines of their treasure! And, even still, the most barbarous and brutish of all those people, that bear the shape of men, have this principle bred in them, That if they have ought better than other, it is for their God: a principle so much advanced by imperfect Christianity, that the Abassins hold it piacular, to build their own houses of the same matter which is reserved for their churches; to the very fabric and use whereof, they yield so much reverence, as that their greatest peer alights from his horse, when he comes but within view of those sacred piles *.

And if, from those remote parts of the world, we shall think fit to look homewards; how just cause shall we find to wonder at the munificent piety of our predecessors; who so freely poured out themselves into bountiful expence, for raising of the houses of God in our island and endowing them with rich patrimony, that the prime honour of this nation, all the world over, hath ever been the beauty of our churches! Neither was it otherwise, in all those parts of the

* Jo. Pory's Descript. of Africk.

world, where Christianity had obtained. How frequent was it, for a wealthy matron with Vestina, and for a great nobleman with the Roman Tertullus *, to make God their heir; and to enrich his house: and services, with the legacies of their jewels and possessions! Whereupon it came to pass, that those structures and vessels, which, at the first, were but of mud and meaner metals, according to the poverty of the donors; soon after, exchanged their lowliness for so glorious a magnificence, as bleared the eyes of the heathen beholders. "See," saith that enemy of Christ, "in what vessels Mary's son is served:" and Ammianus is ready to burst with spite, at the liberal provision of God's ministers, in comparison of their neglective Paganism †.

There may have been some in all ages, that, out of a mis-grounded humility and pretended mortification, have affected a willing disrespect of all outward accommodations, both in their own domestic provisions, and in the public services of God. Such were St. Gallus of old; and, in later times, the two famous Franciscs, of Assise, and of St. Paul.

The first whereof, Gallus, as the history ‡ reports, when a great duke, out of a reverent opinion of his sanctity, had given him a rich and curiously carved piece of plate, Magnoaldus, his disciple, who had the carriage of that precious vessel, moving that it might be reserved for the sacred use of God's table, received this answer from him: "Son, remember what Peter said; *Gold and silver have I none:* let this plate, which thou bearest, be distributed to the poor: for my blessed master, St. Columb, was wont to offer that holy sacrifice in chalices of brass; because, they say, our Saviour was with brazen nails fastened to his cross." Thus he, in more humility, than wisdom §.

And, for the other two; never man more affected bravery and pride, than they did beggary and nastiness; placing a kind of merit in sticks, and clay; in rags, and patches, and sloveny ||. Let these, and their ill-advised followers, pass for Cynics in Christianity: although, now, whatever the original rule of their sordid founder was, even those of that order can, in their buildings and furnitures, emulate the magnificence of princes; as if they affected no less excess in the one extreme, than their patron did in the other ¶. Wise Christians sit down in the mean: now, under the Gospel, avoiding a careless or parsimonious neglect, on the one side; and a superstitious lavishness, on the other.

* *Regna potiùs quàm cœnobia vir sanctus posteris reliquit &c.* Volaterran. Ex Libro Pontific. Innocent. i.

† *Ut ditentur oblationibus matronarum, &c.* ‡ Walafrid Strab. c. 18.

§ *Leprosis ulcerosarum plagarum ruebat in oscula.* Lib. Confor. Fructu. Separat.

|| *S. Franciscus, circa mortem suam, in testamento suo scribi voluit, quòd omnes cellæ et domus fratrum de lignis et luto essent tantùm, ad conservandam meliùs humilitatem et paupertatem.* Libr. Conform. p. 218. lib. ii. Fructu. 4. Conform. 16.

¶ *Fratres omnes vilibus vestibus induantur: et possunt ea reperiare de saccis et aliis peciis cum benedictione Dei.* Conform. l. i. Fructu. 9. p. 116.

As for this Church of ours, there is, at this time especially, little fear of too much: and, if we be not more in the ablative, than our ancestors were in the dative case; yet, we are generally more apt to higgle with the Almighty; and, in a base niggardliness, to pinch him in the allowances to his service: wherein we do not so much wrong our God, as ourselves; for there is not, in all the world, so sure motive for God to give largely unto us, as that we give freely unto God. David did but intend to build God a house; and now, in a gracious retribution, God tells him by Nathan, *The Lord will build thee a house; and will establish thy house and thy kingdom, for ever, before thee;* 2 Sam. xi. 16: and, contrarily, in this it holds, as in all other pious bequests, *He, that soweth sparingly, shall reap sparingly;* 2 Cor. ix. 6. And, if some particular ways of the conveyance of our bounty were anciently ceremonial; yet, we are sure, this charge is perpetual, *Honour the Lord with thy substance;* Prov. iii. 9. Had our Blessed Saviour been of the mind of these dry and pinching devotionists, he had surely chid Mary Magdalene, for the needless waste of that her precious ointment: and have agreed with Judas, how much better it might have been employed, for the relief of many poor souls, that wanted bread; than in such a compliment of unnecessary delicacy: but, how kindly this seasonable expence was taken by our Lord Jesus, appears, in that the memorial of this beneficence is ordained by him to have no narrower bounds of time or place, than this blessed Gospel itself; Matt. xxvi. 13.

Shortly, as the honest and learned Gerson long since distinguished, in matter of doctrine; so must we learn to distinguish, in matter of practice. Some things are of the necessity of devotion; others, of the piety of devotion: and, yet further, in this second rank, some things are essential to the piety of devotion, without which it cannot be at all; others are accidental, without which it cannot be so well: under this latter sort, expedience and decency, both of cleanliness and cost, challenge a due place, and cannot justly be denied it. As it is in our own case, some things are requisite, out of the necessity of nature, without which we cannot subsist: other things are requisite, for the convenience of our estate, without which we cannot maintain a well-being. He, that hath bread, and drink, and clothes, may live: but he, that hath not his linen washed, and his meat cleanly dressed, and change of warm suits, will hardly live with comfort.

To the great marriage of the king's son in the Gospel, all comers are invited: yea, the guests are fetched from the very highways and hedges, where there could be no probability of any choice wardrobe; yet, when the King comes in, and finds a man without his wedding-garment, he, in displeasure, asks, *Friend, how camest thou in hither?* Matt. xxii. 9, 10: sufficiently intimating, that even comeliness of fashion and meet compliment, are worthily expected in the solemn entertainments of God.

To conclude, if we have rightly apprehended the dreadful and glorious Majesty of the great God, we shall never think we can come

with reverence enough into his holy presence: and, it is no small appendance of reverence, to have our very bodies decently composed before him. And, if we have well weighed the absolute Sovereignty of this great King of Glory: and the infinite Largess of our munificent God, who hath given us ourselves, and all that we have, or are, or hope for: that hath not grudged us ought in earth or heaven, no, not the Dear Son of his Love and Eternal Essence, but hath sent him out of his bosom for our redemption: we cannot think all our little enough, to consecrate to his blessed name and service; and shall hold that evil eye worthy to be pulled out, which shall grudge the fattest of his flocks and herds to the altar of the Almighty.

Now the Application of this whole Discourse I leave to the thoughts of every reader; who cannot but easily find, how too much need there is of a monitor in this kind; while the examples of a profane indecency so abound every where, to the great shame of the Gospel, and scandal of all ingenuous minds. I forbear to particularize. A volume would be too strait, for this complaint.

It is not the blushing of my nation, the derision of foreigners, the advantage of adversaries, that I drive at, in these seasonable lines: it is the reformation of those foul abuses, gross neglects, outward indignities, notorious pollutions, which have helped to expose the face of this famous Church, late the glory of Christendom, to the scorn of the nations round about us; who now change their former envy at her unmatchable beauty, into a kind of insulting pity of her miserable deformity. Return, Dear Brethren, return to that comely order and decency, which won honour and reverence to your goodly forefathers.

After the main care of the substance of divine worship, which must be ever holy, spiritual, answerable to the unfailing and exact rule of the eternal word of God; let the outward carriage of God's sacred affairs be, what may be, suitable to that pure and dreadful Majesty, whose they are. Let his now-neglected houses be decently repaired, neatly kept, reverently regarded, for the Owner's sake; and inviolably reserved for those sacred uses, to which they are dedicated *. Let his holy table be comely spread; and attended with awful devotion. Let them be clean, both within and without, that bear the vessels of the Lord. Let the maintenance of his altar be free, liberal, cheerful. Let God's chair, the pulpit, be climbed into by his chosen servants, with trembling and gravity. Briefly, let his whole service and worship be celebrated, with all holy reverence. This is the way, to the acceptation of God, and to honour with men.

* *Ne quid profanum Templo Dei inferatur; ne, offensus, sedem, quam inhabitat, derelinquat.* Cyprian de Habitu. Virg.

THE

DEVOUT SOUL:

OR,

RULES OF HEAVENLY DEVOTION.

BY JOSEPH, BISHOP OF NORWICH.

TO ALL CHRISTIAN READERS,

GRACE AND PEACE.

THAT in a time, when we hear no noise but of drums and trumpets, and talk of nothing but arms and sieges and battles, I should write of Devotion, may seem to some of you strange and unseasonable: to me, contrarily, it seems most fit and opportune: for, when can it be more proper to direct our address to the Throne of Grace, than when we are in the very jaws of death? or, when should we go to seek the face of our God, rather than in the needful time of trouble?

Blessed be my God, who, in the midst of these woeful tumults, hath vouchsafed to give me these calm and holy thoughts: which I justly suppose, he meant not to suggest, that they should be smothered in the breast wherein they were conceived; but with a purpose to have the benefit communicated unto many.

Who is there, that needs not vehement excitations and helps to Devotion? and when, more than now? In a tempest, the mariners themselves do not only cry every man to his God, but awaken Jonah, that is fast asleep under the hatches, and chide him to his prayers.

Surely, had we not been failing in our Devotions, we could not have been thus universally miserable. That duty, the neglect whereof is guilty of our calamity, must, in the effectual performance of it, be the means of our recovery. Be but devout, and we cannot miscarry under judgments. Woe is me! the tears of penitence were more fit to quench the public flame, than blood. How soon would it clear up abovehead, if we were but holily affected within! Could we send our zealous ambassadors up to heaven, we could not fail of a happy peace. I direct the way: God bring us to the end.

For my own particular practice, God is witness to my soul, that, as one the sense of whose private affliction is swallowed up of the public, I cease not daily to ply the Father of Mercies with my fervent prayers, that he would, at last, be pleased, after so many streams of blood, to pass an Act of Pacification in heaven.

And what good heart can do otherwise? Brethren, all ye, that love God, and his Church, and his Truth, and his Anointed, and your country, and yourselves, and yours, join your forces with mine; and let us, by a holy violence, make way to the gates of heaven, with our petition for mercy and peace; and not suffer ourselves to be beaten off from the threshold of grace, till we be answered with a condescent. He, whose goodness is wont to prevent our desires, will not give denials to our importunities.

Pray and farewell.

NORWICH, Mar. 10, 1643.

THE

DEVOUT SOUL.

CHAP. I.

WHAT DEVOTION IS:—HABITUAL, THAT GOES THROUGH THE HEART AND LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN;—ACTUAL, OR A SPECIAL AND FIXED EXERCISE OF DEVOTION.

DEVOTION is the life of religion; the very soul of piety; the highest employment of grace; and no other, than the pre-possession of heaven by the Saints of God, here upon earth: every improvement whereof is of more advantage and value to the Christian soul, than all the profit and contentments which this world can afford it.

There is a kind of Art of Devotion, if we can attain unto it, whereby the practice thereof may be much advanced. We have known, indeed, some holy souls, which, out of the general precepts of piety, and their own happy experiments of God's mercy, have, through the grace of God, grown to a great measure of perfection this way; which yet might have been much expedited and completed, by those helps, which the greater illumination and experience of others might have afforded them. Like as we see it, in other faculties: there are those, who, out of a natural dexterity and their own frequent practice, have got into a safe posture of defence, and have handled their weapon with commendable skill, whom yet the fence-school might have raised to a higher pitch of cunning. As nature is perfected, so grace is not a little furthered, by art: since it pleaseth the wisdom of God, to work ordinarily upon the soul, not by the immediate power of miracle; but, in such methods, and by such means, as may most conduce to his blessed ends. It is true, that all our good motions come from the Spirit of God; neither is it less true, that all the good counsels of others proceed from the same Spirit; and that good Spirit cannot be cross to itself: he, therefore, that infuses good thoughts into us, suggests also such directions, as may render us apt both to receive and improve them. If God be bounteous, we may not be idle, and neglective of our spiritual ayls.

If you tell me, by way of instance in a particular act of Devotion, that there is a gift of prayer, and that the Spirit of God is not tied to rules; I yield both these: but, withal, I must say there are also helps of prayer, and that we must not expect immediate inspirations. I find the world much mistaken in both. They think

that man hath the gift of prayer, that can utter the thoughts of his heart roundly unto God, that can express himself smoothly in the phrase of the Holy Ghost, and press God with most proper words and passionate vehemence: and, surely, this is a commendable faculty, wheresoever it is: but this is not the gift of prayer; you may call it, if you will, the gift of elocution. Do we say that man hath the gift of pleading, that can talk eloquently at the bar; that can, in good terms, loud and earnestly importune the judge for his client? and not rather he, that brings the strongest reason; and quotes his books and precedents, with most truth, and clearest evidence; so as may convince the jury, and persuade the judge? Do we say he hath the gift of preaching, that can deliver himself in a flowing manner of speech to his hearers; that can cite Scriptures or Fathers; that can please his auditory with the flowers of rhetoric? or, rather, he, that can divide the Word aright, interpret it soundly, apply it judiciously, put it home to the conscience; speaking in the evidence of the Spirit; powerfully convincing the gainsayers; comforting the dejected; and drawing every soul nearer to heaven? The like must we say for prayer; the gift whereof He may be truly said to have, not that hath the most rennible tongue; for prayer is not so much a matter of the lips, as of the heart: but he, that hath the most illuminated apprehension of the God to whom he speaks; the deepest sense of his own wants; the most eager longings after grace; the ferventest desires of supplies from heaven; and, in a word, whose heart sends up the strongest groans and cries to the Father of Mercies.

Neither may we look for enthusiasms, and immediate inspirations; putting ourselves upon God's Spirit, in the solemn exercises of our invocation, without heed or meditation: the dangerous inconvenience whereof hath been too often found, in the rash and unwarrantable expressions, that have fallen from the mouths of unwary suppliants: but we must address ourselves, with due preparation, to that holy work: we must digest our suits, and fore-order our supplications to the Almighty; so that there may be excellent and necessary use of meet rules of our Devotion.

He, whose Spirit helps us to pray, and whose lips taught us how to pray, is an all-sufficient example for us. All the skill of men and angels cannot afford a more exquisite model of Supplicatory Devotion, than that Blessed Saviour of ours gave us in the Mount: led in, by a divine and heart-raising preface; carried out, with a strong and heavenly enforcement: wherein an awful compellation makes way for petition, and petition makes way for thanksgiving: the petitions marshalled in a most exact order; for spiritual blessings, which have an immediate concernment of God, in the first place; then, for temporal favours, which concern ourselves, in the second. So punctual a method had not been observed by Him, that heareth prayers; if it had been all one to him, to have had our Devotions confused and tumultuary.

There is commonly much mistaking of Devotion; as if it were nothing but an act of vocal prayer, expiring with that holy breath,

and revived with the next task of our invocation: which is usually measured of many, by frequence, length, smoothness of expression, loudness, vehemence. Whereas, indeed, it is rather a habitual disposition of a holy soul, sweetly conversing with God, in all the forms of a heavenly, yet awful, familiarity; and a constant entertainment of ourselves, here below, with the God of Spirits, in our sanctified thoughts and affections: one of the noble exercises whereof, is our access to the Throne of Grace in our prayers; whereto may be added, the ordering of our holy attendance upon the blessed Word and Sacraments of the Almighty.

Nothing hinders therefore, but that a stammering suppliant may reach to a more eminent devotion, than he, that can deliver himself in the most fluent and pathetical forms of elocution; and that our silence may be more devout, than our noise.

We shall not need to send you to the cells or cloisters for this skill: although it will hardly be believed, how far some of their contemplative men have gone in the theory hereof; perhaps, like as chymists give rules for the attaining of that elixir, which they never found: for, sure, they must needs fail of that perfection they pretend, who are commonly in the object of it, always in the ground of it, which is faith; stripped, by their opinion, of the comfortablest use of it, certainty of application.

As there may be many resemblances betwixt Light and Devotion, so this one especially: that, as there is a light universally diffused through the air, and there is a particular recollection of light into the body of the sun and stars; so it is in Devotion: there is *a General Kind of Devotion, that goes through the renewed heart and life of a Christian*, which we may term HABITUAL and VIRTUAL; and there is *a Special and Fixed Exercise of Devotion*, which we name ACTUAL.

CHAP. II.

REQUISITES TO THE EFFECTUAL PERFORMANCE OF DEVOTION.

THE soul, that is rightly affected to God, is never void of a holy Devotion. Wherever it is, whatever it doth, it is still lifted up to God; and fastened upon him, and converses with him: ever serving the Lord in fear, and rejoicing in him with trembling.

SECT. 1.

The heart must be settled in a Right Apprehension of God.

FOR the effectual performance whereof, it is REQUISITE first, that THE HEART BE SETTLED IN A RIGHT APPREHENSION OF OUR GOD: without which, our Devotion is not thankless only, but sinful.

With much labour therefore, and agitation of a mind illuminated from above, we must find ourselves wrought to a high, awful, adorative, and constant conceit of that Incomprehensible Majesty, in whom we live, and move, and are: One God, in Three most glorious Persons; infinite in wisdom, in power, in justice, in mercy, in providence, in all that he is, in all that he hath, in all that he doth; dwelling in light inaccessible; attended with thousand thousands of angels: whom yet we neither can know, neither would it avail us if we could, but in the face of the Eternal Son of his Love, our Blessed Mediator, God and Man; who sits at the right-hand of Majesty in the highest heavens: from the sight of whose glorious Humanity, we comfortably rise to the contemplation of that Infinite Deity, whereto it is inseparably united; in and by him, made ours by a lively Faith, finding our persons and obedience accepted; expecting our full redemption and blessedness. Here, here must our hearts be unremoveably fixed. In his light, must we see light. No cloudy occurrences of this world, no busy employments, no painful sufferings, must hinder us from thus *seeing him that is invisible*.

SECT. 2.

The heart must behold God as really Present.

NEITHER doth the devout heart see his God aloof off, as dwelling above, in the circle of heaven, but BEHOLDS THAT INFINITE SPIRIT REALLY PRESENT WITH HIM.

The Lord is upon thy right hand; saith the Psalmist. Our bodily eye doth not more certainly see our own flesh, than the spiritual eye sees God, close by us; yea, in us. A man's own soul is not so intimate to himself, as God is to his soul: neither do we move by him only, but in him.

What a sweet conversation therefore, hath the holy soul with his God! What heavenly conferences have they two, which the world is not privy to; while God entertains the soul with the divine motions of his Spirit, the soul entertains God with gracious compliances!

Is the heart heavy, with the grievous pressures of affliction? the soul goes in to his God; and pours out itself before him, in earnest bemoanings and supplications: the God of Mercy answers the soul again, with seasonable refreshings of comfort.

Is the heart secretly wounded and bleeding, with the conscience of some sin? it speedily betakes itself to the great Physician of the Soul; who, forthwith, applies the balm of Gilead, for an unfailing and present cure.

Is the heart distracted, with doubts? the soul retires to that inward oracle of God, for counsel: he returns to the soul a happy settlement of just resolution.

Is the heart deeply affected, with the sense of some special favour from his God? the soul breaks forth into the passionate voice of praise and thanksgiving: God returns the pleasing testimony of a cheerful acceptation.

O blessed soul, that hath a God to go unto, upon all occasions! O infinite mercy of a God, that vouchsafes to stoop to such entireness with dust and ashes! It was a gracious speech of a worthy Divine*, upon his death-bed, now breathing towards heaven: That he should change his place, not his company. His conversation was now, beforehand, with his God and his holy angels: the only difference was, that he was now going to a more free and full fruition of the Lord of Life, in that region of glory above; whom he had truly, though with weakness and imperfection, enjoyed in this vale of tears.

CHAP. III.

OF HABITUAL DEVOTION.

Now, that these mutual respects may be sure not to cool with intermission, the devout heart TAKES ALL OCCASIONS BOTH TO THINK OF GOD, AND TO SPEAK TO HIM.

SECT. 1.

The heart takes all occasions to think of God.

THERE is nothing that he sees, which doth not BRING GOD TO HIS THOUGHTS.

Indeed, there is no creature, wherein there are not manifest footsteps of omnipotence; yea, which hath not a tongue to tell us of its Maker. *The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work: one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another*; Ps. xix. 1, 2. *Yea, O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches: so is the great and wide sea, where are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts*; Ps. civ. 24, 25. Every herb, flower, spire of grass, every twig and leaf, every worm and fly, every scale and feather, every billow and meteor, speaks the power and wisdom of their Infinite Creator. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant: Isaiah sends the Jews to the ox and the ass: our Saviour sends his disciples to the ravens, and to the lilies of the field. There is no creature, of whom we may not learn something. We shall have spent our time ill, in this great school of the world, if, in such store of lessons, we be non-proficients in Devotion.

* Dr. Preston.

Vain idolaters make to themselves images of God, whereby they sinfully represent him to their thoughts and adoration. Could they have the wit and grace to see it, God hath taken order to spare them this labour; in that he hath stamped in every creature such impressions of his infinite power, wisdom, goodness, as may give us just occasion to worship and praise him, with a safe and holy advantage to our souls: *For, the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.*

And, indeed, wherefore serve all the volumes of natural history, but to be so many commentaries upon the several creatures, wherein we may read God? and even those men, who have not the skill or leisure to peruse them, may yet, out of their own thoughts and observation, raise, from the sight of all the works of God, sufficient matter to glorify him. Who can be so stupid, as not to take notice of the industry of the bee, the providence of the ant, the cunning of the spider, the reviving of the fly, the worm's endeavour of revenge, the subtlety of the fox, the sagacity of the hedgehog, the innocence and profitableness of the sheep, the laboriousness of the ox, the obsequiousness of the dog, the timorous shifts of the hare, the nimbleness of the deer, the generosity of the lion, the courage of the horse, the fierceness of the tiger, the cheerful music of birds, the harmlessness of the dove, the true love of the turtle, the cock's observation of time, the swallow's architecture; shortly, for it were easy here to be endless, of the several qualities and dispositions of every of those our fellow creatures, with whom we converse on the face of the earth? and who, that takes notice of them, cannot fetch from every act and motion of theirs, some monition of duty and occasion of devout thoughts?

Surely, I fear many of us Christians, may justly accuse ourselves, as too neglective of our duty, this way; that, having thus long spent our time in this great academy of the world, we have not, by so many silent documents, learned to ascribe more glory to our Creator. I doubt those creatures, if they could exchange their brutality with our reason, being now so docible as to learn of us so far as their sense can reach, would approve themselves better scholars to us, than we have been unto them.

Withal, I must add, that the devout soul stands not always in need of such outward monitors; but finds, within itself, sufficient incitements to raise up itself to a continual minding of God, and makes use of them accordingly: and if, at any time, being taken up with importunate occasions of the world, it finds God missing but a hour, it chides itself for such neglect; and sets itself to recover him, with so much more eager affection: as the faithful Spouse in the Canticles, when she finds him, whom her soul loved, withdrawn from her for a season, puts herself into a speedy search after him; and gives not over, till she have attained his presence; Cant. v. 6.

SECT. 2.

The heart speaks to God in the language of spirits:

(1.) *At Large; in matter* [1.] *of Humiliation:* [2.] *of Imploration:* [3.] *of Thanksgiving.*—(2.) *In Occasional Ejaculations.*

Now, as these many monitors, both outward and inward, must elevate our hearts very frequently to God: so those raised hearts must not entertain him, with a dumb contemplation; but must SPEAK TO HIM IN THE LANGUAGE OF SPIRITS.

All occasions, therefore, must be taken, of sending forth pious and heavenly ejaculations to God. The devout soul may do this more than a hundred times a day, without any hindrance to his special vocation. The housewife at her wheel, the weaver at his loom, the husbandman at his plough, the artificer in his shop, the traveller in his way, the merchant in his warehouse may thus enjoy God; in his busiest employment: for the soul of man is a nimble spirit, and the language of thoughts need not take up time; and though we now, for example's sake, clothe them in words, yet in our practice we need not.

Now these Ejaculations may be either, at Large or Occasional.

(1.) *At Large:* such as that of old Jacob; *O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation:* or, that of David; *Oh, save me, for thy mercy's sake.*

And these, either in matter of Humiliation, or of Imploration, or of Thanksgiving. In all which, we cannot follow a better pattern, than the sweet singer of Israel; whose heavenly conceptions we may either borrow or imitate.

[1.] In way of Humiliation: such as these: *Heal my soul, O Lord, for I have sinned against thee;* Ps. xli. 4. *Oh, remember not my old sins, but have mercy upon me;* lxxix. 8. *If thou will be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?* cxxx. 3. *Lord, thou knowest the thoughts of man, that they are but vain;* xciv. 11. *O God, why abhorrest thou my soul, and hidest thy face from me?* lxxxviii. 14.

[2.] In way of Imploration; *Up, Lord, and help me, O God;* iii. 7. *Oh, let my heart be sound in thy statutes, that I be not ashamed;* cxix. 80. *Lord, where are thy old loving mercies?* lxxxix. 49. *Oh, deliver me; for I am helpless, and my heart is wounded within me;* cix. 21, 22. *Comfort the soul of thy servant; for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul;* lxxxvi. 4. *Go not far from me, O God;* lxxi. 12. *Oh, knit my heart unto thee, that I may fear thy name;* lxxxvi. 11. *Thou art my helper and redeemer, O Lord, make no long tarrying;* lxx. 5. *Oh, be thou my help in trouble; for vain is the help of man;* lx. 11. *Oh, guide me with thy counsel; and, after that, receive me to thy glory;* lxxiii. 24. *My time is in thy hand: deliver me from the hands of mine enemies;* xxxi. 15. *Oh, withdraw not thy mercy from me, O Lord;* xl. 11. *Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, because of mine enemies;* v. 8. *Oh, let my soul live, and it shall praise thee;* cxix. 175.

[3.] In way of Thanksgiving: *O God, wonderful art thou in thy holy places;* lxviii. 35. *O Lord, how glorious are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep;* xcii. 5. *O God, who is like unto thee?* lxxi. 19. *The Lord liveth; and blessed be my strong helper;* xviii. 46. *Lord, thy loving-kindness is better than life itself;* lxiii. 3. *All thy works praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints give thanks unto thee;* cxlv. 10. *Oh, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all;* civ. 24. *Who is God, but the Lord; and who hath any strength, except our God?* xviii. 31. *We will rejoice in thy salvation, and triumph in thy name, O Lord;* xx. 5. *Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness;* cvii. 8. *Oh, how plentiful is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee!* xxxi. 19. *Thou, Lord, hast never failed them, that seek thee;* ix. 10. *In thy presence, is the fulness of joy; and at thy right-hand, there is pleasure for evermore;* xvi. 11. *Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?* viii. 4. *Not unto us, Lord, not unto us; but unto thy name give the praise;* cxv. 1.

(2.) *Occasional Ejaculations* are such, as are moved upon the presence of some such object, as carries a kind of relation or analogy to that holy thought, which we have entertained.

Of this nature I find that, which was practised in St. Basil's time; that, upon the lighting of candles, the manner was to bless God in these words, "Praise be to God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost;" which that Father says was anciently used: but who was the author of it he professeth to be unknown. To the same purpose was the Lucernarium, which was a part of the evening office of old. For which, there may seem to be more colour of reason, than for the ordinary fashion of appreeation, upon occasion of our sneezing; which is expected and practised by many, out of civility: old and reverend Beza was wont to move his hat with the rest of the company; but to say, withal, "Gramercy, Madam la Superstition."

Now, howsoever in this or any other practice, which may seem to carry with it a smack of superstition, our Devotion may be groundless and unseasonable; yet nothing hinders, but that we may take just and holy hints of raising up our hearts to our God. As when we do first look forth, and see the heavens over our heads, to think; *The heavens declare thy glory, O God;* Ps. xix. 1: when we see the day breaking, or the sun rising; *The day is thine, and the night is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun;* lxxiv. 16: when the light shines in our faces; *Thou deckest thyself with light, as with a garment;* civ. 2: or, *Light is sprung up for the righteous;* xcvii. 11: when we see our garden embellished with flowers; *The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord;* xxxiii. 5: when we see a rough sea, *The waves of the sea rage horribly, and are mighty; but the Lord, that dwelleth on high, is mightier than they;* xciii. 4: when we see the darkness of the night, *The darkness is no darkness unto thee;* cxxxix. 12: when we rise up from our bed, or our seat, *Lord, thou knowest my down-sitting and my up-rising: thou understandest my thoughts afar off;* cxxxix. 1, 2:

when we wash our hands, *Wash thou me, O Lord; and I shall be whiter than snow*; li. 7: when we are walking forth, *Oh, hold thou up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not*; xvii. 5: when we hear a passing-bell, *Oh, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart to wisdom*; xc. 12: or, *Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days*; xxxix. 4.

Thus may we dart out our holy desires to God, upon all occasions. Wherein, heed must be taken, that our ejaculations be not, on the one side, so rare, that our hearts grow to be hard and strange to God; but that they may be held on, in continual acknowledgment of him, and acquaintance with him: and, on the other side, that they be not so over-frequent in their perpetual reiteration, as that they grow to be, like that of the Romish votaries, fashionable; which, if great care be not taken, will fall out, to the utter frustrating of our Devotion. Shortly, let the measure of these devout glances be, the preserving our hearts in a constant tenderness, and godly disposition; which shall be further actuated upon all opportunities, by the exercises of our more Enlarged and Fixed Devotion: whereof there is the same variety, that there is in God's services, about which it is conversant.

CHAP. IV.

OF ACTUAL DEVOTION.

THERE are three main businesses, wherein God accounts his service, here below, to consist. The first is, our Address to the Throne of Grace, and the pouring out of our souls before him in our Prayers: the second is, the Reading and Hearing his most Holy Word: the third is, the receipt of his Blessed Sacraments: in all which, there is place and use for a SETTLED DEVOTION.

SECT. 1.

Of our Address to the Throne of Grace, in Prayer:

(1.) *Prerequisites to which are, that the Heart be* [1.] *Clean;* [2.] *Clear;* [3.] *Humble.* (2.) *In the Actual Exercise of Prayer, are to be included,* [1.] *Humble Confession of our Unworthiness: Looking* (a.) *Inward into Ourselves;* (b.) *Upward to Heaven;* (c.) *Downward to Hell.* [2.] *Importunate suing for Freedom and Rescue.* [3.] *Vehement Longing after Christ.* [4.] *Joyful Apprehension and thankful Acknowledgment of our Deliverance.* [5.] *Holy Incentives of Divine Thoughts, concerning the Means of our Freedom and Deliverance.* [6.] *Union, by faith and love to Christ, feeling, effectual, indivisible.* [7.] *Unspeakable Complacency and Delight of the Soul in Christ.* [8.] *Absolute Self-*

Resignation to God. [9.] *Emptying of our Souls before God, in all our Necessities.* [10.] *Happy Fruition of God in all his Favours.* [11.] *Cheerful Thanksgivings to the God of all Comfort.*

To begin with the FIRST WORK of our Actual and Enlarged Devotion.

(1.) Some things are *pre-required* of us, to make us capable of the comfortable performance of so holy and heavenly a duty; namely,

[1.] That the heart be Clean first, and then that it be clear: clean from the defilement of any known sin; clear from all entanglements and distractions.

What do we in our prayers, but converse with the Almighty; and either carry our souls up to him, or bring him down to us? Now, it is no hoping, that we can entertain God in an impure heart. Even we men loath a nasty and slutish lodging: how much more will the holy God abhor a habitation spiritually filthy! I find, that even the *Unclean Spirit* made that a motive of his repossession, that he found *the house swept and garnished;* Luke xi. 25. Satan's cleanliness is pollution, and his garnishment disorder and wickedness: without this, he finds no welcome. Each spirit looks for an entertainment, answerable to his nature: how much more will that God of Spirits, who is purity itself, look to be harboured in a cleanly room! "Into a malicious soul, wisdom shall not enter; nor dwell in the body, that is subject unto sin;" Wisd. i. 4.

What friend would be pleased, that we should lodge him in a Lazar-house? or, who would abide, to have a toad lie in his bosom? Surely, it is not in the verge of created nature, to yield any thing, that can be so noisome and odious to the sense of man, as sin is to that absolute and essential Goodness. His pure eyes cannot endure the sight of sin: neither can he endure, that the sinner should come within the sight of him. *Away from me, ye wicked,* is his charge, both here and hereafter.

It is the privilege and happiness of the pure in heart, that they shall see God: see him, both in the end and in the way; enjoying the vision of him, both in grace and in glory. This is no object for impure eyes.

Descend into thyself therefore, and ransack thy heart, whoever wouldst be a true client of Devotion: search all the close windings of it, with the torches of the Law of God; and, if there be any iniquity found lurking in the secret corners thereof, drag it out and abandon it: and, when thou hast done, that thy fingers may retain no pollution, say, with the holy Psalmist, *I will wash my hands in innocence: so will I go to thine altar;* Ps. xxvi. 6. Presume not to approach the altar of God, there to offer the sacrifice of thy Devotion with unclean hands: else thine offering shall be so far from winning an acceptance for thee from the hands of God, as that thou shalt make thine offering abominable. *And if a beast touch the mount, it shall die.*

[2.] As the soul must be clean from sin, so it must be Clear and Free from distractions.

The intent of our Devotion is, to welcome God to our hearts: now where shall we entertain him, if the rooms be full; thronged with cares and turbulent passions? The Spirit of God will not endure to be crowded up together with the world, in our strait lodgings: a holy vacuity must make way for him, in our bosoms. The divine pattern of Devotion, in whom the Godhead dwelt bodily, retires into the mount to pray: he, that carried heaven with him, would even thus leave the world below him. Alas, how can we hope to mount up to heaven in our thoughts, if we have the clogs of earthly cares hanging at our heels?

Yea, not only must there be a shutting out of all distractive cares and passions, which are professed enemies to our quiet conversing with God in our Devotion; but there must be also a denudation of the mind from all those images of our phantasy, how pleasing soever, that may carry our thoughts aside from those better objects. We are like to foolish children; who, when they should be stedfastly looking on their books, are apt to gaze after every butterfly, that passeth by them. Here must be, therefore, a careful intention of our thoughts; a restraint from all vain and idle rovings; and a holding ourselves close to our divine task. While Martha is troubled about many things, her devoutter sister, having chosen the better part, plies the one thing necessary, which shall never be taken from her; and, while Martha would feast Christ with bodily fare, she is feasted of Christ with heavenly delicacies.

[3.] After the heart is thus cleansed and thus cleared, it must be in the next place decked with true Humility; the cheapest, yet best ornament of the soul.

If the Wise Man tells us, that "pride is the beginning of sin;" Eccles. x. 15: surely, all gracious dispositions must begin in humility. The foundation of all high and stately buildings must be laid low. They are the lowly vallies, that soak in the showers of heaven; which the steep hills shelve off, and prove dry and fruitless: *To that man will I look*, saith God, *that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word*; Is. lxvi. 2.

Hence it is, that the more eminent any man is in grace, the more he is dejected in the sight of God. The Father of the Faithful comes to God, under the style of *dust and ashes*; Gen. xviii. 27: David, under the style of *a worm and no man*; Psalm xx. 6: Agur, the son of Jakeh, under the title of *more brutish than any man; and one, that hath not the understanding of a man*; Prov. xxx. 2: John Baptist, *as not worthy to carry the shoes of Christ after him*; Matth. iii. 11. Paul, as *the least of saints, and chief of sinners*; Eph. iii. 8. 1 Tim. i. 15.

On the contrary, the more vile any man is in his own eyes, and the more dejected in the sight of God, the higher he is exalted in God's favour: like as the conduit-water, by how much lower it falls, the higher it riseth.

When, therefore, we would appear before God, in our solemn devotions, we must see that we empty ourselves of all proud conceits; and find our hearts fully convinced of our own vileness

yea, nothingness in his sight. Down, down with all our high thoughts: fall we low, before our great and holy God; not to the earth only, but to the very brim of hell, in the conscience of our own guiltiness: for, though the miserable wretchedness of our nature, may be a sufficient cause of our humiliation; yet the consideration of our detestable sinfulness, is that, which will depress us lowest in the sight of God.

(2.) It is fit *the Exercise of our Devotion* should

[1.] Begin in an Humble Confession of our Unworthiness.

Now, for the effectual furtherance of this our self-dejection, it will be requisite to bend our eyes upon a threefold object: to look inward, into ourselves; upward, to heaven; downward, to hell.

(a.) First, to turn our eyes into our bosoms; and to take a view, not without a secret self-loathing, of that world of corruption, that hath lain hidden there: and, thereupon, to accuse, arraign, and condemn ourselves, before that awful tribunal of the Judge of Heaven and Earth; both of that original pollution, which we have drawn from the tainted loins of our first parents; and those innumerable actual wickednesses derived therefrom, which have stained our persons and lives. How can we be but thoroughly humbled, to see our souls utterly overspread with the odious and abominable leprosy of sin? We find that Uzziah bore up stoutly a while, against the priests of the Lord, in the maintenance of his sacrilegious presumption: but, when he saw himself turned Lazar; on the sudden, he is confounded in himself; and, in a depth of shame, hastens away from the presence of God, to a sad and penitential retiredness. We should need no other arguments to loath ourselves, than the sight of our own faces; so miserably deformed, with the nasty and hateful scurf of our iniquity.

Neither only must we be content to shame and grieve our eyes with the foul nature and condition of our sins, but we must represent them to ourselves in all the circumstances, that may aggravate their heinousness. "Alas, Lord, any one sin is able to damn a soul: I have committed many; yea, numberless: they have not possessed me, single; but, as that Evil Spirit said, their name is Legion. Neither have I committed these sins once, but often: Thine angels, that were, sinned but once, and are damned for ever: I have frequently reiterated the same offences: where then, were it not for thy mercy, shall I appear? Neither have I only done them in the time of my ignorance, but since I received sufficient illumination from thee: it is not in the dark, that I have stumbled and fallen, but in the midst of the clear light and sunshine of the Gospel, and in the very face of thee my God. Neither have these been the slips of my weakness, but the bold miscarriages of my presumption. Neither have I offended, out of inconsideration and inadvertency; but after and against the checks of a remurmuring conscience; after so many gracious warnings and fatherly admonitions; after so many fearful examples of thy judgments; after so infinite obligations of thy favours."

(b.) And thus having looked inward into ourselves, and taken an impartial view of our own vileness, it will be requisite to cast our eyes upward unto heaven, and there to see against whom we have offended; even against an Infinite Majesty and Power, an Infinite Mercy, an Infinite Justice: that Power and Majesty, which hath *spread out the heavens as a curtain;* and hath *laid the foundations of the earth so sure, that it cannot be moved; who hath shut up the sea with bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shalt thou stay thy proud waves;* Job xxxviii. 8—11: who doeth whatsoever he will in heaven and in earth; who commandeth the devils to their chains; able, therefore, to take infinite vengeance on sinners: that Mercy of God the Father, who gave his own Son, out of his bosom for our redemption: that Mercy of God the Son, who, *thinking it no robbery to be equal unto God,* for our sakes *made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant; and, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient to the death, even the* accursed *death of the cross;* Phil. ii. 6, 7, 8: that Mercy of God the Holy Ghost, who hath made that Christ mine, and hath sealed to my soul the benefit of that blessed redemption: lastly, that Justice of God, which, as it is infinitely displeased with every sin, so will be sure to take infinite vengeance on every impenitent sinner.

(c.) And, from hence, it will be fit and seasonable, for the devout soul to look downward, into that horrible pit of eternal confusion; and there to see the dreadful, unspeakable, unimaginable torments of the damned: to represent unto itself the terrors of those everlasting burnings; the fire and brimstone of that infernal Tophet; the merciless and unwearable tyranny of those hellish executioners; the shrieks, and howlings, and gnashings of the tormented; the unpitiable, interminable, unmitigable tortures of those ever-dying, and yet never-dying souls. By all which, we shall justly affright ourselves into a deep sense of the dangerous and woeful condition, wherein we lie, in the state of nature and impenitence; and shall be driven, with a holy eagerness to seek for Christ, the Son of the Ever-living God, our Blessed Mediator; in and by whom only, we can look for the remission of all these our sins; a reconcilement with this most powerful, merciful, just God; and a deliverance of our souls from the hand of the nethermost hell.

[2.] It shall not now need or boot, to bid the soul, which is truly apprehensive of all these, to Sue Importunately to the Lord of Life, for a Freedom and Rescue from these infinite pains of eternal death, to which our sins have forfeited it; and for a present happy recovery of that favour, which is better than life. Have we heard, or can we imagine, some heinous malefactor, that hath received the sentence of death: and is now bound hand and foot, ready to be cast into a den of lions, or a burning furnace; with what strong cries and passionate obsecrations, he plies the judge for mercy? we may then conceive some little image of the vehement

suit and strong cries of a soul, truly sensible of the danger of God's wrath deserved by his sin, and the dreadful consequents of deserved imminent damnation: although, what proportion is there, betwixt a weak creature, and the Almighty? betwixt a moment, and eternity?

[3.] Hereupon, therefore, follows a Vehement Longing, uncapable of a denial, after Christ; and fervent aspirations to that Saviour, by whom only we receive a full and gracious deliverance from death and hell, and a full pardon and remission of all our sins: and, if this come not the sooner, strong knockings at the gates of heaven; even so loud, that the Father of Mercies cannot but hear and open. Never did any contrite soul beg of God, that was not prevented by his mercy: much more doth he condescend, when he is strongly entreated. Our very entreaties are from him: he puts into us those desires, which he graciously answers. Now, therefore, doth the devout soul see the God of all Comfort to bow the heavens, and come down with healing in his wings; and hear him speak peace unto the heart, thus thoroughly humbled: *Fear not: thou shalt not die, but live. Be of good cheer: thy sins are forgiven thee.* He, therefore, comes, in that divine grace of Faith, effectually apprehending Christ the Saviour, and his infinite satisfaction and merits; comfortably applying all the sweet promises of the Gospel; clinging close to that all-sufficient Redeemer; and, in his most perfect obedience, emboldening itself, to challenge a freedom of access to God, and confidence of appearance before the tribunal of heaven. And now the soul, clad with Christ's Righteousness, dares look God in the face; and can both challenge and triumph over all the powers of darkness: for, *Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord;* Rom. v. 1.

[4.] By how much deeper the sense of our misery and danger is, so much more Welcome and Joyful is the Apprehension of our deliverance; and so much more Thankful is our Acknowledgment, of that unspeakable Mercy. The soul therefore, that is truly sensible of this wonderful goodness of its God; as it feels a marvellous joy in itself, so it cannot but break forth into cheerful and holy, though secret, gratulations: *The Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and of great goodness: he keepeth not his anger for ever: he hath not dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me after my iniquities;* Ps. ciii. 8,—10. *What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord;* cxvi. 12, 13. *I will thank thee; for thou hast heard me, and hast not given me over to death; but art become my salvation;* cxviii. 18, 21. *Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his: praise thou the Lord, O my soul;* ciii. 22.

[5.] The more feelingly the soul apprehends, and the more thankfully it digests the favours of God in its pardon and deliverance, the more freely doth the God of Mercy impart himself to it; and the more God imparts himself to it, the more it loves him, and

the more heavenly acquaintance and entireness grows between God and it. And now, that love, which was but a spark at first, grows into a flame; and wholly takes up the soul. This fire of heavenly love in the devout soul, is and must be heightened more and more, by the addition of the Holy Incentives of Divine Thoughts, concerning the Means of our Freedom and Deliverance.

And here, offers itself to us that bottomless abyss of mercy in our redemption, wrought by the eternal Son of God, Jesus Christ the Just, by whose stripes we are healed; by whose blood we are ransomed: where none will befit us, but admiring and adoring notions.

We shall not disparage you, O ye Blessed Angels and Archangels of heaven, if we shall say, ye are not able to look into the bottom of this divine love, wherewith *God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.* None, oh none can comprehend this mercy, but he, that wrought it.

Lord! what a transcendent, what an infinite love is this! what an object was this, for thee to love! A world of sinners! Impotent, wretched creatures, that had despited thee; that had no motive for thy favour but deformity, misery, professed enmity! It had been mercy enough in thee, that thou didst not damn the world; but, that thou shouldest love it, is more than mercy. It was thy great goodness, to forbear the acts of just vengeance to the sinful world of man; but, to give unto it tokens of thy love, is a favour beyond all expression. The least gift from thee had been more than the world could hope for; but that thou shouldest not stick to give thine Only Begotten Son, the Son of thy Love, the Son of thine Essence, thy Co-equal, Co-eternal Son, who was more than ten thousand worlds, to redeem this one forlorn world of sinners, is love above all comprehension of men and angels. What diminution had it been to thee and thine essential glory, O thou great God of Heaven, that the souls that sinned should have died and perished everlastingly? yet, so infinite was thy loving mercy, that thou wouldest rather give thine Only Son out of thy bosom, than that there should not be a redemption for believers.

Yet, O God, hadst thou sent down thy Son to this lower region of earth upon such terms, as that he might have brought down heaven with him; that he might have come in the port and majesty of a God, clothed with celestial glory, to have dazzled our eyes, and to have drawn all hearts unto him; this might have seemed, in some measure, to have sorted with his divine magnificence: but thou wouldest have him to appear in the wretched condition of our humanity. Yet, even thus, hadst thou sent him into the world in the highest estate and pomp of royalty, that earth could afford; that all the kings and monarchs of the world should have been commanded to follow his train, and to glitter in his court; and that the knees of all the potentates of the earth should have bowed to his Sovereign Majesty, and their lips have kissed his dust; this might have carried some kind of appearance of a state next to divine great-

ness: but thou wouldest have him come in the despised form of a servant.

And thou, O Blessed Jesu, wast accordingly willing, for our sakes, to submit thyself to nakedness, hunger, thirst, weariness, temptation, contempt, betraying, agonies, scorn, buffetings, scourgings, distention, crucifixion, death: O love, above measure, without example, beyond admiration! *Greater love*, thou sayest, *hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends*; but, Oh, what is it then, that thou, who wert God and Man, shouldest lay down thy life, more precious than many worlds, for thine enemies!

Yet, had it been but the laying down of a life in a fair and gentle way, there might have been some mitigation of the sorrow of a dissolution. There is not more difference betwixt life and death, than there may be betwixt some one kind of death and another. Thine, O Dear Saviour, was the painful, shameful, cursed death of the Cross; wherein yet all that man could do unto thee was nothing to that inward torment, which, in our stead, thou enduredst from thy Father's wrath; when, in the bitterness of thine anguished soul, thou criedst out, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Even thus, thus wast thou content to be forsaken, that we wretched sinners might be received to mercy: O love, stronger than death, which thou vanquishedst! more high, than that hell is deep, from which thou hast rescued us!

[6.] The sense of this infinite love of God cannot choose but ravish the soul; and cause it to go out of itself, into that Saviour, who hath wrought so mercifully for it: so as it may be nothing in itself; but what it hath, or is, may be Christ's. By the sweet powers, therefore, of faith and love, the soul finds itself United unto Christ Feelingly, Effectually, Indivisibly: so as that it is not to be distinguished betwixt the acts of both. *To me to live is Christ*, saith the blessed Apostle; Phil. i. 21: and, elsewhere, *I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life, which now I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me*; Gal. ii. 20. *My beloved is mine, and I am his*; saith the Spouse of Christ, in her Bridal Song; Cant. ii. 16. O blessed union, next to the hypostatical; whereby the Human Nature of the Son of God is taken into the participation of the eternal Godhead!

[7.] Out of the sense of this happy union, ariseth an unspeakable Complacency and Delight of the Soul in that God and Saviour, who is thus inseparably ours, and by whose union we are blessed; and a high appreciation of him, above all the world; and a contemptuous under-valuation of all earthly things, in comparison of him.

And this is no other, than a heavenly reflection of that sweet contentment, which the God of Mercies takes in the faithful soul: *Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart, with one of thine eyes*; Cant. iv. 9. *Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah; comely, as Jerusalem. Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me*; vi. 4, 5. *How fair is thy love, my*

sister, my spouse! How much better is thy love, than wine; and the smell of thine ointments better, than all spices! iv. 10. And the soul answers him again, in the same language of spiritual dearness: *My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand;* v. 10. *Set me as a seal upon thy heart; as a seal upon thine arm: for love is as strong as death;* viii. 6. and, as in an ecstatical qualm of passionate affection; *Stay me with flaggons, and comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love;* ii. 5.

[8.] Upon this gracious complacency, will follow an Absolute Self-resignation; or giving up ourselves to the hands of that good God, whose we are, and who is ours: and an humble contentedness with his good pleasure in all things; looking upon God with the same face, whether he smile upon us in his favours, or chastise us with his loving corrections. If he speak good unto us; *Behold the servant of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word:* if evil; *It is the Lord; let him do whatsoever he will.* Here is therefore a cheerful acquiescence in God; and a hearty reliance, and casting ourselves upon the mercy of so bountiful a God; who, having given us his Son, can in and with him deny us nothing.

[9.] Upon this subacted disposition of heart, will follow a familiar, yet awful, compellation of God; and an Emptying of our Souls before him in all our Necessities. For that God, who is infinitely merciful, yet will not have his favours otherwise conveyed to us, than by our supplications. The style of his dear ones is, *His people, that prayeth;* and his own style is, *The God, that heareth prayers.* To him, therefore, doth the devout heart pour out all his requests, with all true humility, with all fervour of spirit; as knowing, that God will hear neither proud prayers, nor heartless.

Wherein his holy desires are regulated by a just method: first, suing for spiritual favours, as most worthy; then, for temporal, as the appendances of better; and, in both, aiming at the glory of our good God, more than our own advantage. And in the order of spiritual things, first and most for those, that are most necessary, and essential for our soul's health; than for secondary graces, that concern the prosperity and comfort of our spiritual life: absolutely, craving those graces, that accompany salvation; all others, conditionally, and with reference to the good pleasure of the Munificent Giver.

Wherein, heed must be taken, that our thoughts be not so much taken up with our expressions, as with our desires; and that we do not suffer ourselves to languish into an unfeeling length and repetition of our suits. Even the hands of a Moses may, in time, grow heavy: so, therefore, must we husband our spiritual strength, that our devotion may not flag with over-tiring; but may be most vigorous, at the last. And, as we must enter into our prayers, not without preparatory elevations; so must we be careful to take a meet leave of God, at their shutting up: following our supplications with the pause of a faithful and most lowly adoration; and, as it were, sending up our hearts into heaven, to see how our prayers are ta-

ken; and raising them to a joyful expectation of a gracious and successful answer, from the Father of Mercies.

[10.] Upon the comfortable feeling of a gracious condescent, follows a Happy Fruition of God in all his Favours: so as, we have not them, so much as God in them; which advanceth their worth a thousand fold, and, as it were, brings down heaven upon us. Whereas, therefore, the sensual man rests only in the mere use of any blessing, as health, peace, prosperity, knowledge, and reacheth no higher; the devout soul, in and through all these, sees and feels a God that sanctifies them to him, and enjoys therein his favour that is better than life. Even we men are wont, out of our good nature, to esteem a benefit, not so much for its own worth, as for the love and respect of the giver: small legacies, for this cause, find dear acceptation: how much more is it so, betwixt God and the devout soul! It is the sweet apprehension of this love, that makes all his gifts blessings. Do we not see some vain churl, though cried down by the multitude, herein secretly applauding himself, that he hath bags at home? how much more shall the godly man find comfort against all the crosses of the world, that he is possessed of Him, that possesseth all things, even God All-sufficient; the pledges of whose infinite love he feels, in all the whole course of God's dealing with him!

[11.] Out of the true sense of this inward fruition of God, the devout soul breaks forth into Cheerful Thanksgivings to the God of all Comfort; praising him, for every evil that it is free from, for every good thing that it enjoyeth: for, as it keeps a just inventory of all God's favours; so it often spreads them thankfully before him, and lays them forth, so near as it may, in the full dimensions; that so God may be no loser by him, in any act of his beneficence.

Here, therefore, every of God's benefits must come into account; whether eternal or temporal, spiritual or bodily, outward or inward, public or private, positive or private, past or present, upon ourselves or others: in all which, he shall humbly acknowledge both God's free mercy, and his own shameful unworthiness; setting off the favours of his good God the more, with the foil of his own confessed wretchedness, and unanswerableness to the least of his mercies.

Now, as there is infinite variety of blessings, from the liberal hand of the Almighty; so there is great difference in their degrees: for, whereas there are three subjects of all the good we are capable of; the estate, body, soul; and each of these does far surpass other in value, the soul being infinitely more worth than the body, and the body far more precious than the outward estate: so, the blessings, that appertain to them, in several, differ in their true estimation accordingly. If either we do not highly magnify God's mercy, for the least; or shall set as high a prize upon the blessings that concern our estate as those that pertain to the body, or upon bodily favours as upon those that belong to the soul; we shall shew ourselves very unworthy and unequal partakers of the divine bounty. But, it will savour too much of earth, if we be more affected with tempo-

ral blessings, than with spiritual and eternal. By how much nearer relation, then, any favour hath to the fountain of goodness; and, by how much more it conduceth to the glory of God, and ours in him; so much higher place should it possess, in our affection and gratitude.

No marvel therefore, if the Devout Heart be raised above itself, and transported with heavenly raptures, when, with Stephen's eyes, it beholds the Lord Jesus standing at the right-hand of God; fixing itself upon the consideration of the infinite Merits of his Life, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, Intercession; and finding itself swallowed up in the depth of that Divine Love, from whence all mercies flow into the soul: so as that it runs over with passionate thankfulness; and is therefore deeply affected with all other his mercies, because they are derived from that boundless ocean of divine goodness.

Unspeakable is the advantage, that the soul raises to itself, by this continual exercise of thanksgiving: for the grateful acknowledgment of favours, is the way to more. Even amongst men, whose hands are short and strait, this is the means to pull on further beneficence: how much more from the God of all Consolation, whose largest bounty diminisheth nothing of his store!

And, herein, the devout soul enters into its heavenly task; beginning upon earth those Hallelujahs, which it shall perfect above, in the blessed choir of saints and angels; ever praising God, and saying, *Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God, for ever and ever.* Amen.

SECT. 2.

Of our Reading and Hearing God's Word.

(1.) *In Reading, we must* [1.] *Come to God's Book with Holy Reverence* [2.] *Seriously Weigh and Carefully lay up every Clause.* [3.] *Shut up in the Ejaculations of our Thanksgiving.* (2.) *In Hearing,* [1.] *Before, we must prepare* (a.) *By Meditation:* (b.) *By Prayer.* [2.] *In the Act, Devotion calls us to* (a.) *Reverence:* (b.) *Attention:* (c.) *Application.* [3.] *After Hearing we must chew our food by Memory, concoct it by Meditation, and, disperse it by Conference and Practice.*

NONE of all the services of God can be acceptably, no not unsinfully performed, without due Devotion. As, therefore, in our prayers and thanksgivings, so in the other exercises of divine worship; especially, IN THE READING AND HEARING OF GOD'S WORD, and in our receipt of the Blessed Sacrament; it is so necessary, that, without it, we offer to God a mere carcass of religious duty; and profane that Sacred Name, we would pretend to honour.

(1.) In *Reading,* we must

[1.] First, come to God's Book, not without a Holy Reverence; as duly considering both what and whose it is; even no other, than

the Word of the Ever-living God, by which we shall once be judged. Great reason have we therefore, to make a difference, betwixt it and the writings of the holiest men; even no less, than betwixt the authors of both. God is true; yea, truth itself: and that, which David said in his haste, St. Paul says in full deliberation, *Every man is a liar;* Ps. cxvi. 11. Rom. iii. 4.

Before we put our hand to this Sacred Volume, it will be requisite to elevate our hearts to that God, whose it is; for both his leave and his blessing. *Open mine eyes,* saith the sweet singer of Israel, *that I may behold the wondrous things of thy Law;* Ps. cxix. 18. Lo, David's eyes were open before, to other objects; but, when he comes to God's Book, he can see nothing, without a new act of apertion: letters he might see, but wonders he could not see; till God did unclose his eyes, and enlighten them. It is not, therefore, for us presumptuously to break in upon God; and to think, by our natural abilities, to wrest open the precious caskets of the Almighty; and to fetch out all his hidden treasure thence, at pleasure: but we must come tremblingly before him; and, in all humility, crave his gracious admission.

I confess, I find some kind of envy in myself, when I read of those scrupulous observances of high respects given by the Jews to the book of God's Law; and when I read of a Romish Saint *, that never read the Scripture but upon his knees; and compare it with the careless neglect, whereof I can accuse myself, and perhaps some others. Not that we should rest in the formality of outward ceremonies of reverence; wherein it were more easy to be superstitious, than devout: but, that our outward deportment may testify and answer the awful disposition of our hearts.

Whereto we shall not need to be excited, if we be thoroughly persuaded of the divine original and authority of that Sacred Word. It was motive enough to the Ephesians, zealously to plead for and religiously to adore the image of their Diana, that it was *the image, that fell down from Jupiter;* Acts xix. 35. Believe we and know, that the Scripture is inspired by God; and we can entertain it, with no other, than an awful address: and we cannot be Christians, if we do not so believe.

[2.] Every clause therefore of that God-inspired Volume, must be, as reverently received by us, so Seriously Weighed and Carefully Laid Up; as knowing, that there is no title there, without his use. What we read, we must labour to understand: what we cannot understand, we must admire silently, and modestly enquire of. There are plain truths; and there are deep mysteries. The bounty of God hath left this well of living-water open for all: what runs over is for all comers; but every one hath not, wherewith to draw. There is no Christian, that may not enjoy God's Book; but every Christian may not interpret it. Those shallow fords, that are in it, may be waded by every passenger; but there are deeps.

* Carolus Borromæus.

wherein he, that cannot swim, may drown. *How can I, without a guide?* said that Ethiopian Eunuch. Wherefore serves the tongue of the learned, but to direct the ignorant? Their modesty is of no less use, than the others' skill. It is a woeful condition of a Church when no man will be ignorant.

What service can our eyes do us in the ways of God, without our thoughts? Our diligent and frequent reading, therefore, must be attended with our holy meditation. We feed on what we read; but we digest only what we meditate of. What is in our Bible, is God's; but that, which is in our hearts, is our own. By all which, our care must be, not so much to become wiser, as to become better; labouring still, to reduce all things to godly practice.

[3.] Finally, as we enter into this task with the lifting up of our hearts for a blessing, so we shut it up in the Ejaculations of our Thanksgiving to that God, who hath blessed us with the free use of his Word.

(2.) Our eye is our best guide to God, our Creator: but our *Ear* is it, that leads us to God, our Redeemer. *How shall they believe, except they hear?* Which that we may effectually do, our Devotion suggests unto us some duties, before the act; some, in the act; some, after the act.

[1.] It is the Apostle's charge, That we should be *swift to hear*; but, heed must be taken, that we make not more haste than good speed. We may not be so forward, as not to look to our foot, when we go to the house of God; lest, if we be too ready to hear, we offer the sacrifice of fools; Eccl. v. 1. What are the feet of the soul, but our affections? If these be not set right, we may easily stumble, and wrench at God's threshold. Rash actions can never hope to prosper. As, therefore, to every great work, so to this, there is a due Preparation required: and this must be done, by Meditation first, then by Prayer.

(1.) Our Meditation, first, sequesters the heart from the world; and shakes off those distractive thoughts, which may carry us away from these better things. For what room is there for God, where the world hath taken up the lodging? *We cannot serve God and Mammon.* Then, secondly, it seizes upon the heart for God; fixing our thoughts upon the great business we go about: recalling the greatness of that Majesty, into whose presence we enter; and the main importance of the service, we are undertaking. and examining our intentions, wherewith we address ourselves to the work intended: "I am now going to God's house: wherefore do I go thither? Is it to see, or to be seen? Is it to satisfy my own curiosity, in hearing what the preacher will say? Is it to satisfy the law, that requires my presence? Is it to please others' eyes, or to avoid their censures? Is it for fashion? Is it for recreation? Or, is it with a sincere desire to do my soul good, in gaining more knowledge, in quickening my affections? Is it in a desire to approve myself to my God, in the conscience of my humble obedience to his command, and my holy attendance upon his ordi-

nance?" And, where we find our ends amiss, chiding and rectifying our obliquities; where just and right, prosecuting them towards a further perfection.

(b.) Which that it may be done, our meditation must be seconded by our Prayers. It is an unholy rudeness, to press into the presence of that God, whom we have not invoked. Our prayer must be, That God would yet more prepare us for the work, and sanctify us to it, and bless us in it; that he would remove our sins; that he would send down his Spirit into our hearts, which may enable us to this great service; that he would bless the preacher, in the delivery of his sacred message; that he would be pleased to direct his messenger's tongue, to the meeting with our necessities; that he would free our hearts from all prejudices and distractions; that he would keep off all temptations, which might hinder the good entertainment and success of his blessed Word; finally, that he would make us truly teachable, and his ordinance the power of God to our salvation.

[2.] In the Act of hearing, Devotion calls us to Reverence, Attention, Application.

(a.) Reverence to that great God, who speaks to us by the mouth of a weak man: for, in what is spoken from God's chair, agreeable to the Scriptures, the sound is man's, the substance of the message is God's. Even an Eglon, when he hears of a message from God, riseth out of his seat; Judges iii. 20. It was not St. Paul's condition only, but of all his faithful servants, to whom he hath committed the word of reconciliation: they *are ambassadors for Christ; as if God did beseech* us *by* them, they *pray* us, *in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God*; 2 Cor. v. 20. The embassy is not the hearer's, but the king's; and, if we do not acknowledge the great King of Heaven in the voice of the Gospel, we cannot but incur a contempt. When, therefore, we see God's messenger in his pulpit, our eye looks at him, as if it said with Cornelius, *We are all here present before God, to hear all things, that are commanded thee of God*; Acts x. 33. Whence cannot but follow, together with an awful disposition of mind, a reverent deportment of the body: which admits not a wild and roving eye, a drowsy head, a chatting tongue, a rude and indecent posture; but composes itself to such a site, as may best befit a pious soul, in so religious an employment. Neither do we come as authorized judges, to sit upon the preacher; but as humble disciples, to sit at his feet.

(b.) Reverence cannot but draw on Attention. We need not be bidden, to hang on the lips of him, whom we honour. It is the charge of the Spirit, *Let him, that hath an ear, hear*: every one hath not an ear; and, of those, that have an ear, every one heareth not. The soul hath an ear, as well as the body: if both these ears do not meet together in one act, there is no hearing. Common experience tells us, that when the mind is otherwise taken up, we do no more hear what a man says, than if we had been deaf, or he silent. Hence is that first request of Abigail to David; *Let thy*

handmaid speak to thine ears; and hear the words of thy handmaid; 1 Sam. xxv. 24: and Job so importunately urgeth his friends, *Hear diligently my speech and my declaration with your ears;* Job xiii. 17. The outward ear may be open, and the inward shut: if way be not made through both, we are deaf to spiritual things. *Mine ear hast thou bored,* or *digged,* saith the Psalmist: the Vulgate reads it, *Mine ears hast thou perfected;* Ps. xl. 6. Surely, our ears are grown up with flesh: there is no passage, for a perfect hearing of the voice of God, till he have made it by a spiritual perforation.

And, now that the ear is made capable of good counsel, it doth as gladly receive it; taking in every good lesson, and longing for the next: like unto the dry and chopped earth, which soaks in every silver drop that falls from the clouds, and thirsteth for more; not suffering any of that precious liquor to fall beside it.

(c.) Neither doth the devout man care to satisfy his curiosity; as hearing, only that he might hear: but reducts all things to a saving use; bringing all he hears home to his heart, by a self-reflecting Application; like a practicer of the Art of Memory, referring every thing, to its proper place. If it be matter of Comfort: "There is for my sick-bed: there is for my outward losses: there, for my drooping under afflictions: there, for the sense of my spiritual desertions." If matter of Doctrine: "There is for my settlement in such a truth: there, for the conviction of such an error: there, for my direction in such a practice." If matter of Reproof, he doth not point at his neighbour, but deeply chargeth himself: "This meets with my dead-heartedness and security: this, with my worldly-mindedness: this, with my self-love, and flattery of mine own estate: this, with my uncharitable censoriousness: this, with my foolish pride of heart: this, with my hypocrisy: this, with my neglect of God's services, and my duty." Thus, in all the variety of the holy passages of the sermon, the devout mind is taken up with digesting what it hears; and working itself to a secret improvement of all the good counsel, that is delivered: neither is ever more busy, than when it sits still at the feet of Christ.

I cannot therefore approve the practice, which yet I see commonly received, of those, who think it no small argument of their Devotion, to spend their time of hearing in writing large notes from the mouth of the preacher: which, however it may be a help for memory in the future, yet cannot, as I conceive, but be some prejudice to our present edification; neither can the brain get so much hereby, as the heart loseth. If it be said, that, by this means, an opportunity is given for a full rumination of wholesome doctrines afterwards: I yield it; but, withal, I must say, that our after-thoughts can never do the work so effectually, as when the lively voice sounds in our ears, and beats upon our heart: but, herein, I submit my opinion to better judgments.

[3.] The food, that is received into the soul by the ear, is afterwards chewed in the mouth thereof by Memory, concocted in the

stomach by Meditation, and dispersed into the parts by Conference and Practice.

True Devotion finds the greatest part of the work behind. It was a just answer, that John Gerson * reports, given by a Frenchman; who, being asked by one of his neighbours if the sermon were done: "No," saith he; "it is said, but it is not done; neither will be, I fear, in haste." What are we the better, if we hear, and remember not? If we be such auditors, as the Jews were wont to call sieves; that retain no moisture, that is poured into them? What the better, if we remember, but think not seriously of what we hear: or if we practise not carefully, what we think of? Not that, which we hear, is our own; but that, which we carry away.

Although all memories are not alike: one receives more easily; another retains longer. It is not for every one to hope to attain to that ability, that he can go away with the whole fabric of a sermon, and readily recount it unto others: neither doth God require that of any man, which he hath not given him. Our desires and endeavours may not be wanting, where our powers fail. It will be enough for weak memories, if they can so lay up those wholesome counsels, which they receive, as that they may fetch them forth, when they have occasion to use them; and that what they want in the extent of memory, they supply in the care of their practice.

Indeed, that is it, wherein lies the life of all religious duties; and, without which, they are but idle formalities. That, which the Philosopher said of all virtue, I must say of true godliness, That it consists in action. Our Saviour did not say, *Blessed are ye, if you know these things*; but, *If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them.* The end of our desire of the sincere milk of the Gospel, is, that we may *grow thereby* in the stature of all grace, unto the *fulness of God*; 1 Pet. ii. 2. Eph. iii. 19.

SECT. 3.

In our Receipt of the Blessed Sacraments, are required, (1.) *The Graces of* [1.] *Faith.* [2.] *Charity.* (2.) *Holy Predispositions:* [1.] *Hungering and Thirsting after the Means of Salvation.* [2.] *A Renewed Act of True Thankfulness.* (3.) *Hearty Resolves and Desires to Walk Worthy of the Lord Jesus.* (4.) *A Digestion of this Celestial Food by Holy Meditation.*

THE highest of all God's services are his Sacraments; which therefore require the most eminent acts of our Devotion.

The Sacrament of Initiation, which, in the first planting of a

* Serm ad Eccles. Cautelam.

Church, is administered only to those of riper age and understanding, calls for all possible reverence, and religious addresses of the receivers; wherein the primitive times were punctually observant, both for substance and ceremony: now, in a settled and perpetuated Church, in which the virtue of the covenant descends from the parent to the child, there seems to be no use of our preparatory directions: only, it is fit, that our Devotion should call our eyes back, to what we have done in our infancy, and whereto we are ever obliged; that our full age may carefully endeavour to make our word good, and may put us in mind of our sinful failings.

That other Sacrament of our Spiritual Nourishment, which our Saviour, as his farewell, left us for a blessed memorial of his death and passion, can never be celebrated with enough Devotion.

Far be it from us, to come to this feast of our God, in our common garments: the soul must be trimmed up, if we would be meet guests for the Almighty. The great Master of the Feast will neither abide us to come naked, nor ill clad. Away, therefore, first, with the old beastly rags of our wonted corruptions. Due examination comes in first; and thoroughly searches the soul; and finds out all the secret nastiness and defilements, that it hides within it; and, by the aid of true penitence, strips it of all those loathsome clouts, wherewith it was polluted. Sin may not be clothed upon with grace. Joshua's filthy garments must be plucked off, ere he can be capable of precious robes; Zech. iii. 4. Here may be no place for our sinful lusts, for our covetous desires, for our natural infidelity, for our malicious purposes, for any of our unhallowed thoughts.

The soul, clearly divested of these and all other known corruptions, must, in the next place, instead thereof, be furnished with such graces and holy pre-dispositions, as may fit it for so heavenly a work.

(1.) Amongst the *Graces requisite*,

[1.] Faith justly challengeth the first place; as that, which is both most eminent, and necessarily presupposed to the profitable receipt of this Sacrament: for, whereas the main end of this blessed banquet is the strengthening of our faith, how should that receive strength, which hath not being? To deliver these sacred viands to an unbeliever, is to put meat into the mouth of a dead man. Now, therefore, must the heart raise up itself to new acts of believing; and must lay faster hold on Christ, and bring him closer to the soul: more strongly applying to itself, the infinite merits of his most perfect obedience, and of his bitter death and passion; and erecting itself to a desire and expectation, of a more vigorous and lively apprehension of its Omnipotent Redeemer. Neither can this faith be either dead or solitary: but is still really operative; and attended, as with other graces, so especially with a serious repentance; whose wonderful power is, to undo our former

sins, and to mould the heart and life to a better obedience: a grace so necessary, that the want of it, as in extreme corruption of the stomach, turns the wholesome food of the soul into poison. An impenitent man therefore, coming to God's Board, is so far from benefiting himself, as that he eats his own judgment. Stand off from this Holy Table, all ye, that have not made your peace with your God, or that harbour any known sin in your bosom: not to eat, is uncomfortable; but, to eat in such a state, is deadly: yet, rest not in this plea, that ye cannot come because ye are unreconciled; but, as ye love your souls, be reconciled that you may come.

[2.] Another grace necessarily pre-required, is Charity to our brethren, and readiness to forgive: for this is a communion; as with Christ the head, so with all the members of his mystical body. This is the true love-feast of God our Saviour; wherein we profess ourselves inseparably united, both to him and his. If there be more hearts than one at God's Table, he will not own them. These holy elements give us an emblem of ourselves: this bread is made up of many grains, incorporated into one mass; and this wine is the confluent juice of many clusters: neither do we partake of several loaves, or variety of liquors; but all eat of one bread, and drink of one cup. Here is then no place for rancour and malice; none, for secret grudgings and heart-burnings: *Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift, and go thy way: first, be reconciled to thy brother; and then, come and offer thy gift*; Matt. v. 23, 24. Neither may we do, as those two emulous commanders of Greece did; who resolved to leave their spite behind them at Mount Athos, and to take it up again in their return: here must be an absolute and free acquitting of all the back-reckonings of our unkindness, that we may receive the God of Peace into a clear bosom.

(2.) Besides these Graces, there are certain *Holy Predispositions*; so necessary, that, without them, our souls can never hope to receive true comfort in this blessed Sacrament.

[1.] Whereof the first is a Hungering and Thirsting Desire after these Gracious Means of our Salvation. What good will our meat do us, without an appetite? Surely, without it, there is no expectation of either relish or digestion. As, therefore, those, that are invited to some great feast, care first to feed their hunger, ere they feed their body, labouring by exercise to get a stomach, ere they employ it; so it concerns us to do here: and, as those, that are listless and weak stomached, are wont to whet their appetite with sharp sauces; so must we, by the tart applications of the Law, quicken our desires of our Saviour here exhibited. Could we but see our sins, and our miseries by sin; could we see God frowning, and hell gaping wide to swallow us; we should not need to be bidden to long for our Deliverer: and every pledge of his favour would be precious to us.

[2.] Upon the apprehension of our need of a Saviour, and so happy a supply thereof presented unto us, must needs follow a Renewed Act of True Thankfulness of Heart to our good God; that hath both given us his Dear Son to work our redemption, and his Blessed Sacrament to seal up unto us our redemption, thus wrought and purchased.

And, with souls thus thankfully elevated unto God, we approach, with all reverence, to that heavenly Table, where God is both the feast-master and the feast. What intention of holy thoughts, what fervour of spirit, what depth of devotion, must we now find in ourselves! Doubtless, out of heaven no object can be so worthy to take up our hearts.

What a clear representation is here, of the great work of our redemption! How is my Saviour, by all my senses, here brought home to my soul! How is his passion lively acted before mine eyes! for lo, my bodily eye doth not more truly see bread and wine, than the eye of my faith sees the body and blood of my Dear Redeemer: thus, was his sacred body torn and broken: thus, was his precious blood poured out for me. My sins, wretched man that I am! helped thus to crucify my Saviour; and, for the discharge of my sins, would he be thus crucified.

Neither did he only give himself for me, upon the Cross; but lo, he both offers and gives himself to me, in this his blessed Institution.

What had this general gift been, without this application? Now, my hand doth not more sensibly take, nor my mouth more really eat this bread, than my soul doth spiritually receive and feed on the bread of life. O Saviour, thou art the living bread, that came down from heaven. Thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed. Oh, that I may so eat of this bread, that I may live for ever! He, that cometh to thee, shall never hunger: he, that believeth in thee, shall never thirst. Oh, that I could now so hunger and so thirst for thee, that my soul could be for ever satisfied with thee! Thy people, of old, were fed with manna in the wilderness; yet they died: that food of angels could not keep them from perishing: but oh, for the Hidden Manna, which giveth life to the world, even thy Blessed Self! Give me ever of this bread, and my soul shall not die, but live.

Oh, the precious juice of the fruit of the vine, wherewith thou refreshest my soul! Is this the blood of the grape? Is it not rather thy blood of the New Testament, that is poured out for me? Thou speakest, O Saviour, of new wine, that thou wouldest drink with thy disciples, in thy Father's kingdom: can there be any more precious and pleasant, than this, wherewith thou cheerest the believing soul? Our palate is now dull and earthly, which shall then be exquisite and celestial: but, surely, no liquor can be of equal price or sovereignty with thy blood. Oh, how unsavoury are all earthly delicacies, to this heavenly draught! O God, let not the sweet taste of this spiritual nectar ever go out of the mouth of

my soul. Let the comfortable warmth of this blessed cordial ever work upon my soul; even till, and in, the last moment of my dissolution.

Dost thou bid me, O Saviour, do this in remembrance of thee? oh, how can I forget thee? how can I enough celebrate thee, for this thy unspeakable mercy? Can I see thee thus crucified before my eyes, and for my sake thus crucified, and not remember thee? Can I find my sins accessary to this thy death, and thy death meritoriously expiating all these my grievous sins, and not remember thee? Can I hear thee freely offering thyself to me, and feel thee graciously conveying thyself into my soul, and not remember thee? I do remember thee, O Saviour: but oh that I could yet more effectually remember thee; with all the passionate affections of a soul sick of thy love; with all zealous desires to glorify thee; with all fervent longings after thee and thy salvation! I remember thee, in thy sufferings; oh, do thou remember me, in thy glory.

(3.) Having thus busied itself with holy thoughts in the time of the celebration, the devout soul breaks not off in an abrupt unmannerliness, without taking leave of the great Master of this Heavenly Feast; but, with a secret adoration, humbly blesseth God for so great a mercy, and *heartily resolves and desires to walk worthy of the Lord Jesus*, whom it hath received; and to consecrate itself wholly to the service of him, that hath so dearly bought it, and hath given it these pledges of its eternal union with him.

(4.) The devout soul hath thus supped in heaven; and returns home: yet the work is not thus done: after the elements are out of eye and use, there remains *a digestion of this celestial food, by holy meditation.*

And now it thinks, Oh, what a blessing have I received to day! no less than my Lord Jesus, with all his merits; and, in and with him, the assurance of the remission of all sins, and everlasting salvation. How happy am I, if I be not wanting to God and myself! How unworthy shall I be, if I do not strive to answer this love of my God and Saviour, in all hearty affection, and in all holy obedience!

And now, after this heavenly repast, how do I feel myself? What strength, what advantage hath my faith gotten? How much am I nearer to heaven, than before? How much faster hold have I taken of my Blessed Redeemer? How much more firm and sensible is my interest in him?

Neither are these thoughts and this examination the work of the next instant only; but they are such, as must dwell upon the heart, and must often solicit our memory, and excite our practice; that, by this means, we may frequently renew the efficacy of this Blessed Sacrament; and our souls may batten more and more, with this spiritual nourishment, and may be fed up to eternal life

SECT. 4.

Specialties of Devotion.

THESE are the generalities of our Devotion, which are of common use to all Christians. There are, besides these, certain specialties of it, appliable to several occasions, times, places, persons: for there are morning and evening Devotions: Devotions proper to our board, to our closet, to our bed; to God's day, to our own; to health, to sickness; to several callings, to recreations; to the way, to the field; to the church, to our home; to the student, to the soldier; to the magistrate, to the minister; to the husband, wife, child, servant; to our own persons, to our families: the severalties whereof, as they are scarce finite for number, so are most fit to be left to the judgment and holy managing of every Christian: neither is it to be imagined, that any soul, which is taught of God and hath any acquaintance with heaven, can be to seek in the particular application of common rules to his own necessity or expedience.

SECT. 5.

Recapitulation.

THE Result of all is,

A devout man is he, that ever sees the invisible; and ever trembleth before that God he sees: that walks ever, here on earth, with the God of Heaven; and still adores that Majesty, with whom he converses: that confers hourly with the God of Spirits, in his own language; yet so, as no familiarity can abate of his awe, nor fear abate ought of his love: to whom the gates of heaven are ever open, that he may go in at pleasure to the Throne of Grace; and none of the angelical spirits can offer to challenge him, of too much boldness: whose eyes are well acquainted with those heavenly guardians; the presence of whom he doth as truly acknowledge, as if they were his sensible companions. He is well known of the King of Glory, for a daily suitor in the court of heaven; and none so welcome there, as he. He accounts all his time lost, that falls beside his God; and can be no more weary of good thoughts, than of happiness.

His bosom is no harbour for any known evil; and it is a question, whether he more abhors sin, or hell. His care is, to entertain God in a clear and free heart; and, therefore, he thrusts the world out of doors, and humbly beseeches God to welcome himself to his own. He is truly dejected and vile, in his own eyes: nothing, but hell, is lower than he: every of his slips are heinous; every trespass is aggravated to rebellion. The glory and favours of God

heighten his humiliation. He hath looked down to the bottomless deep; and seen, with horror, what he deserved to feel everlastingly. His cries have been as strong as his fears just; and he hath found mercy more ready to rescue him, than he could be importunate. His hand could not be so soon put forth, as his Saviour's, for deliverance.

The sense of this mercy hath raised him to an unspeakable joy; to a most fervent love of so dear a Redeemer. That love hath knit his heart to so meritorious a Deliverer, and wrought a blessed union betwixt God and his soul. That union can no more be severed from an infinite delight, than that delight can be severed from an humble and cheerful acquiescence in his manifest God. And now, as in a heavenly freedom, he pours out his soul into the bosom of the Almighty, in all faithful suits for himself and others: so, he enjoys God, in the blessings received; and returns all zealous praises, to the Giver.

He comes reverently to the Oracles of God; and brings not his eye, but his heart with him: not carelessly negligent, in seeking to know the revealed will of his Maker, nor too busily inquisitive into his deep counsels; not too remiss in the letter, nor too peremptory in the sense: gladly comprehending what he may, and admiring what he cannot comprehend.

Doth God call for his ear? he goes awfully into the holy presence; and so hears, as if he should now hear his last: catching every word, that drops from the preacher's lips, ere it fall to the ground; and laying it up carefully, where he may be sure to fetch it. He sits not to censure; but, to learn: yet speculation, and knowledge, is the least drift of his labour. Nothing is his own, but what he practises.

Is he invited to God's feast? he hates to come in a foul and slovenly dress; but trims up his soul, so, as may be fit for a heavenly guest. Neither doth he leave his stomach at home, cloyed with the world; but brings a sharp appetite with him: and so feeds, as if he meant to live for ever: all earthly delicacies are unsavoury to him, in respect of that celestial manna. Shortly, he so eats and drinks, as one, that sees himself set at table with God and his angels; and rises and departs, full of his Saviour; and, in the strength of that meal, walks vigorously and cheerfully on, towards his glory.

Finally, as he well knows, that he lives, and moves, and hath his being in God; so he refers his life, motions, and being wholly to God: so acting all things, as if God did them by him; so using all things, as one, that enjoys God in them; and, in the mean time, so walking on earth, that he doth in a sort carry his heaven with him.

THE

FREE PRISONER:

OR,

THE COMFORT OF RESTRAINT.

WRITTEN SOME WHILE SINCE IN THE TOWER.

BY JOSEPH, BISHOP OF NORWICH.

SECT. I.

SIR:

WHILE you pity my affliction, take heed lest you aggravate it; and, in your thoughts, make it greater, than it is in my own. It is true, I am under restraint. What is that to a man, that can be free in the Tower, and cannot but be a prisoner abroad? Such is my condition, and every divine philosopher's with me. Were my walks much straiter than they are, they cannot hold me in.

It is a bold word to say, "I cannot, I will not be a Prisoner." It is my Soul, that is I. My flesh is my partner, (if not my servant) not myself. However my body may be immured, that agile spirit shall fly abroad; and visit both earth and heaven, at pleasure.

Who shall hinder it from mounting up, in an instant, to that supreme region of bliss; and from seeing that, by the eye of faith, which St. Paul saw in ecstasy; and, when it hath viewed that blessed hierarchy of heaven, to glance down through the innumerable and unmeasurable globes of light, which move in the firmament and below it, into this elementary world; and there to compass seas and lands, without shipwreck, in a trice, which a Drake or Cavendish cannot do but with danger, and in some years' navigation? And, if my thoughts list to stay themselves in the passage, with what variety can my soul be taken up of several objects! here, turning in to the dark vaults and dungeons of penal restraint, to visit the disconsolate prisoners, and to fetch, from their greater misery, a just mitigation of mine own; there, looking into the houses of vain jollity, and pitying that, which the sensual fools call

happiness: here, stepping into the courts of great princes, and in them observing the fawning compliances of some, the treacherous under-working of others, hollow friendships, faithless engagements, fair faces, smooth tongues, rich suits, viewing all save their hearts, and censuring nothing that it sees not; there, calling in at the low cottages of the poor, and, out of their empty cupboard, furnishing itself with thankfulness: here, so over-looking the courts of justice, as not willing to see rigour or partiality; there, listening what they say in those meetings which would pass for sacred, and wondering at what it hears. Thus can, and shall, and doth my nimble spirit bestir itself in a restless flight; making only the empyreal heaven the bounds of its motion: not being more able to stand still, than the heavens themselves, whence it descended. Should the iron enter into my soul, as it did into that good Patriarch's, yet it cannot fetter me. No more can my spirit be confined to one place, than my body can be diffused to many.

Perhaps, therefore, you are mistaken in my condition: for what is it, I beseech you, that makes a prisoner? Is it an allotment to the same room, without change, without remove? What is that still to a mind, that is free?

And why is my body then more a prisoner, than the best man's soul? That, you know, is peremptorily assigned for a habitation to this house of clay, till the day of dissolution. Why more than the stars of heaven, which have remained fixed in their first stations, ever since they were first created? Why more than those great persons, which keep up, for state; or dames, for beauty? Why more than those anchorites, whom we have seen willingly cooped up, for merit? How much more scope have we, than they! We breathe fresh air; we see the same heavens, with the freest travellers.

SECT. II.

But we have, you will say, *Bounds, for our restraint,* which the free spirit hates; as never being pleased, but with a full liberty both of prospect and passage: any bar, whether to the foot or to the eye, is a death. O vain affectation of wild and roving curiosity! If their desires cannot be bounded; yet their motions must. When they have the full sight of heaven above them, they cannot climb up into it; they cannot possibly see that whole glorious contignation: and, when the whole earth lies open before them, they can measure but some small pieces of it. How can they be quiet, till they have purchased Tycho Brahe's prospective trunk, of thirty-two foot long; whereby they may discover a better face of heaven; some lesser planets moving round about the sun, and the moonets about Saturn and Jupiter; and the mountains, seas, and vallies in the moon? How can they rest, till, having acquainted themselves with the constellations of our hemisphere, they have passed the equinoctial; and seen the Triangle, the Cross, and the Clouds, and the rest of the unknown stars, that move above the other pole?

And, when all this is done, they are but who they were; no whit better, no whit wiser; and, perhaps, far less happy, than those, who never smelt any but their own smoke; never knew any star, but Charles's-wain, the Morning-star, and the Seven.

For me, I do not envy, but wonder at the licentious freedom, which these men think themselves happy to enjoy; and hold it a weakness in those minds, which cannot find more advantage and pleasure in confinement and retiredness. Is it a small benefit, that I am placed there, where no oaths, no blasphemies beat my ears? where my eyes are in no peril of wounding objects? where I hear no invectives, no false doctrines, no sermocinations of iron-mongers, felt-makers, cobblers, broom-men, grooms, or any other of those inspired ignorants; no curses, no ribaldries? where I see no drunken comessations, no rebellious routs, no violent oppressions, no obscene rejoicings, nor ought else, that might either vex or affright my soul? This, this is my liberty; who, while I sit here quietly locked up by my keeper, can pity the turmoils and distempers abroad; and bless my own immunity, from those too common evils.

1. Is it the *Necessity and Force of the Restraint;* since those things, which we do voluntarily, are wont to pass from us with delight, which, being imposed, seem grievous to us? Why should not I have so much power over my will, as to make that voluntary in me to undergo, which another wills forcibly to inflict? The mind, that is truly subacted to grace, can so frame itself to what it must suffer, as that it finds a kind of contentment in patience. Thus we daily do to the Almighty; whose will, by our humble submission, we make ours; and pray that we may do so. And who can restrain us, without him? If, therefore, my wise and holy God think it best to cage me up, by the command of authority, upon what cause soever, why should not I think this inclosure a better liberty; who know there is perfect freedom in his obedience? So then, if constraint make a prisoner, I am none; who am most willingly, where my God will have me. And, if my will did not often carry me out of my own walls at home, why cannot it as well confine me to a larger compass of the Tower?

2. Is it *Solitude and Infrequence of Visitation?* This may, perhaps, be troublesome to a man, that knows not to entertain himself; but, to him, that can hold continual discourse with his own heart, no favour can be greater: for, of all other, these self-conferences are most beneficial to the soul. Other men's communication may spend the time with more advantage of learning or mirth; but none can yield us so much spiritual profit, as our own soliloquies. And, when all is done, the Greeks said well, "It is not much, but useful, that makes truly wise *." Besides this, we can never have the opportunity of so good company, as when we are alone: now we enjoy the society of God and his Angels, which we cannot so freely do in a throng of visitants. When God would express his

* Ὁ χρήσιμ', οὐκ ἐ πόλλ' εἰδως σοφὸς.

greatest entireness with his Church, *Ducam eam in solitudinem*, saith he; *I will bring her into the wilderness, and there speak comfortably to her*; Hos. ii. 14. We cannot expect so sweet conversation with God, in the presence of others, as apart. Oh, the divine benefit of a holy solitariness, which no worldly heart can either know or value! What care I, for seeing of men; when I may see him, that is invisible? What care I, for chatting with friends; when I may talk familiarly with the God of Heaven? What care I, for entertaining mortal guests; when I may, with Abraham and his nephew Lot, feast the angels of God; and, which were too great a word if God himself had not spoken it, be attended by them?

3. Is it the *Reproach and Ignominy*, that commonly attend the very name of an Imprisonment? Weak minds may be affected with every thing: but, with solid judgments, it is not the punishment, but the cause, that makes either the martyr or the malefactor. St. Paul's bonds were famous; and *Petrus ad vincula* is not without a note of yearly celebrity: and it were hard, if so many blessed martyrs and confessors, who have lived and died in gaols for the truth's sake, should not have brought prisons, such as they may be, into some credit. Shortly, as notorious crimes may be at liberty, so even innocence may be under restraint; yet those crimes no whit the better, nor this innocence the worse.

SECT. III.

Besides, that which perhaps came not within your freer thoughts, *every restraint is not for punishment*. There is a restraint for safety; a *salva custodia*, as well as *arcta*. Such is this of ours. This strong Tower serves, not so much for our prison, as for our defence; what horror soever the name may carry in it. I bless God for these walls: out of which, I know not where we could, for the time, have been safe from the rage of the mis-incensed multitude. Poor seduced souls! they were taught it was piety to be cruel: and were mispersuaded to hate and condemn us for that, which should have procured their reverence and honour, even that holy station which we hold in God's Church; and to curse those of us, who had deserved nothing but their thanks and prayers: railing on our very profession, in the streets; and rejoicing, in our supposed ruin. *Father, forgive them; for they knew not what they did.* Here, we were out of the danger of this mis-raised fury; and had leisure to pray for the quenching of those wild fires of contention and causeless malice, which, to our great grief, we saw wicked incendiaries daily to cast amongst God's dear and well-minded people. Here, we have well and happily approved, with the blessed Apostle, that, whatever our restraint be, *the word of God is not bound.* With what liberty, with what zeal, with what

success hath that been preached by us to all comers! Let them say, whether the Tower had ever so many, such guests, or such benedictions: so as, if the place have rendered us safe, we have endeavoured to make it happy. Wherein our performances have seemed to confute that, which Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, long since observed, that the mind laden with heavy burdens of affliction, is not able to do that service, which it can do when it is free and at ease *. Our troubles, through God's mercy, made us more active, and our labours more effectual.

Add unto these, if you please, the *eminent dignity of the place*, such as is able to give a kind of honour to captivity: the ancient seat of kings; chosen by them, as for the safe residence of their royal persons, so for their treasury; their wardrobe; their magazine. All these precious things are under the same custody with ourselves; sent hither, not as to prison, but a repository: and why should we think ourselves in any other condition? How many worthy inhabitants make choice, to fix their abode within these walls; as not knowing where to be happier! The place is the same to us, if our will may be the same with theirs: they dearly purchase that, which cost us nothing, but our fees: nothing makes the difference, but the mere conceit of liberty; which, while I can give to myself in my thoughts, why am I pitied as miserable, while their happiness is applauded?

SECT. IV.

You see then, how free I am, in that, which you miscall my prison. See now, how little cause I have to affect this liberty, which you imagine me to want; since I shall be, I can be no other, than a Prisoner abroad.

There is much difference of prisons. One is strait and close-locked; so far from admitting visitants, that it scarce allows the sun to look in at those cross-barred grates. Another is more large and spacious; yielding both walks and access. Even after my discharge from these walls, I shall be yet sure to be a prisoner, both these ways: for, what is my Body, but my prison in the one, and what is the World, but my prison, in the other kind?

1. To begin with the former: *never was there a more close prisoner, than my Soul is for the time to my Body*: close, in respect of the essence of that spirit, which, since its first *mittimus*, never stirred out from this strait room; never can do, till my gaol-delivery.

If you respect the improvement of the operations of that busy soul, it is any where; it is, successively, every where: no place

* *Non enim potest mens attrita et oneribus et importunitatibus gravata, tantum boni peragere, quantum delectata et oppressionibus soluta.* Cornel. Ep. 2. Rufo, Co-episcopo.

can hold it; none can limit it. But, if you regard the immortal and immaterial substance of it, it is fast locked up within these walls of clay, till the day of my changing come.

Even as the closest captive may write letters to his remotest friends, whilst his person is in durance; I have too much reason to acknowledge my native gaol, and feel the true symptoms of it to my pain. What darkness of sorrow, have I here found! what little ease of melancholic lodgings! what manacles and shackles of cramps! yea, what racks of torturing convulsions!

And, if there be others, that find less misery in their prison; yet, there is no good soul, but finds equal restraint. That spiritual substance, which is imprisoned within us, would fain be flying up to that heaven whence it descended: these walls of flesh forbid that evolation, as Socrates called it of old; and will not let it out, till the God of Spirits, who placed it there, shall unlock the doors and free the prisoner by death. He, that infused life into Lazarus, that he might call him from the prison of the grave, must take life from us, when he calls us out of this prison of flesh. *I desire to be loosed, and to be with Christ*, saith the Apostle; as some versions express it. While we are chained to this flesh, we can have no passage to heaven, no free conversation with our Saviour; although it was the singular privilege of that great Doctor of the Gentiles, that he was in heaven before his dissolution: whether in the body, or out of the body, he knew not. How far that rapture extended, whether to both soul and body, if he knew not, how should we? But, this we know, that such ecstasy and vision was in him, without separation of the soul from the body, which another should hope for in vain. And, for him, so he saw this glory of paradise, that he could not yet enjoy it. Before he or we can be blessed with the fruition of Christ, we must be loosed, that is, freed from our clog, and our chain of this mortal body.

What, but our prison walls, can hinder us here, from a free prospect? What, but these walls of flesh, can hinder me from a clear vision of God? I must now, for the time, see as I may. Nothing can enter into my soul, but what passes through my senses; and partakes, in some sort, of their earthliness: when I am freed from them, I shall see as I am seen; in an abstracted and heavenly way, so as one spirit apprehends another. I do now, at the best, see those spiritual objects darkly, by the eye of faith, as in a glass; and that, not one of the cleanest neither: alas, what dim representations are these, that I can attain to here, of that Majesty, whose sight shall make me blessed! I shall once see as I am seen, face to face. The face of my glorified soul shall see the face of that all-glorious Deity; and, in that sight, be eternally happy. It is enough for a prisoner in this dungeon of clay, to know of and fore-expect such felicity, whereof these earthly gyves render him as yet uncapable.

2. Woe is me! how many prisons do we pass!

So soon as ever this divine soul is infused into this flesh, it is a

prisoner: neither can any more pass out of this skin, till this frame of nature be demolished.

And now, as the soul of this embryon is instantly a prisoner to the body, so the body is also a prisoner in the womb wherein it is formed. What darkness, what closeness, what uneasiness, what nuisance is there, in this dungeon of nature! There he must lie, in an uncouth posture, for his appointed month; till, the native bonds being loosed and the doors forced open, he shall be, by a helpful obstetrication, drawn forth into *the larger prison of the World.*

There, indeed, he hath elbow room enough; but all that wide scope cannot free him from a true incarceration.

Who knows not, that there are many differences and latitudes of restraint? A Simeon may imprison and enchain himself in the compass of a pillar; not allowing himself the ease of his whole dimensions: Peter may be locked up in a larger gaol, betwixt his two Leopards, as that Father terms them: St. Paul may be two years allowed to be a prisoner in his own hired house, but under the guard of his keeper and not without his chain; Acts xxviii. 31: there are those, who, upon heinous and dangerous occasions, may be kept close under many locks: there are prisoners at large, who have the liberty of the Tower; yet even these last, notwithstanding the allowance of spacious walks and fresh gardens, are no other, than acknowledged prisoners. Such is my condition to the world, when I am at my fullest liberty.

It is true, that when I look back to the straitness of my first and native prison, and compare it with the large extent of that wide world, into which I am brought, I may well, with Isaac's herdsmen say, *Rehoboth, for now the Lord hath made me room;* Gen. xxvi. 22: but, when I compare that world wherein I am, with that whereto I aspire, and which I know to be above, and look to enjoy; I can see nothing here, but mere prison walls, and profess my life to be no other than a perpetual durance.

If Varro said, of old, that the world was no other than "the great house of little man *," I shall be bold to add what kind of house it is: it is no other, than his prison; yea, his dungeon.

Far be it from me, to disparage the glorious work of my Omnipotent Creator. I were not worthy to look upon this large and glittering roof of heaven, nor to see the pleasant varieties of these earthly landscapes, if I did not adore that infinite power and wisdom, which appears in this goodly and immense fabric; and confess the marvellous beauty of that majestic and transcendent workmanship: rather, when I see the *moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained,* I say, with the Psalmist, *Lord, what is man?* Ps. viii. 3, 4.

But, O God, it is no dishonour to thee, that, though this be a fair house, yet thou hast one so much better than it, as a palace is beyond a gaol. This beauty may please; but that ravisheth my

* *Magna domus homuli.*

soul: here is light; but dim and dusky, in respect of that inaccessible light, wherein thou dwellest: here is a glorious sun, that illuminateth this inferior world; but thou art the Sun, who enlightenest that world above; thou, to whom thy created sun is but a shadow. Here we converse with beasts, or, at the best, with men; there, with blessed souls and heavenly angels: here, some frivolous delights are intermixed with a thousand vexations; there, *in thy presence, is the fulness of joy.*

So then, let the sensual heart mis-place his paradise here in the world, it shall not pass for other with me, than my prison. How can it? Why should it? for what other terms do I find here?

What blind light looks in here, at these scant loop-holes of my soul! Yea, what darkness of ignorance rather possesses me! What bolts and shackles of heavy crosses, do I bear about me! How am I fed here, with the bread of affliction! How am I watched and beset with evil spirits! How contumeliously traduced! How disdainfully looked upon! How dragging the same chain with the worst malefactors! How disabled to all spiritual motions! How restrained from that full liberty of enjoying my home, and my God in it, which I daily expect in my dissolution!

When, therefore, I am released from these walls, I am still imprisoned in larger; and so shall be, till the Lord of the Spirits of all Flesh, who put me here, shall set me free: and *all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till this my changing come.*

SECT. V.

YOU see then, by this time, how little reason I have, to be too much troubled with this imprisonment, or my friends for me. But, indeed, there are some sorts of prisoners, which neither you nor I can have tears enough to bewail. And those, especially, of two kinds: the one, those, that are too much affected with an outward bondage: the other, those, that are no whit affected with a spiritual.

1. In the first rank are they, that *sink under the weight of their irons.* Poor impotent souls, that, groaning under the cruelty of a Turkish thraldom, or a Spanish Inquisition, want faith to bear them out against the impetuous violences of their tormentors.

I sorrow for their sufferings; but, for their fainting, more. Could they see the crown of glory, which the Righteous Judge holds ready for their victorious patience, they could not but contemn pain, and all the pomp of death; and confess, that their *light affliction, which is but for a moment, works for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* But, alas, it is the weakness of their eyes, that they only look at *the things that are seen;* close walls, heavy fetters, sharp scourges, merciless racks, and other dreadful engines of torture: and see not *the things which are not seen,* the glorious reward of their victory, Blessedness.

Had they had Stephen's eyes, they would have emulated his martyrdom. Surely, whosoever shall but read the story of the mother and the seven brethren in the Maccabees; and that of the forty Armenian martyrs frozen to death, reported by Gaudentius; and shall there see the fainting revolter dying uncomfortably in the bath, while the other thirty and nine, together with their new-converted keeper, are crowned by an angel from heaven; cannot choose, except he have nothing but ice in his bosom, but find in himself a disposition, emulous of their courage, and ambitious of their honour.

But, alas, whatever our desires and purposes may be, it is not for every one to attain to the glory of martyrdom. This is the highest pitch, that earthly Saints are capable of. He must be more than a man, whom pain and death cannot remove from his holy resolutions; and especially the lingering execution of both.

It is well, if an Age can yield one Mole. In what terms shall I commemorate thee, O thou Blessed Confessor, the great example of invincible constancy, in these backsliding times, if at least thy rare perseverance be not more for wonder, than imitation: whom thirty years' tedious durance, in the Inquisitory at Rome, could not weary out of thy sincere profession of the Evangelical Truth? All this while, thou wert not allowed the speech, the sight of any, but thy persecutors. Here was none to pity thee: none to exhort thee. If either force of persuasion, or proffers of favour, or threats of extremity could have wrought thee for thy perversion, thou hadst not at last died ours. Blessed be the God of all Comfort, who, having stood by thee and made thee faithful to the death, hath now given thee a crown of life and immortality; and left to me a noble pattern of Christian fortitude, so much more remarkable, as less frequently followed.

Whether I look into the former or present times, I find the world full of shrinking professors.

Amongst the first Christians, persecution easily discovered four sorts of cowardly renegadoes: the first and worst, whom they justly styled Idolaters; that yielded to all the public forms of worship to those false gods: the second, Sacrificers; who condescended so far as to some kind of immolation unto those feigned deities, or at least to a tasting of those things which were offered: the third, Incensers; such as, with Marcellinus himself, came on so far as to cast some grains of incense into the idol's fire: the last were their Libellaticks; such as privately by themselves, or by some allowed proxy, denied the faith, yet with their money bought out this ignominy and sin of any public act of idolatry.

Not to speak of those many thousands, which fell down before Solyman the Second; and held up their finger, to signify their conversion to his Mahometism, for ease of their taxations; how many do we hear of daily of all nations, and some, which I shame and grieve to say, of our own, who yield to receive circumcision, and to renounce their Saviour!

Oh, the lamentable condition of those distressed Christians! If

constant to their profession, they live in a perpetual purgatory of torment: if revolting, they run into the danger of an everlasting damnation in hell. Even this gentle restraint puts me into the meditation of their insupportable durance. Why do not all Christian hearts bleed, with the sense of their deplorable estate? Why is not our compassion heightened, according to the depth of their peril and misery? What are our bowels made of, if they yearn not at their inexpressible calamity? Ye rich merchants, under whose employment many of these poor souls have thus unhappily miscarried, how can you bless yourselves in your bags, while you see the members of Christ, your Saviour, thus torn from him, for want of a petty ransom? Ye eminent persons, whom God hath advanced to power and greatness, how can you sleep quietly upon your pillows, while you think of the cold and hard lodgings, the hungry bellies, the naked and wealed backs of miserable Christians? Lastly, what fervent prayers should we all, that profess the dear name of Christ, pour out unto the God of Heaven, for the strengthening of the faith and patience of these afflicted souls, against the assaults of violence; and for their happy and speedy deliverance, out of their woeful captivity!

2. These prisoners are worthy of our deep compassion; as those, who are too sensible of their own misery. Others there are, who are so much more worthy of greater pity, by how much they are *less apprehensive of their need of it*: plausible prisoners, under a spiritual tyranny; whose very wills are so captived to the powers of darkness, that, to choose, they would be no other than bondmen: pleasing themselves in those chains, whose weight is enough to sink their souls into hell.

Such are they, who have yielded themselves over to be enthralled by any known sin. No men under heaven do so much applaud themselves, in the conceit of their liberty; none so great slaves, as they. If the very Stoic Philosophers had not enough evinced this truth, Divinity should.

Indeed, the world is a worse kind of Algiers; full of miserable captives. Here lies one, so fettered in lust, that he rots again; there, another, so laden with drunken excess, that he can neither go nor stand, and in very deed is not his own man: here, one, so pinched with golden fetters, that he can neither eat nor sleep, nor at all enjoy himself; there, another, so pined with envy, that he is forced to feed on his own heart: here, one, so tormented with anger, that he is stark mad for the time, and cares not how he mischieves himself in a furious desire to hurt others; there, another, so racked with ambition, that he is stretched beyond his own length, and lives in the pain of a perpetual self-extension.

These, and all others of this kind, are most miserable prisoners, chained up for everlasting darkness; so much more worthy of our pity, as they are less capable of their own. Spend your compassion, if you please, upon these deplorable subjects: but, for me, wish me, if you will, as free from any imputation of evil, as I was

and am from the thought of it: wish me in your free champaign, where I may have no he lge so much as to confine my eye: wish me happy in the society of so dear and noble a friend; but, in the mean while, think of me no otherwise, than as a Free Prisoner; and

Yours, thankfully devoted

in all faithful observance,

JOS. NORWICH.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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